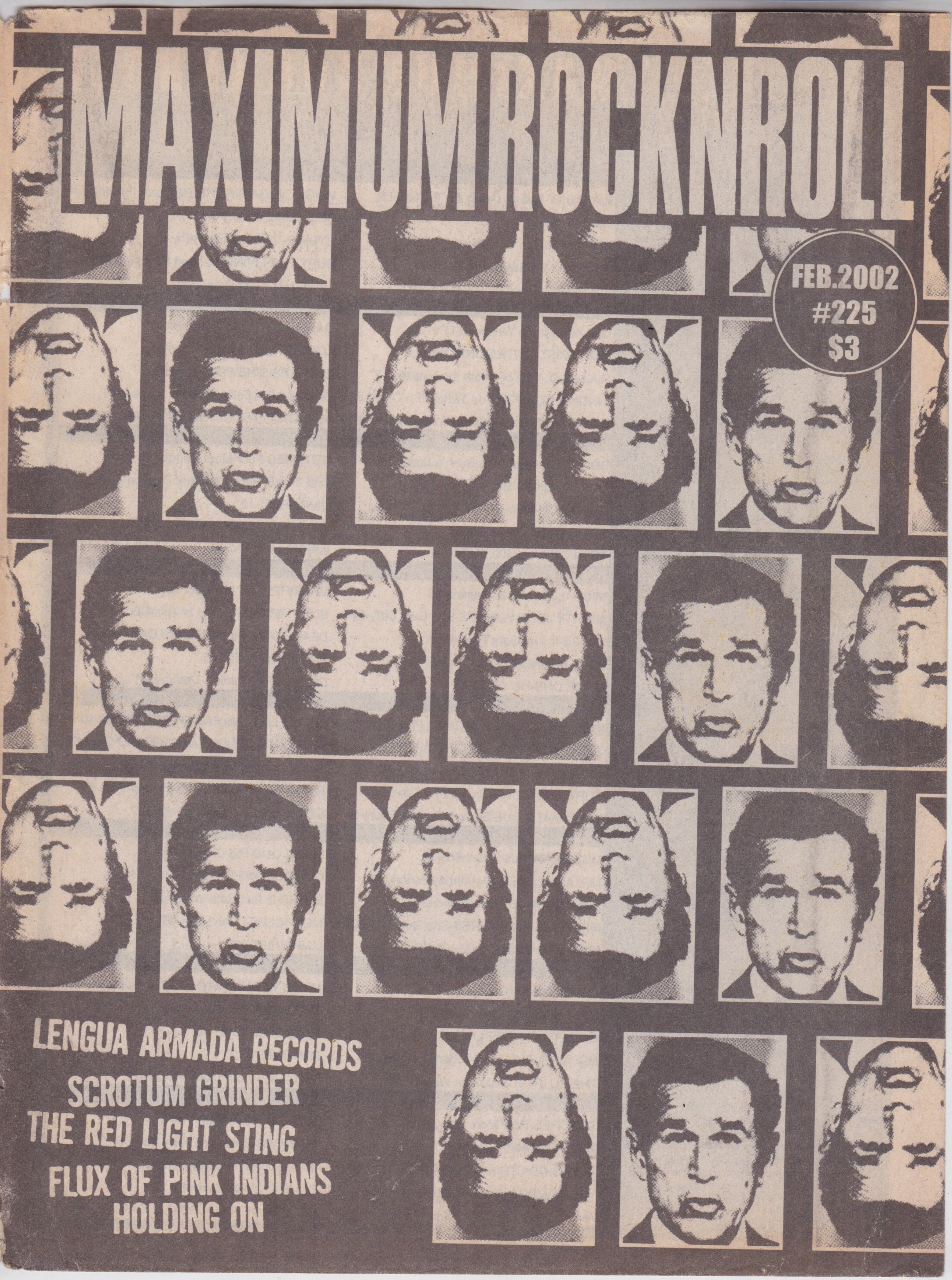

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

FEB.2002
#225
$3

LENGUA ARMADA RECORDS
SCROTUM GRINDER
THE RED LIGHT STING
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS
HOLDING ON

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
- US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 146, 148, 150-153, 155-163, 165-181, 184-224 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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Phone (415) 923-9814
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(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- R.A.M.B.O.-Wall of Death the System-LP
- LIMPWRIST-LP
- ÜMLAUT-Havoc Wreakers-LP
- SOB-Don't Be Swindled-LP
- V/A-Hibachi Omnibus Volume 1-EP
- VIRGIN MEGA WHORE-Bite Your Fucking-EP
- SELF HATE-Reality-EP
- HYBRIS-To Remember Why-EP
- BURY THE LIVING-Banned For Life-EP
- LIFES HALT-last show ever

ARWEN CURRY

- ÜMLAUT-Havoc Wreakers-LP
- LIMPWRIST-12"/THE UNIFORM-LP
- R.A.M.B.O.-Wall of Death the System-LP
- INNOXIA CORPORA-Je Tezké Prst Otocit-LP
- KONTRAATTAQUE-Soldado Tu Eres Pobre-EP
- DARK BUSTERS/F.O.B.-split LP
- LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
- CATHARSIS/NEWBORN-split LP
- BOOKS LIE-I Felt Like Such a Loser-45
- AUTHORITY ABUSE/KAKISTOCRACY-split EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- BOOKS LIE-I Felt Like Such a Loser-45
- LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
- RUINATION-Year One-CD
- COME ONS-Hip Check-LP
- TEEN CTHULU/400 BLOWS-live
- STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"
- THE TONE-Here's Another Reason-LP
- LIMPWRIST-12"
- V/A-Surprise Package Vol. 4-EP
- INNOXIA CORPORA-Je Tezké Prst Otocit-LP

JEFF HEERMANN

- MICHAL KAHAN-El Camino-45
- MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES-She Gets Dirty-EP
- SLURS-It Just Gets Worse-EP
- LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
- COME ONS-Hip Check-LP
- MR. AIRPLANE MAN-Johnny Johnny-45
- BUFF MEDWAYS-This Is This-CD
- DEADBEATS-Damned Since DAy One-45
- RANDOMS-ABCD-45
- DISCHARGE-Punk & Destroy-LP

TOM HOPKINS

- INNOXIA CORPORA-Je Tezké Prst Otocit-LP
- JERRY MCCAIN & HIS UPSTARTS-EPs
- BOOKS LIE-I Felt Like Such a Loser-45
- BURY THE LIVING-Banned for Life-EP
- KONTRAATTAQUE-Soldado Tu Eres Pobre-EP
- POLICE LINE-Elite Few-EP/HOT CROSS-10"
- AUTHORITY ABUSE/KAKISTOCRACY-split EP
- SLURS-It Just Gets Worse-EP
- R.A.M.B.O.-Wall of Death the System-LP
- STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"

CAROLYN KEDDY

- MICHAL KAHAN-El Camino-45
- MR. AIRPLANE MAN-Johnny Johnny-45
- LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
- MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES-She Gets Dirty-EP
- V/A-Surprise Package Vol. 4-EP
- COME ONS-Hip Check-LP
- COMETS ON FIRE-LP
- SLURS-It Just Gets Worse-EP
- MONACLES-I Can't Win-45
- LIMPWRIST-12"

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- COME ONS-Hip Check-LP
- LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
- COMETS ON FIRE-LP
- MR. AIRPLANE MAN-Johnny Johnny-45
- THE SLURS-It Just Gets Worse-EP
- MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES-She Gets Dirty-EP
- THE MIDNIGHT EVILS-CD
- RANDOMS-ABCD-45
- LIMPWRIST-12"
- STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"

RAY LUJAN

- STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"
- THE TONE-Here's Another Reason-LP
- APERS-CD/STRIKING DISTANCE-March-LP
- VIRGIN MEGA WHORE-Bite Your Fucking-EP
- AMERICAN HEARTBREAK/LIBERTINE-split CD
- LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
- TRAITORS-Everything Went Shit-CD
- V/A-European Poppunk Virus-CD
- COME ONS-Hip Check-LP
- COMETS ON FIRE-LP/20 DOLLAR WHORE-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

THE UNIFORM-Black & Vain-LP
THE TONE-Here's Another Reason-LP
LIMPWRIST-LP/S.O.B.-LP
R.A.M.B.O.-Wall of Death the System-LP
DARK BUSTERS/F.O.B.-split LP
DILS-LP & 45/KAOS PILOT-EP
BOOKS LIE-I Felt Like Such a Loser-45
HOT CROSS-New Set of Lungs-10"
AVENGERS-We Are the One-EP
ACIDIC SOIL-Methane Hydrate-45

WILLIE NELSON

LIFES HALT
DREAD 101/FASTARD-split EP
LIMPWRIST-LP/BURY THE LIVING-EP
LIXO/DESASTRE-split EP
HYBRIS-To Remember Why-EP
POLICE LINE-EP/KONTRAATTAQUE-EP
DECEIVING SOCIETY-Detonation Cruster-LP
ACIDIC SOIL-Methane Hydrate-45
CATHETER-live & B.O.B. split
R.A.M.B.O.-Wall of Death the System-LP

DONNA POOLE

LIMPWRIST-12"
INNOXIA CORPORA-Je Tezké Prst Otocit-LP
STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"
20 DOLLAR WHORE-Teenage Fuckin'-EP
JB's KIDS/SHORT BUS KIDS-split EP
MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES-She Gets Dirty-EP
US BOMBS-Great Lakes of Beer-EP
SLURS-It Just Gets Worse-EP
DEADBEATS-Damned Since Day One-45
RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS-CD

BRUCE ROEHRS

NAILED DOWN-Might Is Right-EP
COUNTERATTACK-Fight Back-EP
OUT COLD-CD/LOWER CLASS BRATS-LP
STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"
THE VIRUS-Time Is Now-45/THREATS-EP
BITCH BOYS-More Hits-CD
4 PROMILLE-Und Ab-LP/S.O.B.-LP
BLACK UNIFORMS-Splatter Punks-LP
DISCHARGE-Punk and Destroy-LP
US BOMBS-Great Lakes of Beer-EP

MIKE THORN

INNOXIA CORPORA-Je Tezké Prst Otocit-LP
STRACONY/INNOXIA CORPORA-live
ATTITUDE/HARUM SCARUM/MIHOEN-live
ACIDIC SOIL--45/TRAGEDY-live
DARK BUSTERS/F.O.B.-split LP
BURY THE LIVING-Banned for Life-EP
DECEIVING SOCIETY-Detonation Cruster-LP
LOST SOUNDS-LP/LIMPWRIST-12"
R.A.M.B.O.-LP/BORN DEAD ICONS-live
POLICE LINE-EP/ÜMLAUT-LP

RYAN WELLS

NUMBSKULL-Great Brain Bake-Off-CD
"Dangerhouse Reissue" 45s
COMETS ON FIRE-LP
STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"
LOST SOUNDS-Black Wave-LP
V/A-Surprise Package Vol. 4-EP
MR. AIRPLANE MAN-Johnny Johnny-45
MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES-She Gets Dirty-EP
FRANK VIOLENCE & HIS DEPUTIES-EP
MONACLES-I Can't Win-45

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

MAGGOTS-This Condition Is Incurable-CD
DEADBEATS-Damned Since Day One-45
COMETS ON FIRE-LP
20 DOLLAR WHORE-Teenage Fuckin'-EP
RANDOMS-ABCD-45
STITCHES-Four More Songs-12"
STATIONS/STRAP ONS-split EP
SLURS-It Just Gets Worse-EP
4 PROMILLE-Und Ab-LP
THE TONE-Here's Another Reason-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Unpaved Road #6
Rad Party: Strong Coffees & Cheap Romances
Dream Whip #12
Reader's Guide to the Underground Press #16
Riot 77 #3/Daddy-O
Artcore #16
Coldbringer #2
Dunk & Piss #6
High Heels Slut #4
Sideshows #2

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Tim Brooks
Kat Case
Robert Collins
Paul Curran
Rafael DiDonato
Adrienne Droogas
Jonathan Floyd
Brian Gathy
Doug Grime
Katja Gussmann
Chris Hall
Jeff Heermann
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Melissa Klein
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Denise Scilingo
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Max Ward
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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

.**#179/April '98.** Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Primer on Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

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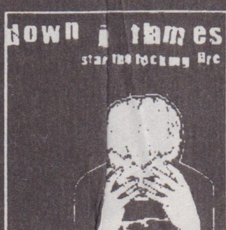
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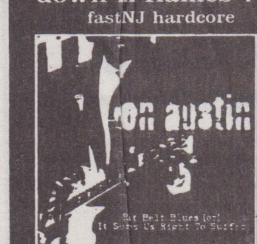
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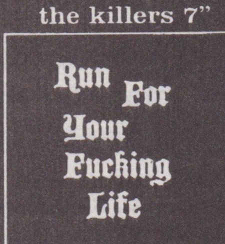
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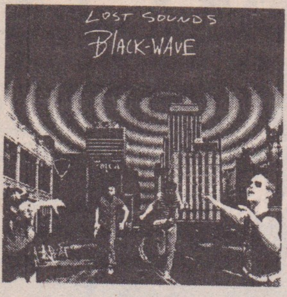


Lost Sounds

Black Wave CD/DLP

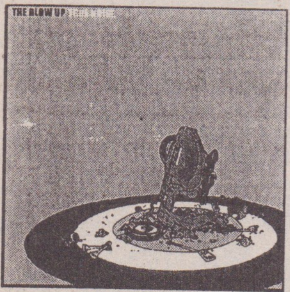
Here it is, Black Wave, the follow up to 2000's album of the year "Memphis Is Dead" on Big Neck. This record is going to, and has, annihilated every formerly-emo-now-we're-into-New-Order-instruction-manual bullshit to come down the pike using their emaciated frames to try and flaccidly dry-hump their Casios into your heart. Band contains Alicja (**CLEARS**, **FITTS**), Jay & Rich (**REATARDS**).

Dead Moon

Trash & Burn LP/CD

Yes, finally a new DEAD MOON CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, DEAD MOON went home and turned out this gem. DEAD MOON is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out THE LOLLIPOP SHOPPE on the Pebbles comp from Rhino) who recorded his first song at the tender age of 15

DEAD MOON
MONO



The BlowUp

True Noise CD

Seattle distortionists, The Blow Up, again teaming up with movement leader Tim Kerr, has graced us with a twelve song mindbender that states its point with urgent accuracy. Toiling away at machines of their own construction, the group has manufactured a compact tool for aural disintegration and a strident wake up call to the nostalgic flock of baying sheep steadfastly refusing to acknowledge their existence in the moment that is RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

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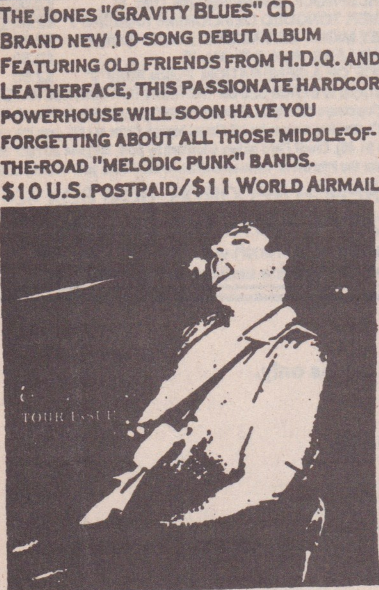

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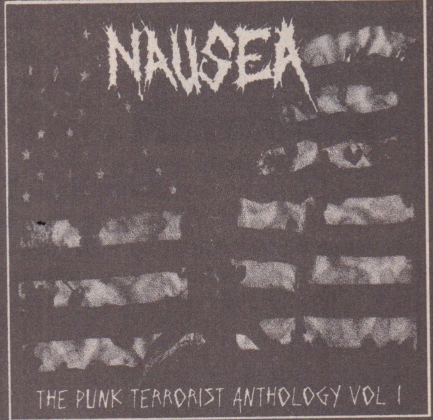

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LETTERS

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Maxi Rocker!

I think we can all agree that what happened on September 11th was pretty fucked up! But what I find really fucked up is that the Taliban captured those two Christian Aid workers & did not kill them. It's like this – they already killed so many people who didn't need to be killed, why not kill the people the whole world hates, Christian missionaries. Christians love to go places they are not welcome “like my apartment”. Osama & his crew “no relation to the One Life Crew or the 2 Live Crew” are truly sick puppies & sending these Christians back might be his most sinister act of terrorism. Now we will have to hear about how they prayed to god that they could go home & how they love MxPx & how they prayed for Bin Laden's soul even though he is a bad man... blah, blah, blah! Love always from Las Vegas,

Karl Bakla

PS The new racial slur against white people is go back to Australia! You can use other combinations like “Fuck you! You Fosters beer drinking outback motherfucker!” It's not like I got anything against white folks or the land that spawned the greatest Oi! band, Men At Work, it's just white people need a good racial slur & cracker ain't doing it, since the rise of such artists like Cracker & the almost hardcore Uncle Cracker!

PPS Help out the US economy & order a record from one of the ads in MRR, but only from a US record label of course! That Afgan hardcore ain't that good anyways!

Dear MRR,

Hope all is well with y'all out there. The Nov. issue was excellent as always, even more so considering the current state of insanity in the world. Thank you for your editorial staff's perspective on all this, as well as to the contributors who took on the subject of 9/11. We have only access to the mainstream media for the most part in here, and issue 222 fell upon fertile soil as far as an alternate take on what's going on out in the real world. Even for guys who weren't into the punk/hc scene out on the streets, it was definitely helpful.

This month I extend an especially hearty “cheers” to the unsung heroes down in MRR's mailroom. As if it wasn't hard enough cleaning the beer off Mykel's travel diaries... Now every third letter is probably some shithead calling you pinko commies and making anthrax jokes.

For real, you folks out there, all ya at MRR, deserve big props for not buckling to the patriotic kill-'em-all fervor and for keeping the punk rock press a voice of intelligence, a tool for positive expression all these years, even if you do let G.G.'s brother run classifieds. I have no room to even make it an issue, ‘Bite It You Scum’ was a regular on my last band's set list. No fucking wonder I ended up in prison. (That was supposed to force a chuckle...) ‘Til later,

Puke Rock Dave.

David Gurz EB1596/ R. D. #10 Box 10/
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PS Sorry ‘bout the typos... Just gettin' the hang of this damn thing.

Dear MRR,

Issue #222 was top of the line. My money for #223 will be sent as soon as these bastards pay me for the month. Wage slavery gains a deeper level of meaning while incarcerated. Lefty Hooligan is excused for working for what he termed “hip capitalists” in the past. Any hypocrisy he engaged in, is overshadowed by his brilliance in writing. I gained a few pointers even for my own predicament.

Your info on Sept. 11 was excellent, and much welcome. I ended up having to switch cells not long ago because of my cellies TV. He was consumed by it, and became a proselyte of the most vile right wing patriot type. The hanging of the American flag in the cell became the straw that broke the camel's back. So now I have fellow member of the Resin Collective, our little “subversive” network, for a cellie.

What I wanted to ask you folks is, have you paid a lot of notice to Tom Ridge's appointment to the Office of Homeland Defense? We in PA, especially the prisoners, know all about Ridge's concepts of “security” for the homeland. His tenure as governor ushered in a “Pennsylvania Über Alles” era in the Dept. of Corrections. Keep a close eye on this dude. Take care all at MRR,

Puke Rock Dave

Dearest *Maximum R&R*,

I just want to touch briefly on a subject that has affected all of us in the scene at one time or another, either directly or indirectly. RKL best describes it as “Hard Drug Abuse.” In the past six years the never-ending search for release has taken the lives of some very irreplaceable friends, brethren, and comrades. Anybody in Orange County, L.A., or even the prison system might have heard these names, but it is those of us who were actually privileged enough to laugh, drink, and fight next to these fallen warriors who suffer the real loss. So let us remember – Scribbles (artist and poet), Snoopy, Little Ray, Bud Wood, Curtis McCracken (Sparky). So with these few words let us salute to the memories of our brothers who fought their battle to the end. I suppose for a lot of us, doing dope has been as much a part of our lives as punk rock music. And anybody who's been there cannot deny that the two go together like Sid and Nancy. So next time you're listening to GG Allin with a needle in your arm, try not to forget that even a little kills. I can already hear the thoughts and criticism that this missive might bring, but all I have to say to that is “blah.” If you've seen half of what we've been through you might even understand. To some of us punk rock's not just something you throw in the stereo, it's a way of life! (and even death) Respectfully yours,

Egore PDS

MRR readers—

As a former heavy smoker myself (and possible future puffer, since I've already quit twice, the first time for eleven years, the second for a year and one month so far), I feel compelled to reach out to out fellow punks and activists, who I see lighting up in alarming numbers, to let you know how genuinely harmful it is to smoke cigarettes, and how important it is to quit, quit, quit!! (And fer chrissake don't *start*). Smoking tobacco is more addictive (so say experts) than heroin. Nobody who starts smoking thinks, “now I'm gonna pick me up a pack-a-day habit.” It's just one cigarette here, one there, and it *always* turns into a nasty addiction. So if you're just starting to smoke casually, *don't!* If you already smoke on a regular basis, I can offer what helped me stop & hope it can help someone else.

First off, I know if you're young, healthy and strong, you probably don't like to hear how bad it is for you to smoke, but it is. Sorry. I had an operating room nurse who was preparing me for surgery say to me: "It's not the lung cancer. When you get lung cancer it kills you more quickly. It's everything else: smoking cigarettes makes all of you unhealthy; it affects all your organs and systems." I had a life-threatening ectopic pregnancy (the fetus grows in the fallopian tube), and one of the risk factors that can help cause it is—guess what—*smoking!* Lung cancer, by the way, is one of the most common cancers, and it is caused by smoking about 90% of the time. My grandfather had emphysema, and he would breathe heavily while walking only inches at a time. At the Museum of Medical Science in Houston, they had us breathe through a coffee stirrer to demonstrate how an emphysema patient breathes. (The weird thing is that it's harder to breathe out than in.) These diseases seem so far away, but they can and will happen to us if we smoke. It doesn't make sense to follow a healthy vegan, organic diet if we subsist at the same time on air that's as polluted as air exhaust.

So *how* do we do it? I can only say what has worked for me. I found it impossible to quit while I was around people who smoked: it was just too big a temptation to just bum a cigarette. (You never think: "Shit, I'm breaking my ironclad vow!", you think: "It's no big deal, it's just *one...*") Quitting is so important that it's worth becoming a hermit for four months (or so) *just to avoid other smokers*. Also completely avoid places where you're accustomed to smoke: a favorite bench, the corner diner, any bar.

Before I even go to that point, though, I *practiced* quitting. I find that it's way too hard to suddenly say to yourself: "This is the last cigarette I'll ever smoke," and *boom*, you're done. I can't do that. What I did was I would stop smoking and see how long it lasted before I broke down and bought a pack. Sometimes it would be a day and a half, sometimes hours. Sometimes I stopped for a few weeks or a few months. When I started up again it wasn't a failure, because it had been just a test: I hadn't been *expecting* to quit permanently. Nor was it a *decision* to start again, it was the cravings getting the better of me. But that was okay. I was gradually getting used to the idea of what it was like not to smoke. And when I finally came to accept it and was prepared to do without smoking, I did it and did not look back.

I'm still tempted somewhat when I see someone smoking, but it's not severe. It will never go away completely because once you're addicted you're always addicted. But it's helpful to keep in mind that the more you smoke cigarettes, the *more* addicted you are (because each puff of nicotine feeds your addiction) and, conversely, (this is the helpful part) the *less* you smoke (and the longer you go without cigarettes), the *less* your addiction has its hold on you.

I hope this helps someone make up their mind not to smoke anymore and that it helps them stop. You have to work at it. That was my lesson. I don't need to tell anyone, but I will, that at $5 a pack, cigarettes can easily cost you $150 a month; and the tobacco companies are the *last* businesses you would want to support with your hard-earned fistfuls of dollars. Good luck. Love,
Darian

Hi,

My name is Jack and I would like to write in response to Josè Palafox's column in November's issue of MRR. In his column, Josè has an interview with Justin from The Locust in which he describes Florida as the "wet dick of America." Justin also makes some statements which, I believe, need to be corrected for his own sake and information so maybe he'll think before he slanders someone else again.

To begin, Florida is not a "wet dick" for hardcore or punk rock. Bands such as Assuck, Palatka, End of the Century Party, I Hate Myself, Tired From Now On, Versailles, Strike Force Diablo, Hankshaw, Army of Ponch, Burnman, Combatwoundedveteran, Failure Face, Assholeparade, Gus, Floor, Scrog, Don Martin 3, Cavity, Reversal of Man, Black-Top Cadence, Order of Importance, As Friends Rust, Awake, Roach Motel, Hot Water Music, True North, The K. Shipley, and Twelve Hour Turn, as well as Eurich and In/humanity for a short period of time all come from Florida. I'm sure that one or more of these bands has found their way into your record collection (and if they haven't then shame on you. You're missing out). Florida has a lot to offer and always has; and hopefully always will.

My second point comes as this; The Tone Locust started well before The Locust's plan to tour in Gainesville. We had thought it fitting to play our first show with The Locust since Tone Loc wasn't returning our phone calls. By the time The Locust played though, we had not gotten our shit together and could not play the show. How The Locust had heard about us is beyond me, because I could probably count on one hand the amount of times we had practiced together before this show. The Tone Locust never has and never will have intentions of covering Struggle songs. Struggle had its place in time, and in no way do they influence the songs we write. The name The Tone Locust comes from a play on band names: Tone Loc and The Locust. Ha, ha get it? Florida has always, for some reason, had an interest in doing joke bands like: Ice-Pick, Jud-Jud, Watermark 6000, The Unholy Alliance, Pit-Boss, The 700 Klub, and The K. Shipley just to name a few. The reason being? Well, we have a sense of humor and can take a joke in light of the lack of bands that actually do venture into Florida. We have to entertain ourselves with something in lieu of this. Not to mention that it keeps things interesting and not so boring or predictable.

The Tone Locust is made up of six members; none of which has their "parents pay for their rent." We all work full-time jobs to pay for our rent. Five of us are also in school full-time (which we also pay for on our own), or we have degrees, or are pursuing a Master's degree in our fields of choice. None of us comes from "upper middle-class" upbringings and not a one of us is "privileged." We are simply people interested in making music as a part of our lives. We are not interested in having a booking agent, or having our logo put on a skateboard, nor are we interested in getting that sweet record deal. I feel that before one starts spouting off at the mouth about how everyone wants to get them and how everyone hates them, then that person should figure out what the truth is before they make an ass of themselves. You know the drill, instead of just hearing it word of mouth or "because it's printed it must be true," find out the facts.

All of us in The Tone Locust has in one way or another positively influenced our proud independent community. We also find the time to have fun and know what's important and treat subjects deemed as such with the utmost amount of care and respect. And I find it offensive that a band as pretentious as The Locust has the audacity to wonder why their band gets mocked when they model themselves after over hyped rock stars in costumes with music that appeals to chimpanzees. "Oh poor me. Do I have to go on tour with my friends again? I hope we don't get heckled. What? Another trip overseas again? Wah, my life is so hard." Also, as a word of advice, the second anyone has ever self-proclaimed themselves as an intellectual is also the very same moment they portray themselves as a fool. It's also the same second you declare how much better you are than everyone around you. So do yourself a favor, and climb back into your bitter, jaded, pretentious hole and spout off to those who surround you about how smart

you are collectively; because none of us want to hear your negative shithead remarks about people you know nothing of. In closing, Justin, you are a pompous pretentious fool who lives in a little world where if someone is doing something you don't like or don't think is funny then there must be some ridiculous made up hardcore stereotype that you can give it to demean it. So in short, fuck you, wet dick. Hugs and kisses,
Jack

Lance,

Credit where credit is due: Thank you so much for a really excellent piece on the Mob in MRR! It was truly a labor of love and well-deserved recognition of a fantastic band. I'm most impressed of the way you put together the whole thing. Very inspiring! Keep it up!
Staffan/ Really Fast Records, *Blah!* zine, the Crooks, etc./ xreallyfastx@hotmail.com

Greeting MRR staff,

I'm writing today cause I noticed that *Ox* zine in Germany has a cover price of 7.50 DM. (The DM is the common currency in Germany, it's similar to the US dollar.) *Ox* is really thick and loaded with lots of info, interviews, reviews and photos. Much like MRR. However unlike MRR, *Ox* has a color cover, some color pages, and is printed on a glossy paper and even comes with a CD each issue. Now I looked up the currency exchange and found 7.50 DM is equivalent to around $3.00 (US currency). Now I wouldn't expect MRR to try to do a CD to go with each issue (I think that could be a real nightmare to put together each issue), but I was curious about this. If the price for a color zine with a glossier paper was around the same as the newsprint why hasn't MRR gone from newsprint to a more glossy paper and a color cover. I think a color cover would be nice as well as some color photos in MRR. Even if the MRR were to stay black and white I know photos would reproduce much nicer on a glossier type paper. Plus glossy paper is thinner and may make MRR a little less expensive to mail.

Newsprint is nice. It gets the job done, but glossier paper I feel would be enjoyed more by myself and many fellow readers. If it costs the same why not do it?

I would also at this time like to compliment Mike Thorn. It seems as though since you have come on as a coordinator MRR has gotten better. Of course credit must also be given to Arwen and the rest of the MRR staff. You're all doing a great job.

In ending I would like to say please give my suggestion some consideration and keep up the good work. Sk8 tough, F.S.U.,
Mike Beer City/ Beer City Skateboards and Records/ POB 26035/ Milwaukee,WI 53226-0035/ USA/ 1-414-257-1511/ 1-414-257-1517 fax/ beercityboyz@beercity.com/ http://www.beercity.com

Hi Mike,

I don't know how much Ox is paying to print their mag, but it would definitely cost us more to "go glossy"... (And having been in Germany recently, 7.5 DM is closer to $3.50.) But the money isn't even the issue. Maximum *has two ironclad founding principles—no one gets paid, and newsprint for life. Tim Yo felt that if we stuck to these ideals, the magazine could never sell out, since no one here would profit from it and no one in corporate publishing circles would take it seriously without that glossy cover. Even Jeff H., as he laid out last issue's cover, said* Maximum *would look better with a color cover... But lookin' better ain't everything, and we remain all about the ink on the fingers. Thanks for the nice words and keep skating tough in the fucking Milwaukee winter,*
Jeff M.

Dear Arwen & Mike,

This letter is in response to your decision as zine coordinators of MRR not to print our advertisement for the CD reissue of the Bodies "Firepower Is Our Business" EP.

As you know, Mike Thorn explained to us that the use of the American flag in the ad made the two of you "uncomfortable," and this was the reason for your decision. Beyond that, Mike did not really elaborate on MRR's stance on this issue. Nor did he really seem to have any desire to discuss the matter in any real depth.

As a label that has advertised consistently in this publication for five years, we at TKO are of course familiar with MRR's criteria for ad submission. Also we are well aware of MRR's intolerance of material that is racist, sexist, fascist, or homophobic. And even more recently, it is obvious to us that the current international situation has and will continue to polarize the political climate in the punk scene, as well as everywhere else. But none of these issues justify your actions on this situation. We feel that you decided to censor us without setting a reasonable precedent. Also, the lack of an explanation of any substance for this decision is simply an insult to our intelligence.

We understand that as zine coordinators, you have a responsibility to manage this publication as you see fit, and that does include screening the content of submitted advertisements. But you also have to take responsibility for the way you treat the bands, labels, readers, etc. who read and contribute to the zine. Not only are you accountable for your actions, but those actions also reflect on MRR. We would think that you would take a little more care in the execution of your positions.

We feel that, considering our label's history of association with MRR, TKO at the very least deserved the common courtesy of an official explanation, and an opportunity to discuss the matter at hand. Your complete lack of interest in our point of view only serves to make us lose respect for yours.

Maximum Rock n' Roll does not belong to you. You may be the coordinators, but this is not your personal zine. As the most long running and consistent zine in the punk underground, it is an institution that belongs to the scene. It serves as a resource for music fans around the world. At its best, it should be a mirror of that scene, and serve as a forum where different opinions on music, politics and world events can be voiced and debated. At it's worst, which it is now, it has become the haven for close-minded fundamentalists, striving to exclude everyone who doesn't offer 100% agreement with their narrow point of view. In your personal columns, you both express your informed views on music and politics very clearly and articulately. Why couldn't this matter have been discussed with us before you pulled the plug on the ad?

This is not a conflict of viewpoints concerning US military action in Afghanistan or any other world issue. This is a simple case of a complete lack of respect on the part of the zine coordinators for a band and label's right to freedom of expression. Thus, after much discussion, TKO Records has decided to stop advertising in MRR, and we will also not be submitting review material for future issues. We feel that we have been left with no other choice. We refuse to accept this blatant act of censorship, or the weak excuse for an explanation that was offered for it. We would be doing a great disservice to the Bodies, and every other band that we work with, were we to sit idly by and accept this bullshit.

The American flag is a symbol that means as many different things to the people that fly it as to the people that burn it. TKO Records works with bands that both proudly display it as a symbol of their identity and bands who see it as the symbol of an oppressive government and society that needs to be overturned. We trust the artists we have had the honor of working with to express themselves about the flag or anything else they see fit to sing about. Regardless of the current political situation, we refuse to succumb to any pressures, be it from extremists on the Idiot Left or the Idiot Right, to censor what these bands have to say. TKO bands will sing about flying the flag or burning the flag, all in a celebration of the right to free speech that we enjoy as Americans. And TKO Records will gladly and proudly carry on without coverage, advertisements, or support in the pages of MRR. Sincerely,

Mark Rainey, Mike Winter & Alan Hynes,
TKO Records

Dear TKO people,

I seems clear there are two issues at hand here. First, you feel disrespected by the manner in which you were told we wouldn't run the Bodies ad. You feel that you were not given a satisfactory reason for our refusing to pull the ad, and were not given an opportunity to discuss it. I wasn't around to hear the conversation, but in any case it's easily remedied. I'll do my best to describe our position more clearly in this letter, and we can discuss it - without, of course, changing our position in relation to the ad.

Second, you feel that you are being censored. On the one hand, you acknowledge and seem to accept our responsibility, as coordinators, to control material printed in MRR, including advertisements. You acknowledge our regular practice of excluding ads for content we will not support. But two paragraphs later, you accuse us of censorship: "Regardless of the current political situation, we refuse to succumb to any pressures, be it from extremists on the Idiot Left or the Idiot Right, to censor what these bands have to say."

The Bodies ad depicts a large, stylized American flag bearing the words "Firepower is our Business" (their album title). The American flag is, I agree, a symbol that means many things to many people. Most of the come-lately flag-wavers, I think, are rather unimaginatively attempting to express solidarity for the WTC victims, and more importantly, for their wounded sense of American invincibility. Some of them are gung-ho militarists who want to blow Afghanistan to Kingdom Come. And some of them (including the US government: open for business, anyone?) just want to sell shit, and are willing to fly whatever flag works to that purpose. In the context of their being a nationalist band, and of the current world situation, I think the Bodies' ad falls somewhere between the last two. It is a statement of direct solidarity with the actions of the US government against Afghanistan, and it attempts to use the image of that military action to sell records, both of which Mike and I find despicable.

The issue of nationalism in punk has had its share of newsprint in MRR (see Tim Yo's ongoing feud with the FUs for a reference). But as far as I know (though I could very easily be wrong about this) there was not a precedent for pulling ads because of their nationalist content - until now, that is. But that's not an argument. By definition, a precedent is an initial act that guides future actions. We didn't have an argument about flag-waving in the pages of MRR six months ago because no one was waving flags here. We won't make a policy banning the image of the flag, since it can be used in many contexts, but we will continue to pull nationalist material from the pages of MRR. This is legitimate editorial control, not censorship.

It is our prerogative and responsibility as coordinators to make these decisions, as you say. To call pulling this ad an act of censorship is like offering someone five bucks to wear a t-shirt that says "I'm an asshole" and then calling them a "censor" when they refuse. We're not telling you what you can or can't do - we're just refusing to "wear" it in our magazine. And believe it or not, MRR is not "just as much yours as it is mine." This zine doesn't belong *to any of us, but it is shaped by the beliefs of the people who expend the most time and energy making it happen. MRR would not be here without coordinators making hard decisions, as well as shitworkers doing shitwork.*

Just because we state that we will not print sexist, racist, fascist, and homophobic ads doesn't mean that's all *we won't print. We wouldn't print, for example, sincerely intended ads that said "Stop killing your unborn babies," or "Christ died for your sins." This should hardly come as a surprise. Check out this quote about MRR's roots from Mark Andersen and Mark Jenkins' Dance of Days, which I think says it nicely: "Maximum RockNRoll...became controversial for its outspokenly left-wing orientation. The magazine's founders, Tim Yohannon and Jeff Bale, were aging counterculturalists who sought to force the implicit politics of punk to the surface, into a more conscious, systematic, and active opposition to Reaganism and American society at large." Mike and I operate from this legacy, and are committed to representing critical politics at this time when our society is becoming continually more restrictive in the name of patriotism. This is as it should be: MRR does not have a duty to be all things to all people; not even to all punk people.*

One argument I've heard in the weeks since this letter was originally printed is, "MRR reviews patriotic, even sexist and racist bands in the record review section, so how come they won't run an ad with a flag on it?" MRR attempts to review all records that 1. fall into the musical genre of punk/hardcore/garage, and 2. are independently produced. This includes records by bands whose politics the staff does not agree with. The idea with the reviews (and with our library) is to represent the entire punk spectrum, to let readers know what's out there, in the record stores and in the mailorders, and when appropriate to provide fair warning when a band has what the reviewer considers a fucked-up agenda. This policy does not extend to the rest of the magazine, in which we do not feel obliged to waste ink on every piece of rhetorical garbage that floats our way.

Finally, just let me say that I think your reaction to our flexing editorial muscle is over the top. This isn't the first time we've pulled ads because of content. Of course we'll miss your ad money and it will suck buying your releases for review, but it will also hurt TKO, and I feel genuinely sorry for the majority of bands on your label, and for shitworkers here, who will now have to take sides because of this official stance toward us. I feel that your action here is far more divisive and extreme than ours - which from our point of view was predictable. You say that this is not a conflict of viewpoints about any world issue, but the fact that you forwarded us an email in support of the US government along with your letter would seem to contradict this. I think most of us expected the WTC events and the war abroad to polarize the punk scene, but I didn't expect TKO to fall so far on the other side of the line. If this isn't the case, and you're just angry because you feel that we blew you off, then by all means let's clear this up and move on with our lives.

Arwen Curry

Hello all!!!

Chad Malone (was - Assembly of God, now - Den of Thieves) here. I trust that everyone is doing as well as can be expected. I just wanted to clarify any and all speculation of what is going on here with the band. After our summer tour, I returned home to find a certified letter awaiting me, that notified me that we (Assembly of God - the band and Havoc records) are being sued by the General Council for the Assemblies of God - the church. Initially we hoped to settle this quickly without much hassle. Considering this being a copyright issue and not a religious one, we realized that this is not a fight that could be won (at least not without a lot of money for lawyer fees), so we decided to change our name and just bow to the absurd. However, they still deem it necessary to pursue this injunction. So now, yes, we are being sued, but luckily' not for any kind of damages, only something on paper, legally binding, that we (or Havoc) cannot use the name from now on... All that being said, we are still intact and everything should go on as nor-

mal. We are, however, taking the rest of the year off to work on other projects... Kevin is recording with his awesome Black Metal project and still to my knowledge doing Burnpile. Mike is picking up again with the ever present Subsanity. And I have an acoustic 7" of Labor/Union songs I am recording for Black Spring Project called the Local 630 and I also have a new traditional Irish band called Larkin. So if anyone would like to get ahold of us, aogfc@yahoo.com or PO Box 8545 / Tulsa, OK / 74101. Take care,
Chad Malone and Den of Thieves

Hi,

I go to a co-ed private high school and there are very few punks at the school and the rest only like Blink 182 and Third Eye Blink *[sic?]*. I, being one of the only punks at the school, get the most ridicule from the popular kids and the goths. All the kids call me "Blink 182 fag" when in doubt I don't even like Blink 182. It is bullshit! Sometimes at school I just feel like dressing preppie just for one day just to make all the ridicule go away. I then get home and put on some records and think *fuck them!* I'm so confused because I feel like I'm standing by myself when fighting them. There is nobody there to help me so I feel helpless. What do you recommend me to do?
Thanks

Hi,

What can you do? The part about the records and fuck them seems to make sense. I, never having had this problem, recommend you tough it out and/or change schools, that you don't change your style or beliefs to accommodate assholes, and that you cling to the belief that since your life sucks so bad things will definitely seem better when you're out of high school. Plenty of kids have had similar problems, and some of them get tough and sharp and some become alcoholic losers and/or dead. I think you should have included your address so people could write you. Good luck.
Jeff M.

MRR—

When I saw the cover of *Maximumrocknroll* ("Still Apolitical?"), I cried for several days and had recurring nightmares. I am not joking.

I have Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. This is when somebody has been through a bad situation then suffers from nightmares, anxiety attacks, and flashbacks regarding whatever happened to them. If a person who has PTSD sees things that remind them of their traumatic experience, it triggers anxiety attacks/ flashbacks/ etc...

I am not asking for anybody's sympathy. I would like to make a few comments. I am a nervous wreck. My life is a mess. I am in no position to take part in anything political. Support groups for people with PTSD are rare. The few support groups that do exist treat their members like children. I am tired of college students who attend PTSD support groups to write their thesis papers or study us like animals. The same students abandon us when their paper is written or they run like rabbits when they see us on the street. Therapy is not an option for PTSD. The therapists are arrogant, expensive, or try to take advantage in other ways. Groups like Food Not Bombs, Anarchist Black Flag, and Anti-Racist Action, basically ignore me because I do not dress punk. Too many people in the punk scene use politics as a ruse to make money or get perks. I am also sick of big groups like Amnesty International because all they do is socialize, drink coffee or hang out with Bono and his idiotic U2 band. I am apolitical because I can barely support myself.

I feel that each person is entitled to their own opinions. Regardless of what a person may believe in, a person should be accepted for whatever they are. If somebody is apolitical, they should not be made fun of. If somebody has political opinions that you do not like, please do not curse them or inflict harm.

I am not making fun of *Maximumrocknroll*. I just got upset seeing a picture of the angry man holding a gun with the slogan "Still Apolitical?" I had recurring nightmares that the man was coming to murder me in my house... Sincerely,
Eve Herzl

Oi! M.R.R. crew and readers,

I was going to write this letter long time ago but then came the planes and the war, so I decided to delay this for a while.

I just want to talk about how pissed I am with some fuckers that had screwed me with some advertising. I run a fanzine in Argentina since 1995, here it's very difficult to keep on with these projects, so I need the support of advertisers to continue with it. Unfortunately two of them had ripped me off with my last issue.

What really makes me mad is that one of them is from the States. You know what I mean? A label with a good commercial response in a rich country, with a big scene, on the other side: me, trying to carry on with some projects as a zine, a label and a distro in a really fucked up country with a poor scene. Got the picture?

Well this motherfucker ripped me off! I can't believe it! I even gave him a special price, and I'm sure that he has no financial problems to pay it! I don't like to talk about other people, but as this coward doesn't even respond to my emails any more, I want to tell everybody who is: Jeff Surette from Cyclone Records. The other guy is from my own country, he runs a label called Pinhead Records, so be aware of him too, he has already screwed almost everyone in the local scene. Because of this people the new issue of the zine was delayed till the South American summer (it was scheduled to be out for the spring).

Although I m not glad writing about other persons I think that we have to help everybody in the scene against people like this.

That's all for now, if someone of the labels above mentioned doesn't agree with what I wrote, you can always contact me, I would love to discover that I was wrong and write another letter apologizing, so if you have anything to say, just write or phone me. Much respect to the ones who's hearts are true.
Román, *No Pasaran*/ c.c. 28, Suc. Quilmes/ 1878 - Quilmes/ Bs As./ Argentina/ punxandskins@fibertel.com/ www.nopasaran.com.ar

PS: If anyone is interested in advertising in the zine or sending promos for review don't doubt to contact us! *No Pasarán* is really well known inside the south American scene, also having distribution in Spain, Italy and many other countries around the world! MRR on it's March 01 issue included *No Pasarán* in the zine top ten and *Slug And Lettuce* on its 69 issue said: "(S) I really like the format of this zine and the mix of issues, politics and music. It's well rounded and has the feeling of a Profane Existence -though the music interest is more Oi-Punk than crust-punk." Cheers!

Dept. of Corrections

In #224, the address for the Pick Your Poison/Cholesterol Junkie split zine was incomplete. It is Nate Ganglehoff/ PO Box 8995/ Minneapolis, MN 55408

Dirty Dishes

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Citizen Fish
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HHH - 2xCD Discography (repress)
The complete collection of this Spanish thrashcore band. One of my favorites.
CRUCIAL ATTACK - Debut EP
Raw as fuck SXE HC from Reno. No polish here....pissed off and punk.
BG - Debut EP
500 press run of ex-BURNED UP BLED DRY guys playing grinding German style HC.
ExTxA - We're not the...CD
Collection of the first LP, debut EP and comp tracks/unreleased. Fierce Swedish HC.
BREAKFAST - Eat Rice EP
The 2nd EP by Tokyo skate-thrash kings. Recorded like new EXCLAIM stuff...ripping.
DOWN IN FLAMES - LP/CD
Debut LP of high energy thrash from kids who are half your age. CD has extra.
IRON LUNG - EP
Two man grindcore attack. Crazy time changes & off chords at 1000mph
SCHOLASTIC DETH - Revenge EP
7 new fast HC songs about skating, books and the joys of being a nerd. Lets GO!
DISCARGA - LP/CD
Ultra fast political HC from Brazil...like MANLIFTINGBANNER. Collection of sorts.
V/A - Barbaric Thrash Vol III CD+EP
Shitloads of new thrash bands from all over the world plus a crazed ASOCIAL demo EP.
LIE - Why EP
LIE return to their no-BS fast thrash roots. 4 new ones for the west coast tour.
REAGAN SS - EP
Pissed LA hardcore....flex your fucking head!
QUATTRO STAGIONE - Debut EP
Crazed German grindcore....like HE WHO CORRUPTS. Drummer is smoking mad crack.
YOUTH ENRAGE - MCD
Crazed fast core from Sapporo! Third outing..includes CD-Rom video of 2 shows.
Ebullition distro's 625 shirts as well. Check either website

6X2X5 thrashcore

EPS STILL AVAILABLE:

THE REAL ENEMY - EP
Positive, political and fast youth crew from Minneapolis. Their last record
FACE OF CHANGE-1990 Demo 2xEP
Combo of raw HC and melody not unlike early 7 SECONDS and UNIFORM CHOICE. 90 demo.
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - Debut EP
1000 more of this now legendary band. Osaka's version of early GANG GREEN.
SCHOLASTIC DETH - Debut EP
Fast skate-thrash that is inspired by HERESY and HENSLEY. 6 songs in 6 minutes.
EDORA - Debut EP
Ripping fast thrash/grind from Singapore. FxOxB meets POWER OF IDEA
POINT OF FEW - EP
Political, powerful Dutch hardcore that mixes thrash and modern HC styles
BREAKFAST - Debut EP
Debut of Tokyo skate thrash. Mix SST with manic and fierce thrash!
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS/EXCLAIM split EP
For their West Coast tour, unbelieveable fast thrash. Prepare to be pummeled.

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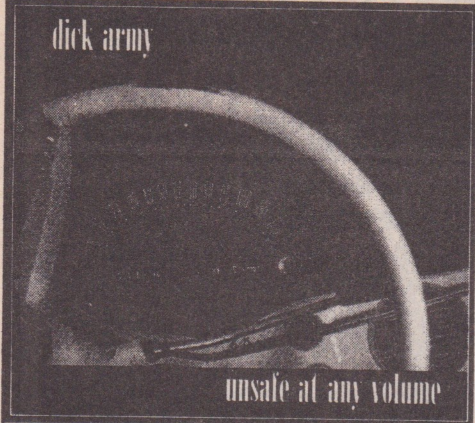

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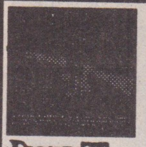

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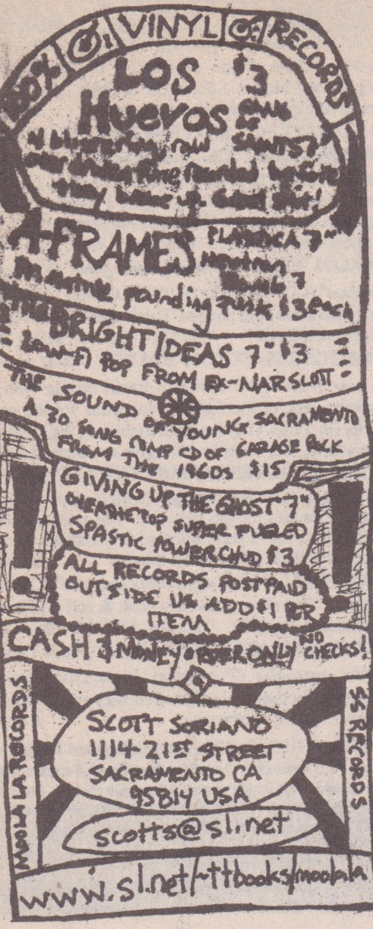
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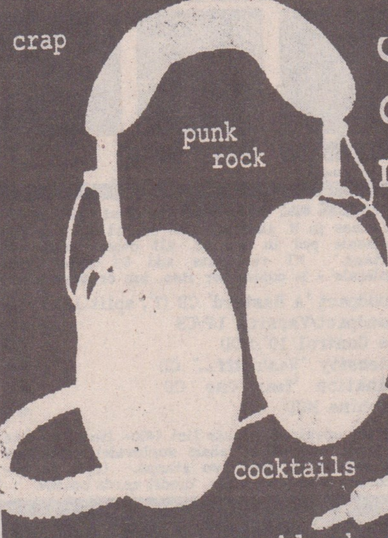

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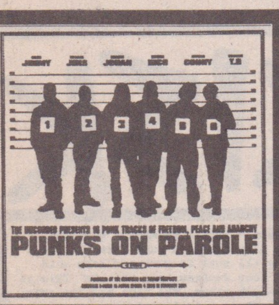

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COLUMNS

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

A territory is an area of space, whether of water or earth or air, which an animal or group of animals defends as an exclusive preserve. The word is also used to describe the inward compulsion in animate beings to possess and defend such a space. A territorial species of animals, therefore, is one in which all males, and sometimes females too, bear an inherent drive to gain and defend an exclusive property.

from *The Territorial Imperative* by Robert Ardrey

I reach under me, dragging my fingernails along her back. I scratch deep and hard, raking the ribpath from the backbone out. A slow rivulet of blood travels down, gathering in a puddle at the lower curve. I feel the scream rising in her throat. I cover her mouth with mine sucking in the pain, using my tongue to turn it into pleasure. She presses tight against me as I enter between her legs. I press my nakedness into her tightening minora.

She turns her head to the side. Gasping. I fasten my lips to her neck and suck inward. The flesh pulls between my teeth. I bite hard. She screams.

"Stop! Don't! My boyfriend will see. He'll kill me!"

I don't stop. She doesn't push me away. It's a show protest, a reminder that she belongs to someone else. I pull out, loosening my mouth ever so slightly, trekking south. I rest my head between her breasts, with a nipple on each side. I suck in her chest, grinding my teeth against her sternum, trying unsuccessfully to inhale in the tight skin.

I move to a nipple. A fine erect one. I suck it into my mouth, press in upwards with my tongue, biting hard that globulous gland.

Under me, she raises her pelvis, grinding her pubes into my belly. I respond with the sandpaper of my stubble against her chest, her belly.

I suck on her stomach. Symmetrically, I mark either side of her perfect navel. Bright red marks. Two eye-shaped bruises. Then, I continue downwards.

I taste the peak of gourmet labia. I pull them into my mouth. Move to the center. Nibble hard, until her hands push against my forehead, forcing me away. Reluctantly, I move my lips back toward hers lowering myself to penetrate that now dripping hole. Positioning, I reenter, grinding my bristling cheeks against her face, slowly removing the top layer of skin, leaving a raw red beneath.

The next day, she wears a long sleeve turtleneck sweater. Her face is heavily powdered.

"Too much retin-A," she tells anyone asking. "It makes me go red in the sun."

This column, I want to talk about marking. I want to talk about territory. I want to talk about the way a dog sniffs at a lamppost and pisses on it to tell all the other members of dog-world, *I was here first! It's mine!*

Not everyone leaves marks during sex. Girls rarely do it unless you ask 'em. Half the girls I know won't even stick their tongue in your ear or your anus unless you ask 'em. Some boys don't leave marks either. They're so gentle. So liberated. Soooo dainty. They fuck like they're putting on fingernail polish.

You say I'm unfair, generalizing my urges, claiming that I represent humankind. The marks on her back, the bruises on her arms are nothing more than my particular perversion. You say that, but you're wrong.

Willy and Jennifer stroll down Broadway. It's a warm day. Sweat breaks out on Willy's face, running in a delta between the acne. Jennifer, blond, anorexic, wears a short black cocktail dress with real thin straps. They stand close. Willy's arm hangs hard around the thin girl's neck. He pulls her close to him, almost in a headlock. She stumbles, catchers herself. Despite the closeness, Willy is not looking at Jennifer. He's looking at the passers-by. His eyes say *She's mine! I'm fucking her. You're not.* It's as much of a marker as dog piss... or a bruise.

Switch scenes: I stand in the kitchen of Patti Punkette. Her pink hair is cut in one of those skinhead dos. Bangs, sideburns, short on top and in the back. She's not a skinhead, she says. She just likes the look.

The water's boiling. I need coffee. We had a wild night last night and I've got to drive ten hours today. Patti takes the kettle from the stove. I take a cup from the counter and bring it to the table.

"Hey!" says Patti. "That's my cup! You had half a dozen to choose from and you picked MY CUP!"

"What's with you?" I ask. "Your cup?? You had your tongue up my ass last night and now you're complaining I'm gonna drink from YOUR CUP?"

With a snort and a gaze at the ceiling, she gives in, but she is not happy.

Another scene: It's New Orleans. 1996. Halloween. Fourteen-year-old Toshi Tanaka is in town for the first time. A cute little Japanese boy. He's still got one of the Beatles haircuts that Japanese kids never gave up. Right off the boat. He doesn't speak English well. Japanese TV said that he can get some goodies if he wears a mask and goes house to house saying *Tlick or Tleat*.

Here's a nice big house. No decorations though. Maybe he should try it. The front door is open. He figures the owner wants him to walk in. Help himself. These Americans are crazy.

Toshi enters the house, starts looking for candy. He hears footsteps behind him. Then a voice: *FREEZE!* Toshi has no idea what *freeze* means, italics or not. He turns. He hears a thundering blast. It's his last sound. A bullet enters and exits through his young Japanese head.

Months later, a jury finds the homeowner NOT GUILTY of manslaughter. After all, they say, a man has the right to protect his property.

Israelis battle Palestinians over a piece of the desert. Catholic Irish fight Protestant Irish over the tip of an under-populated island. What was once Yugoslavia slices itself into ever-smaller slivers of land. Each ethnic group wants its own little piece of dirt.

America attacks anywhere at any time. But, let someone else kill one of us on our own turf! All hell breaks loose. Millions of American flags mop up the dead liberties littering the street. We've got to join forces, they tell us, lose our individuality, our personal freedoms, to defend our chunk of land.

In 1966, Robert Ardrey wrote a book called *The Territorial Imperative.* In that book, Ardrey traces this idea of territory through the animal kingdom. He shows how most animals mark their turf and fight against its invasion. Nationalism, war, and street gangs are completely consistent with the natural world. My teeth and nail marks, that dead boy in New Orleans, Patti's coffee cup, the World Trade Center reaction, it all makes sense if you consider what's natural in the world.

Shift: Vegetarian/animal rightists have a basic problem with the logic of animal liberation. On one hand, they say that humans are just another animal species. Eating cows and chickens is a kind of cannibalism, because we, too, are only animals.

Anti-veggies, like me, point out that *other* animals eat animals. In fact, eating animals is as natural as taking a shit. The answer comes: *Natural shmatural. Humans have the intelligence to* *choose what they eat. Humans can make moral choices and should therefore choose not to cause pain to helpless creatures.*

With my bisexual tastes, I'm rarely the one to say you can't have it both ways. In this case, it's true. The inconsistency here invalidates both arguments. If the veggies admit that humans are better than the animals, more able to make choices, they then have to allow for us to have rights over those lesser creatures. In other words, we're not just another animal. We're special.

If, on the other hand, they cling to the idea that humans are part of nature, just another animal species, then they have to allow that by eating meat, we're acting like other animals that also eat meat.

Back to the topic: If the territorial imperative is natural, and humans are just part of nature, then all the idiocy from the Israelis, to the IRA, to the flag-wavers in Buttfuck, Kansas, are just acting naturally. If we're pissing dogs or chest-beating apes, then we're helpless against the inherent idiocy of our species.

It is a fundamental tenet of both liberalism and conservativism that humans ARE a certain way. Conservatives say humanity is BAD. Someone needs to punished us to keep us in line. Liberals say humanity is GOOD. The government should allow us to express that goodness in as many ways as possible.

Both sides say we ARE certain way. That we HAVE a basic nature. That we're like animals, with basic urges and desires and that's it.

Unlike the veggies, however, I don't find myself in a bind if I take another point of view. That view is that humans are different from animals. We have a sense of history, self-awareness and choice that other animals don't have. We are not victims of our instincts. We can CHOOSE not to do things we're programmed to do.

Yom Kippur. Sunset won't be for another two hours. My throat is raw. I've got a caffeine withdrawal headache that feels like my brain shifted gears without the clutch. I count as the minutes tick down toward a table with chicken soup and taglach. I haven't eaten since sundown yesterday. Not a drop to drink either. It is NOT natural. I have the choice NOT to be natural.

In Mongolia, Batbataar comes home from a hard day of horse-riding and yak milking. He rides an hour over blistering desert to get to the door of his ger, one of those big white round tents you think of, when you think of Mongolia.

When he enters, he sees a someone lighting the cowshit in his stove. He's never seen this person before. So what?

He says, *Sain bain yy!* and sits down while the unknown person starts the fire. Mrs. Batbataar will return from her water-fetching walk. Together they'll make and eat a meal. Then the stranger will be on his way.

The ger does not belong to Batbataar. The land it's on doesn't either. Rural Mongols have no sense of property. They can't understand OWNING land. Land is just where you are. It's not what you own. Their culture is not natural.

If we have the will—or the traditions—we can fight our animal sides. We can choose what to obey and what to oppose. We can agree not to piss on lampposts, not to demand our turf.

Superior may be a value judgment, but certain things about humans are *different* from other animals. We have the use of written language. We can make permanent records of things that happen (and don't happen) to us. We can spread that record to people we'll never meet. We're the only species who can.

We also can choose NOT to follow our instincts. We can choose not to eat when we're hungry. Not to sleep when we're tired. Not to fuck when we're horny. We can go through unpleasantries for a pleasant goal. We can decide, as a group, to follow some action, even if it *feels wrong*.

Leaving my sexual mark gives me pleasure, as does others leaving their sexual mark on me. It does no more harm than an esthetically pleasing hickey or long red scratch from neck to coccyx. I have the choice, however, whether to stake out my territory. I have the choice to say whether my marked sex partner is mine or someone else's, her own self, or no one's at all.

We don't need flag-waving gangsters: Americans, Israelis, Palestinians or Irish. Flag-waving may be as natural as pissing on a lamppost. We can still choose something else. Just think of the lampposts you've already left untouched.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *Punkrock is bad for your health dept:* With every birthday ending in a zero, (after the 20th, that is), comes an ever increasing urge to join a health club. As I crawl toward 70, I have succumbed to that urge. I now pay my $80 a month to punish my body by overstraining various muscles.

Being a modern gym, this one has CD players built into the treadmills and stationary bikes. You put on your headphones, pedal away, listening to your favorite music while your pulse pulses to a heart-healthy rate.

So I sit down on the bike, plug my age into the machine, slip in the OHLO SECO CD, and start peddling away. Then I grip the special handles that keep track of your pulse.

WARNING! WARNING! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The screen flashes in front of me. PLEASE SLOW DOWN TO LOWER YOUR PULSE RATE. YOU ARE IN DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

That CD, *Botas, Fuzis, Capacetes* may be the best hardcore record ever made. But it got my pulse up way too high! What am I gonna do??? Listen to Phil Collins? If I die, you'll know who did it.

->*Speaking of CDs dept:* Bad Afro Records, (www.badafro.dk) sent me the newest stuff by a band called THE MAGGOTS. Garage punk that kicks ass so hard you can taste it! Wowie Zowie! This one isn't gonna end up on eBay for awhile. Jeff Bale noticed that, at the moment, the best music seems to be coming from Scandinavia. Jeff Bale is right. Who knew blondes could do *anything?*

—> *Time to start planning dept:*

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FOR HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

If you have been looking for a university that is not only rich in academic excellence and social outreach, but also has your spiritual development atop its priorities, please allow me to introduce you to Liberty University. My name is Jerry Falwell. I am the founder and chancellor of Liberty University. If you are interested in reading more about what this miracle institution has to offer you (or if you are the parent or grandparent of a high school senior) please read on.

Founded only 27 years ago, Liberty University has quickly become one of the great success stories in modern academia. Today, Liberty is the home of nearly 6,000 resident students. Our beautiful campus, located in the peaceful foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Lynchburg, Va., has rapidly gained a reputation for an exceptional academic program. Our esteemed faculty are intent on preparing their students for the ever-changing 21st-Century workplace while maintaining a Christian world view.

In addition to an excellent liberal arts agenda, Liberty also maintains a commitment to helping our fellow man. All students are required to participate in our "Christian community service" program. Students can participate in Big Brothers or Big Sisters, work as hospital or nursing home volunteers, tutor in local schools, work at community centers, build a home through Habitat for Humanity, teach a Sunday school class, or volunteer in many other motivating programs.

I encourage all interested high school seniors to contact us quickly ... so call today!

Well, what're you waiting for?

—>*The answer dept:* My pal, Marc Rentzer, wrote a long, thoughtful letter to the editor complaining about my post World Trade Center column. I did not answer it in the letters section. I never do. It's a nasty trick for writers or editors to answer a letter in the same space it's printed. That means we always have the last word. Other people have the right to the pure expression of their opinion.

I still want to answer the letter. It'd take up too much space to do it here. Instead, I should have both the original and my answer posted on my website by early 2002.

Check www.mykelboard.com to see if it's there. If not, bug me about it and I'll get it up. (That's what I said to HER!)

—>*Strange bedfellows dept.* The socially conservative (anti-sex, pro-family, anti-porn), politically leftist (black-power) Louis Farrakhan joined last year with socially conservative, politically conservative (pro-death penalty, pro-US conquest of everywhere, anti-welfare, pro-school prayer) Sun Myung Moon.

That's right, the Nation of Islam and The Moonies held a little publicized "Million Family March" in Washington. Despite the twin icons of religious power, the million families turned into less than 200,000 people.

Assuming an average family size of 4, that's about 950,000 short of the goal. Reassuring, huh?

—>*America Online (to hell!) dept.:* Here's another move that got little publicity (except in the right circles). Steve Case, chairman of AOL Time-Warner, has donated $8,350,000 to right-wing TV preacher D. James Kennedy. The money is for his private school, Westminster Academy. Case's wife graduated from that school.

Since AOL Time-Warner owns everything not owned by Microsoft, YOU contributed to that school. Reassuring, huh?

ANONYMOUS BOY

How do you feel about the American Flag? How do I feel about the American Flag? These are good questions. (I guess.) For me, I think the flag can be used for good or evil. Flying an American flag can be used for good. Burning an American flag can be used for good. Passing laws against burning the flag is evil. The NAZIS had a law against burning their flag. To me, an attempt to make a law against burning the American flag is an attempt to make our flag the equivalent of the Nazi flag. Of course no one really talks about the anti flag-burning amendment to the Constitution anymore. Do you remember that thing? It was Senate Joint Resolution 14 "Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States authorizing Congress to prohibit the physical desecration of the flag of the United States." No one really talks about it anymore. I guess Americans have all become so PRO-FLAG now that there really is no longer a need to discuss this amendment. Let us now concentrate on other matters. "Yeah, right, okay, sure, whatever you say." In regards to being anti-flag (um, I don't mean being the *band* Anti-Flag—I just mean that in a general sense) I guess I'd have to say that I'm not personally anti-flag, but I'm anti-certain uses of the flag. I'm anti-using the flag to promote a Right Wing agenda. I strongly feel that one of the things the Right Wing has been doing is *stealing* all of our symbols as Americans—as if we who don't agree with their agenda do not belong here. I simply refuse to allow them to do that.

It's kind of like what my boyfriend, The Ronster, always says; "That statue in the harbor is not the Statue of Conservatism—it's the Statue of Liberty." A symbol can have a lot of power to express an idea. Think of all the cool punk rock bands over the years who have had nifty symbols that you'll always remember, like the Dead Kennedys and their DK cross-thing, Flipper and their fish with an X for an eye, that circular Crass symbol-whatever that thing is, the Circle Jerks cartoon slamdancer-guy, Furious George's little leather jacket monkey, the Ramones' eagle—the list is endless. But the Right have taken all of our American symbols away and redefining them to mean what *they* want them to mean. When I put a little flag on my backpack after my boyfriend had to run for his life from the World Trade Center, I made the decision to take the American Flag back from the Right Wing who have appropriated that image for there own twisted ends. I'm just not gonna allow them to do that anymore. I think we've allowed them to do this for far too long already. *I choose to reappropriate the image of the flag and use it to mean what I believe it should mean*! Freedom, Liberty, "This land is your land, This land is my land," and all that jazz.

I remember back when George W. Bush's daddy was the president, I was deeply involved with the New York chapter of the AIDS activist group ACT UP. I was in the ACT UP office on the day that an artist mailed us an image of an American flag with all of the stars replaced with skulls and the words BUSH AIDS FLAG beneath it. The letter that came with the artwork said; "I designed this for you to use however you want." We made up lots of posters and stickers of the image, and the interesting thing was that when you looked at the BUSH AIDS FLAG from a distance, it looked just like a regular flag. It was only if you looked at it up close that you could see skulls had replaced the stars. I'll never forget what a TV commentator said about the BUSH AIDS FLAG. The gist of it was how when he first saw this flag, he did not understand why ACT UP protesters would be carrying it, but then he saw the flag up close and he realized that we weren't *really* carrying American flags, so it finally made sense to him. Of course this was the intention of the poster in the first place... but it got me thinking. What was it about us that the television commentator thought was so anti-American that he would be surprised if we actually *were* carrying American flags? Isn't the right to protest part of what American freedom is all about? Did the fact that we were unhappy with the way that George Bush Sr. was mishandling the AIDS plague, make us somehow anti-American? Did the mere fact that many of us happened to be gay and were concerned about AIDS, automatically disqualify us from carrying an American flag? Were we not Americans too? That was many years ago, but even today I experience the feeling that many in America just feel that gay people are monsters from mars who do not really belong here. I work for a large publishing house. One of the things that I do involves granting or denying permission to various different organizations who want tō use excerpts from the books our company has published. I find it remarkable how even doing a task as simple and as this can drive home the point to me about how far certain minorities have come in attaining equal status, and how far others (like gay people) still need to go. For example, a Christian College sent me an application to use an excerpt from an edition of the book *John Henry*. They asked to make an alteration in the text. They wanted to substitute the word "black" for the word "negro."

This very same college also sent in an application for another, equally old book. This time they were requesting to remove the word "gay" from a sentence like "a gay time was had by all." They wanted to replace it with the word "happy." Isn't it interesting how on the one hand, they are so careful not to offend African Americans with an archaic term that is considered inappropriate, and yet on the other hand, they are so offended by the mere concept of gay people that they felt they needed to actually censor that word? How homophobic are these people, when they are so afraid of the word "gay" that they feel compelled to eliminate it, even when it is being used in a totally non-homosexual context?

When Christmas rolls around, I wonder if these same people also feel the need to sing "Don we now our "happy apparel" when they troll that ancient Yuletide carol? Fa la la la loonies!.

They'd probably censor the word "troll" because isn't that also some kinda supernatural creature? I know that they're paranoid about witchcraft too, because they also requested an alteration to a sentence in the book that originally read "It was a magical evening" and changed it to "It was a beautiful evening." Sheesh, this is what passes for college education these days? Do these people really live in the USA in 2001? You'd think they were living in friggin' medieval Europe!

Or Taliban-controlled Afghanistan. Speaking of religious crackpots, I was flipping through the television stations the other day and came to CNN, where you wouldn't believe the lengthy amount of time they devoted to interviewing some woman who wants the Government to officially institute a "National Day of Prayer and Fasting" in the United States. This is the sort of wacko that gets nearly twenty minutes of airtime on CNN, and whose idiotic opinions are actually given consideration as if she had even a shred of anything worthwhile to say. The lousy interviewer never even raised the question of the "Separation of Church and State" issue. The only question he posed that even remotely suggested that this could be a bad idea was "Well, I understand why we might want to have a national day of prayer, but why fasting?" Before I had a chance to vomit, the crackpot lady replied; "We fast because it helps us to see the face of God."

Now of course if *I* had been the interviewer I would have asked, "Didn't you ever wonder if the reason that you think you see the "face of god" when you're fasting is because you're suffering from hallucinations due to lack of food?!" "Did it ever dawn on you that even if there *were* a god, he wouldn't want you to deprive yourself of the very nutrition that keeps your body and mind healthy?" "Did it ever even remotely occur to you that not everyone in this nation suffers from the affliction of "spirituality?" "If you get to have your day, why can't I get to have a "National Day of Denouncing the Existence of God?!"

These are the questions we don't ask here because we live in America, the land of free speech.

Over twenty state governors have already officially adopted the Day of Prayer and Fasting at the request of this fanatic and her koo-koo organization. The horrendous acts of Sept 11 were one thing, but it is quite another thing for certain groups and individuals to use and manipulate what happened for their own repulsive ends. All around I see this happening. One of the most pathetic examples of this is the seen here in New York in the guise of republican mayor-elect and multi-millionaire corporate scum Michael Bloomburg. Here's a freak so creepy that when a reporter at a press conference asked him why he did not release his tax information, as all the other Mayoral candidates had, Bloomburg exploded! "It's fine for *them* to release their taxes, they don't make anything!" he yelled. He then waved his hand at the reporter in a gesture of dismissal. However much money the other candidates make (I'm sure it's more than what I make), Bloomburg is right to say that it couldn't compare to what *he* makes. After all, this is a man who is notorious for hosting an extravagant millionaire's party featuring a Seven Deadly Sins theme, where he had a "Gluttony Room" filled from floor to ceiling with chocolate bonbons and an "Adultery Room" featuring a gigantic, room-sized bed. (Not that totally I'm against a reasonable amount of debauchery, but this does seem to indicate the sort of mindset common among the callous ultra-rich that has no conscience about wasting money on irresponsible whims.)

Bloomburg continued his ranting when he was asked why he did not release copies of his television commercials to the press for review. He yelled; "They're on TV all the time! Why don't you just turn on your television and stop being so lazy!" I would think that the press should be grateful that they didn't get copies of those nauseating commercials. One of Bloomburg's ads blasted the Democratic candidate Mark Green for having said; "I think if, god forbid, I had been Mayor on September 11, I would have done as well or better than Mayor Giuliani." (The commercial implied that to say such a thing equates with some form of sacrilege.) All I can say about that is that I certainly hope he could have done as well or better and if Bloomburg doesn't feel that he can say the same then he shouldn't have been running for mayor! I won't even get into all the sexual-discrimination charges and his lack of political experience. What difference does it all make now? He's going to be the Mayor whether I like it or not. Isn't it funny how New York is supposedly such a *liberal* place and yet we have a Republican governor, an outgoing Republican mayor, and an incoming Republican mayor? How nice it feels to live in such a "liberal" place.

Bloomburg, when asked how he feels about gay issues like the equal right for gay people to be married, said that he didn't think the government should be involved in personal relationships in any way. When asked if by that he meant that the government shouldn't be issuing marriage licenses to heterosexual couples either, he stated that he "prefers to live in a Norman Rockwell world." I wonder what that means. I assume it means that if you're a redheaded and freckled gay boy dangling your bare feet in the ol' fishin hole, or a chubby, rosy cheeked, lesbian grandmother rolling out your apple-pie dough in your 1940s kitchen, you'll be okay.

The double-standard of this nation can bee seen in other ways as well. The very existence of first lady Laura Bush, for example. This is a woman whom I just cannot bear to watch while she is speaking. She gives me the creeps. She's so totally like a "Stepford wife" that I cannot help but flip the channel whenever she's on. The sight of this frozen-smiled, iceberg blabbing on and on about the importance of children and a comforting home is too unnerving to view for any length of time! How can anyone bear to listen to this mannequin speak about the warmth of mothering when all that she portrays is an empty and distant coldness? You have to laugh whenever she talks about "nurturing" because everything about her projects the image that she knows absolutely nothing about it. The only reason that she ever speaks on this issue is because the *party* has decided that this is the role that the female first lady must assume, since *men* can't talk about such things. Men can only talk about war.

No wonder her own kids are drowning their sorrows with booze in late-night bars! Okay, maybe that little crack is not entirely fair, but what about this? Why is it that Saturday November 17 was the *first* time that a first lady has ever delivered the entire weekly presidential radio address instead of the President himself, and no one, but no one was the slightest bit critical of her usurping her husband's power? If Hilary Clinton had ever delivered the Presidential address in place of her husband, the republicans would have been screaming and jumping up and down as if they were standing on red hot coals! Yet, this glassy-eyed robot can deliver a presidential address, and no one says a freaking *word* about how she "doesn't know her place." This sort of Republican double standard regarding the role of the first lady is not new. Rosalyn Carter was attacked for once having sat in alongside Jimmy Carter at a cabinet meeting. Republicans shouted, "She has no right to be there, we didn't elect her!" Yet the next republican administration showed us that Nancy-just-say-no Reagan was permitted to *totally run the freaking country* with astrologers and while on who-knows-what kinds of "happy" pills, and no one, not even democrats had a problem with *that* at the time.

When we elect a president, we do indeed also elect the first lady. There are official responsibilities that the position of first lady is traditionally expected to carry out. I have noted that when a democratic president is in office, the republicans cannot seem to refrain from making critical attacks on the first lady. They always want to debate about what her "role" in the government should be. When a republican president is in office, democrats never say a word about the first lady or her role in government. Is it just that all republican first ladies are above reproach? Or is it just more accurate to assume that the *sexism* of republican males is aroused whenever they hear a woman saying something that they don't want to hear her say? "We like when Laura talks about children. That's what we expect a woman to talk about. We don't like it when Hilary talks about health care. Women should know their place."

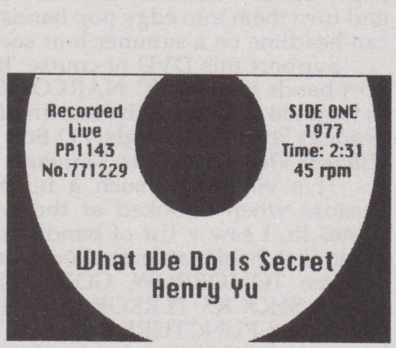
It's people like this that make me glad we have a punk rock scene. If ever there were a need for a confrontational voice to be heard, it is now. Various misguided people are attempting to use the WTC attacks to justify the squashing of free speech, and alternative viewpoints. Since we are all supposed to be pro- the ol' Red, White and Blue nowadays it's probably no surprise that the band ANTI-FLAG is going through a tough time right now and really needs the support of their fans. Immediately following the attacks, some record shops removed all of the Anti-Flag releases from their shelves. Also, the band chose to cancel their fall tour. Hopefully the postponed tour will take place in the late winter/early spring. Perhaps the short attention span of the American public will have kicked in by then. If this weren't bad enough, they were forced to vacate their rehearsal space. The landlord is an ex-Marine and suddenly, out of the blue, he had a "problem" with their name. (Interesting how their name posed no problem before Sept. 11, Hmmm?) The space was also being used as the office for A-F records and storage for their mail order merchandise, so you can imagine what disruption this must have caused for band-business. Since the band was renting the space on a monthly basis and did not have a lease, The landlord was legally able to carry out this eviction.

It probably should not even need to be stated that ANTI-FLAG were not Pro-the Sept 11 attacks, but considering how wacky and stupid-in-the head people appear to be getting, perhaps that does need to be stated; and what a reactionary nation we have become if that's true. The band were hoping to put out a single immediately after the attacks that had lyrics condemning it, but weren't able to do it right now. Instead, they have the song downloadable from their website. http://www.anti-flag.com/anti-flag/ The sad predicament that ANTI-FLAG is going through perfectly illustrates how foolish this country has become! It's the sort of repression that I think all of us need to guard against as Americans, and my opinion is that the only way you do this is by talking about it and confronting it. Punks have never been the sort of people who run and hide from those with whom we disagree with. I'd hate to see us start doing that now. If your local record store stops carrying Anti-Flag records, I think its your duty to *demand* that they restock them. If they don't like it, wave an American flag in their faces and yell "Freedom of Speech" as loud as you can! The irony of using the flag to support a band named Anti-Flag is exactly what reappropriating the image is all about.

Ane of the zine *Aunt Franne* responds to the flag question:

[To answer the question personally, "What do you think of the American Flag," I have long been anti-flag myself.... for as far back as I can remember. Even in the wake of the attack I chose not to adorn myself, my car, or my house with any flags...despite numerous urgings from family members and co-workers. (We did put a flag up in the store, but that was not me, personally.) I have been given flag stickers for my car, flag pins for my lapel, flag bead thingys made by my niece, etc..... Everyone at work has been wearing some kind-o-flag pin or whatever. But I just can't do it, and everyone expecting me to do it furthers my resolve against it. It's kind of hard to explain to people when they ask "Why not?" I am neither anti-American, nor pro-attacks, obviously. I simply feel that my views have not changed in the wake of all of this, and so I'm not suddenly going to do it because I "should." I feel the flag (specifically the US flag, since I don't know the customs of other countries) is a symbol, and when people start to view the flag as the thing itself rather than the symbol of the thing, it makes me scared and upset. The fact that the flag cannot touch the ground and all of the other reverence surrounding the flag itself is so ridiculous. I mean, for Pete's sake, it's a piece of cloth! I know it represents "freedom," "liberty," blah blah blah, but the flag itself is not these things. I don't need the flag to make me love my country, my freedom, etc... When I first heard about Anti-Flag I was excited because I had often used that term for myself. I like what they are about because they aren't anti-America, they are just trying to make people think. I know that some of their stuff, we've head it a million times from politico-punk bands, but they aren't extremists and they live in the world, while trying to figure out how not to be a part of the crappy parts of the world. I identify with that immensely, because I feel that the older I've gotten, the more I've become a part of the world that I shunned as a young, idealistic punk rocker. I'm constantly trying to figure out how to live in it, and not be part of it. "It" being complacent, ex-active, ex-socially conscious, suburban living, new car driving, corporate management, yuppie scum! And isn't that what I have become? Do I go to protests, donate to charities, march for human rights, demonstrate against racism, homophobia etc? Sure, I talk a lot about my beliefs, but what am I doing? Buying records, eating out. I think about my not being a person who makes a difference. Being the person that I used to look at with disdain.

Years ago, I was pretty deeply involved in the peace punk thing for several years. I went to lots of shows in squats, lots of demonstrations for animal rights, homeless rights, anti-racism rallies, and plenty of flag burnings. I became a vegetarian during this time. I really considered myself an anarchist for a few years. I know it was mostly idealistic youth with no real world experience, but deep inside I still harbor feelings about this stuff. ANONYMOUS BOY REPLIES: Although Anne worries about not being an activist, I happen to know that she has made an enormous difference in the lives of a great many people by just being herself and speaking her mind. This is a value beyond calculation. To be a "yuppie scum" as she puts it, is more that just having a job, making money, or living in the suburbs. It means selfishness, indifference, and greed. These are traits which the infinitely generous Anne is does not have. Although she describes herself as ex-active and ex-socially conscious, I must disagree with her assessment. She is one of the most socially conscious people that I know, and she is active whenever she voices her opinion. Our voices alone have power to change our own little corner the world. We should never underestimate that power.



Amoeba's In Chaos

Naw, ain't referring to the early 80s Midwest band of the same name, but rather the scene at the grand opening of what's now the biggest independently owned record store in the country, Amoeba Records in Hollywood, California. On November 17, after a delay or two, the third Amoeba (the first is in Berkeley, the second in San Francisco) finally opened on Sunset Boulevard, in what used to be a recording studio. I made the trip down from my San Francisco home base, meeting up with an unnamed vinyl sycophant I'll refer to as Virgin Killer because of his love for the music of both THE SCORPIONS and HUGH BEAUMONT EXPERIENCE. Actually, scratch that. Let's just call him Kim Chee.

With the store opening at 10:30am on Saturday morning, Kim Chee and I made a light night of it on Friday. This consisted of going to the local Blues bar in Hermosa Beach and trying to pick up on sorority girls as they gyrated to a Billy Davis Jr. look-a-like (as in 70s black pop duo Marilyn McCoo and Billy David Jr.) who, with a wireless guitar, was hopping up and down the bar. "Hey, the fug stepped in my Bud Light," complained Kim Chee as his female target managed to slip her twenty-something hips out of his thirty-something paws.

5am seemed beyond early, but with JACKIE SHARK and ROCK BOTTOM calling out to us from the corrugated cardboard boxes marked "OBSCURE PUNK" we could feel the adrenaline surging through our varicose veins. Kim Chee wanted to leave without brushing his teeth to save eight seconds, but I reminded him that breathing on a rare record in that state could drive it down by a grade. Then again what does VG+++(+) mean anyways? We surged down the highway with pockets full of empty plastic record bags intended for our booty. We slowed down as we pass the U-Haul, both turning to look at each other. "Do you think we...?" "Nah."

As we dragged down Sunset, it loomed before us, the biggest record store in the country. A red carpet was laid on the sidewalk running down the block from the entrance nearly to the corner. As we pulled closer, the other diehards came into view. There were four people in line, and a security officer or two lingering about. It was about 6am. After pulling around the block to park, Kim Chee and I got out and saw the side windows, through which you could see parts of the store. We clambered up on the ledge to look through them. Indeed it was a massive place. Where would the punk records be? we wondered. We could see some records on the wall, which is where the obvious rarities went, but neither of us had brought binoculars.

After some unsuccessful rubbernecking, we got in line as numbers five and six. The first two guys looked like hip hop/dee jay types, young kids with the occasional pimple, as pale as Beastie Boys. They were smart enough to bring lawn chairs. The other two guys were older, looked like they might've been gay but who can really tell at that hour. One of them had a script for a screenplay in his hand. Dunno what it was for but he'd occasionally read it during the 4+ hours we spent in line.

More San Franciscans showed up behind us. This would be what would become a large procession of San Franciscans in the diehard line. One guy was a 60s psych collector who seemed sort of dumb. He said he only had $40 to spend. He had gone to the San Francisco Amoeba opening and said he had to leave lots of incredible stuff behind because he didn't have the money. He was into Roky Erickson, but given that he didn't even own the *Sponge* 45 and was still looking for the *Gremlins Have Pictures* LP on Enigma/Pink Dust, I wasn't very impressed. He had come down with his buddy, a tall skinny guy who seemed to know more.

The line built up slowly, and we were surprised that none of the usual suspects were there: Rob Noxious, Mark Stoopid, Thrashhead. There were Jazz collectors, Soul collectors, not even an indie popster in sight. Good for us. Wasn't till the red carpet almost ran out when I spotted fellow MRR stalwart Ryan Wells and his bud Mike from Broken Rekkids. Shortly thereafter, someone official looking brought some vats of coffee and fresh Krispy Kremes, and we were energized for a little longer. They also started passing out leaflets that showed the layout of the store, and the diehards began strategizing their proposed trajectory through the aisles.

The actual opening was a little anti-climactic. I mean there were no rock stars there to help inaugurate the thing. Some no-name cut the red ribbon. Photos were snapped of a line of less than handsome people. Some photographers shot the people in line too, but the Hip Hop fuggers had let a bunch of their friends cut in line with them, and we didn't even make the pictures. The photographers asked the people in line for their names. We gnawed on what was left of our donuts.

At 10:30am, the doors finally opened, and we stumbled deliriously through the entrance as the employees and press hanging around cheered us on. Where's the punk 45s? we asked. No one seemed to know. We did manage to find the walls of rare punk collectibles. We had been tipped off that there was a ROTTERS up there, but not which one. That was important. After all, the first 45 *Sit On My Face Stevie Nix (sic)* was much less rare than their followup, *Sink The Whales (Buy Japanese Goods)*. Well, it was the first one, and it was priced at $50, which is actually a bit more than you might score one on eBay. A quick scan of the rest of the wall showed even less promise.

Despite having gotten in line much later, Ryan and Mike had caught up to us pretty quickly and everyone was searching for the boxes. Some employee had pointed us to 70s/80s Rock/Pop so we started diving in, flipping through countless copies of Shaun Cassidy's *Da Doo Ron Ron*. "I think I'm gonna be sick," I moaned, as Kim Chee started pulling out copies for his jukebox. This has to be wrong, I thought to myself. I extricated myself from the entanglement of nerds and looked around a bit more.

There was a set of boxes marked "Indie" around the corner that I started looking through. At first it appeared to be all '90s indie but it appeared to be a lot more promising than the other ones. Pretty soon, Kim Chee and Ryan moved over and the flannel was flyin'...

Score of the day: a sleeveless MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS, *Rocket To Nowhere* 45 found by Kim Chee. This was during our last ditch scrounging around after a long day of rounding out my UNREST collection. Apparently someone had pulled a stack out of a box so they could flip through the records properly, and stuck it in some spot off to the side. Kim, the lucky bastard also had found a FIX *Jan's Room* (with spray painted insert, no less) for $1.95 earlier. While these found a hallowed spot in Kim Chee's billowing trade pile, my HOSE 45 and or assorted 80s crap lingered unproudly in my plastic bags. Ryan found a SCOOTER AND THE WORMS as his coup de grace. By around 3pm, we were pretty much toast and had to call it a day. One look back and the wreckage lay there, stacks of unwanted records piled everywhere, open boxes strewn about, and multitudes of glazed eyes. The line to check out literally had 100 people.

Post mortem. People have been making sporadic pilgrimages to the new Amoeba since then, only to find...nothing. So much for a year's worth of buying in the Los Angeles area and tons of pallets of records in some warehouse somewhere. It ain't on the wall or in the stacks at Amoeba. Could one suspect that the employees, who are not allowed to buy from the store for themselves for the first 30 days after the opening, are hording their stashes somewhere?

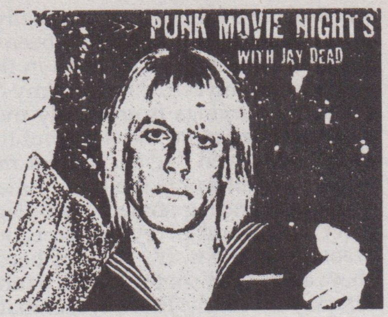
EXCESSORIES / CHICKENHAWKS

After the Amoeba experience, Kim Chee and I regrouped by taking our middle age naps. By evening, we were ready to storm again. We hit Zen Sushi over in Silverlake with our friend Katy to see local pop punk phenomsters THE EXCESSORIES and Cramps devotees THE CHICKENHAWKS from Iowa. Both were fabulous, and despite a small crowd of about a dozen, left us gasping from a good time. Zen Sushi just might be our modern day equivalent of Madame Wong's, a Chinese restaurant cum punk venue whose heyday spanned a forescore ago. Afterwards we managed to catch up with guitarist Rich Coffee, whose career hearkens back to the days of GIZMOS. How cool is that to, after more than 20 years still be cool enough to be in LA's best pop punk band?

Last Words

Got advanced copies of a couple of cool KBD-style comps that are in the development stage that'll occupy my cassette deck for awhile. Will let you know more about them as I do. In the meantime, I've been booted from the review staff at MRR so don't look for any insightful drivel from my kind anymore...

Email to henry@killedbydeath.com. Send graft to 4309 23rd St, San Francisco, CA, 94114. All submissions receive some sort of mention.



TOXIC NARCOTIC•
Live In LA

I was told by John The Baker at Burnt Ramen Studios in Richmond, California that this is the first DVD release by a DIY punk/hardcore band. It is definitely the first DVD of this type that I've ever come across, and thanks to Maury from SMD we are finally able to have an official showing here at Punk Movie Nights.

TOXIC NARCOTIC have played many times in the Bay Area (Where I live), and although the draws are always very decent, I've never encountered a crowd the size of the one seen on this DVD that was shot in Los Angeles, California. TOXIC NARCOTIC rock as a band musically, but they have their fair share of detractors around the country, although you won't find many in Los Angeles, apparently. Judging by the performance laid down on this DVD, I can see why the audience is so amped, because it is as solid as I've ever seen this band play. In terms of the technical aspects of *Live In LA*, this DVD is obviously going to be a bit on the low budget level as opposed to most music DVDs, but there is an easy to use, interactive DVD menu, which will allow you to access particular performances based on song titles. The one camera angle utilized doesn't get as distracting as you might think it would be, although in the future I'm sure that bands will watch this DVD to study the dos and don'ts first before setting out to film their own.

Technology is moving so fast, and it is redefining constantly what is and what is not underground. On the other hand, obscurity has been redefined in a way that actually expands the underground, without necessarily exposing it to the culture-crushing mechanisms of capitalism. I appreciate it when a punk band does their research, and realizes that rather than fearing new forms of technology, they can add aspects of this new economically feasible technology to their usual routine of practicing, recording, pressing, and touring, without watering down their overall sound and vision for the band. The watering-down trend, and the catering to the lowest common denominator in terms of rock music audiences has been so prevalent with the emergence of the super indie labels that it has become just as damaging to true underground DIY music as the early 90s, post-Green Day major label signing frenzy of punk bands. The Nitros, Epitaphs, Lookout!s and Hellcats of the world take DIY underground bands and music that was rooted in political awareness, scene involvement, self-sufficiency, and an eye on the future of this world, and they've managed to preserve only the most superficial characteristics of what we and many of those bands once called punk. They've created a fast food equivalent of rebellion that is so marketable and disposable that major labels must shake their heads in astonishment, appreciative of those smaller labels' calculating approach to business. TOXIC NARCOTIC may be a lot of things, but safe and radio friendly they are not, and their success is based on hard work rather than a cheap PR approach to their music and image, and the type of advertising agency techniques used by these super indies when they take fast, smart punk bands like AFI and turn them into edgy pop bands with niche packaging that can headline on a summer tour second stage.

Support this DVD of course, but more importantly support bands like TOXIC NARCOTIC, because you don't have to look too far to find the real enemies of the scene.

(Rodent Popsicle Records, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

Hibachi Video Omnibus, Volume 2

This video was such a huge disappointment for me, because when I looked at the box *Hibachi Video Omnibus* comes in, I saw a list of bands that should have made this video watchable, at least. Consider this line-up of bands for starters: TOMORROW, GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS, 9 SHOCKS TERROR, RINGWORM, ROTARY BEGINNERS, and PUNCTURE WOUND. How could this video not be good, right? Well, consider the fact that the music is unlistenable,—and I can't stress that enough. You will not be able to distinguish one song from another in most cases, which betrays the overall consistency of the picture quality throughout the video. This video would be best suited for those hardcore fans, especially Ohio hardcore fans, with a completist approach to collecting music memorabilia.

(Hibachi, 497 Owego Street, Painesville, Ohio 4407-4122, USA or Answer, Hase BLD #2 B-1, 5-29, OSU 3 Naka-Ku Nagoya-City, Aichi 460 JAPAN)

Public Broadcasting System, a Coldfront Records Video Compilation, Volume 1

What? No dirty, garage, trendy beer drinking, heroin chic, upper middle class kids slumming it in the good side of the bad neighborhood rocknroll bands? Ah man, I thought this guy ran *Hitlist* magazine. No, but really Brett is a nice guy that I've had the pleasure of meeting a couple of times while rooting through the new arrival bin at Amoeba Records, and I am always astonished at how a guy who seems to really like and appreciate pissed off hardcore can't seem find even one of those bands for his label. The last band Coldfront Records put out that I could even listen to was UNITED BLOOD. Perhaps, taste aside, Brett is more about being a good businessman than a supporter of any music or scene, and that theory is only strengthened by PBS, Public Broadcasting System, which is as safe and marketable as a punk video compilation can get in this day and age of safe, marketable, radio friendly punk rock. There are 21 videos on this video that are, like Brett, non-threatening, and aspiring to reach that oh so lucrative Epitaph/Fat Wreck audience of white middle to upper middle class, apolitical, corporate skate logo wearing punks who go on weekend snowboard trips with their future fraternity brothers. That's a good sized audience with a lot of disposable income, and so from a business standpoint, it's not a bad idea to get a handful of videos by bands on your label, and then combine them with some already more established bands from like-minded labels such as: AFI, VANDALS, DESCENDANTS, HORACE PINKER, DWARVES, and ONE MAN ARMY. In terms of the type of video Coldfront was trying to put out, this is very well done, right down to the snowboarding footage that plays behind the end credits. From my perspective, aside from the one I already voiced, I had a hard time finding videos on this tape that I could appreciate entirely. There were some exceptions, sort of.

AFI's video is creatively the best piece of filmmaking on the entire compilation, featuring well photographed black and white imagery, and most impressively the ability to frame Davey Havok in a way that makes him appear like a slimmer, buffed, little brother of Glen Danzig. SLOPPY SECONDS has the most comical and genuine video on the comp, and it's probably the only music video that made me sit up and check the box to see who a band was. I kind of wanted to jump through the television screen so I could join their pizza party. THE STRIKE also impressed me as having a grasp on what a good video should be, and how to combine the video medium with their music in a way that doesn't redefine who they already are, and what their sound is supposed to be about. For the most part I was mainly depressed that the horrible, uninspired bands on this comp probably sell so many more records than great bands like DS-13, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, E-150, SHITLIST and so on. Sucks.

(Music Video Distributors, PO BOX 280, Oaks, PA 19456)

In last month's columns I mentioned a number of local labels while illustrating a point, but I forgot to give credit to Six Weeks Records, which is a great label, and has been supportive of many local bands throughout the years. Jeff and Athena, who run that label, are at Gilman every weekend, selling and trading records from their distro bins and keeping an eye on new, up and coming punk and hardcore bands. They rule.

Send your films and videos to: Jay Dead, PMB 149, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. Thanks to all the punks and bands that helped out with the first ever Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest, such as Mike Thorn, Jake Kelly, Max, John The Baker, Markus Da Anarchist, CATHETER, SHITLIST, SBITCH, FUERZA X, ATROCIOUS MADNESS, RAZED, and all the locals who pitched in as well.

Scott Soriano

Rama Lama Fa Fuck You

There comes a point in one's record buying career that jadedness sets in. While the jaded will maintain that this condition comes from knowing what is out there, I hold that it comes from lack, rather than breadth, of knowledge. The jaded are as ignorant, and more willfully so, than the masses they condemn.

Of course, it is tough not to crawl into a hole when everything that is around you seems to suck. I was plagued by the jade in the late 1980s. Nothing that was going on in music excited me. I bought the occasional Touch & Go release and would pick up various Hip Hop records, but so much of what was offered up as rock'n roll brew. Punk, which five years earlier was vibrant and vital, had mutated into a swamp of metal licks and attempted sell outs. Instead of playing your ass off, structure was how rock'n rollers expressed emotion. The result: DRI slogging through mediocre metal tunes, 7 Seconds in a pathetic effort to be the "punk" U2, prog-punk, emo, math rock, funk punk, funk metal, mosh funk, mosh metal, NYHC, "unplugged," punk poetry, hippie core, and, the last ditch effort of the lame, RAWK. Sub-genre hell before me, why not crank up the first No Trend and whine about rock'n roll sucking?

Okay, rock'n roll didn't suck. There were good bands slogging away. Too bad for me the Lazy Cowgirls' "Tappin the Source" was drown out by Live Skull, Sister Double Happiness, and whatever band o' the week that thought that melding Led Zep with punk was a good idea. How did I miss They Cleaned My Cut Out With A Wire Brush by Happy Flowers and countless other hateful classics? There were good bands to be discovered, lost to time, geography, and ignorance.

This last thought sustains me. Knowing that there are Happy Flowers out there keeps me from falling back into jadedness, a state of mind quite easy to adopt in today's musical world. Yes, there are good things out there. There are a small handful of rock'n roll bands making good tunes. And there is Hip Hop, a genre that still hasn't adopted a rigid set of rules. Then again there are the hundreds of underground bands corpse fucking, plundering the past without much passion or originality.

Last month's flavors were the Gang of Four and the Slits; today it is the Screamers and Kleenex. Our modern day, post-punkers, no-wavers, and synth-heads forget one vital ingredient in their attempts to "push the envelope" and that is the above-mentioned bands actually wrote songs. They did not cop a style and tried to pass it off as new. They created a style. They also did not just plug in an instrument and leave it at that. Believe it or not, the Screamers had songs, songs with hooks in them. The fact they were songsmiths meant that they were more than a collection of trust funders standing behind a wall of bzzzzz-guuurggleee-burrrrpppp.

And the truly "artful"? Rock'n roll's vanguard? Welcome to free jazz! Now I don't know about you, but for me nothing is worse than a bunch of college students in a rock'n roll ensemble "playing" free jazz or noise or screamo or high-energy foo-fah or whatever you want to call it. These dill heads mistake wanking off at torturous volumes with art, originality, and the path to a better tomorrow. If they didn't play with their backs to the audience then maybe they would see a room full of blank faces. Poor young people think, "I know I am supposed to like this or get something intellectual out of it but it all just sounds like a bunch of boring noise" and feeling bad when they actually have things figured out. Unfortunately, the purveyors of pompous poo-poo pass pout and preen and pontificate about Cage and Stockholm and Sun fucking Ra. In other words, they bluff.

Here I am again, sounding like a jaded old man. Really, I am not. Every once in a while I am surprised. I send away for some record by a band I have never heard of, like the Sightings 7" on Freedom From, and Wow! what great shit! Or the Blutt 7" on Royal. Or I see a band live like the Lowdowns from Santa Cruz or The Phantom Limbs in a pimp bar and walk away happy.

Then there is stumbling into a genre or music scene that I never thought existed, but, duh, it is there. For instance, non-Anglo rock'n roll, specifically, rock'n roll made between 1960 and 1980 by bands not within the US, UK, and Australia. Or to be a more exact, bands who were touched by rock'n roll but still incorporate something from the culture they come from.

A good example of what I am writing about is a Turkish guitarist named Erkin Koray. Wildly popular in Turkey during the late-1960s and into the 1970s, Koray meshed rock'n roll with Arabic scales. The result is a music that sounds kind of like Eastern-influenced psychedelia but is really more like Middle Eastern music with some rock'n roll trappings. Unlike Western sitar-psych, Koray doesn't try to cram his culture into rock'n roll. Instead he uses (at times) a rock'n roll back beat and (sometimes) a verse-chorus-verse-chorus song structure as base for him to flow some wild leads over. To call him the Turkish-Jimi Hendrix, as a lot of critics do, is an insult. Koray stands apart from Hendrix, owing more to bouzoukee, kanoon, and oud players than he does to the guitar great.

During the same period Koray was fruitful, Brazil was the epicenter of what became known as the Tropicalia movement. Influenced by Bossa Nova, psychedelia, British Beat groups, jazz, American soul, and a range of other sounds, musicians like Cataeno Veloso, Gal Costa, and Os Mutantes created a ton of great music. Tropicalia was both musically and politically radical. The music attacked established Brazilian bossa stars, while the lyrics stirred up trouble with the generals who ran Brazil. Heroes among the youth, Veloso and others spent a fair amount of their lives in exiles, their songs banned from the airwaves.

When vinyl ruled the earth, a lot of non-Anglo rock'n roll was tough to find. However, the digital age has given us a slew of CD compilations documenting these neglected scenes. There are several series of CDs dedicated to Turkish rock'n roll, Latin American psych, and 60s garage, prog, and other rock'n roll from around the world. Veloso, Costa, Os Muntantes and others are readily available on CD.

Like most everything else, there is a cut-off point for non-Anglo rock'n roll. That point roughly corresponds with the popularization of punk rock and the advent of MTV. The any-one-can-do-it nature of punk, especially two-chord thrash, led to a lot of bands sounding vaguely familiar. Even bands that have "their own sound," like Tampax or Stiff Little Fingers or the Pagans or Ohlo Seco, could be from anywhere. The more popular punk became, the more similar bands from across the globe sounded like each other.

The global reach of MTV, magnified greatly by advances in satellite technology, put American, and, to a lesser extent, British, pop music in nearly every house, apartment, hut, and yurt, any place a television set sat. In a very short time, the American Madonna was joined by clones in Israel, Indonesia, Argentina, etc. When alt/punk became big enough to make MTV, non-Anglo rock'n roll as a unique experience was dead. (To where modern-day rock'n roll is at worldwide, find an few international channels on the cable and you too can watch Japanese boy bands!)

About a year ago, a friend studying in the Philippines sent me a book by Eric S. Caruncho called Punks, Poets, Poseurs: Reportage on Pinoy Rock & Roll. Punks...is a 280 page collection of articles that Caruncho wrote on rock'n roll in the Philippines during the 1980s into the 90s. The articles would fit fine in your average American "alternative" weekly paper, part promo, part "gonzo" journalism.

I looked forward to learning something about "Pinoy Rock & Roll," anything that would set it apart from its American roots. I want to see if Philippinos' actually had a twist that I hadn't heard. Unfortunately, what Caruncho describes is a scene not unlike any other alt/punk scene of the same time period. Pinoy rock'n roll has its pop punk band, it has its 77 band, it has its aging punk doing folk rock band, it has its funkmetal band, it has its ska band, it has its grunge band. The most excited Caruncho gets, and what seems to be the high water mark of the Pinoy scene, is Sonic Youth's first appearance (with the Foo Fighters and the Beastie Boys) in Manila. So much for the Philippines.

Still, rock'n roll continues. Good bands form and bad ones die. There is still a wealth of vinyl out there in used record and thrift stores that can be had for less than ten bucks. Over the last year, I picked up over a thousand records from yard sales, second hand stores, and the like (I sell books & records for a living). I am constantly amazed about how many great, not just good but great, records I find. From the psych/funk/free jazz of Manfred Mann Chapter Three to the rootsy funk of Maxayn to the odd mixture of 60s punk and belly dance music made by Ernie Kolchak, there is fantastic stuff out there.

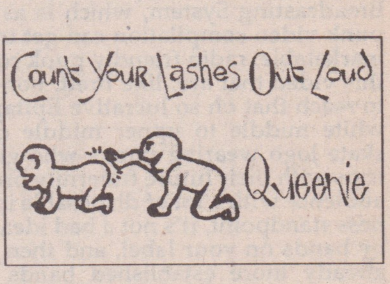
Still jaded? Fine, be that way. Just stay out of the bargain bin. Yeah, I said stay out! That Suzi Quatro album is mine!

+++++++++++++++

I not only sell the records I pick up, but I play them on the radio. Check out KDVS 90.3 FM, every Tuesday night at 11. It is also on line at www.kdvs.org All shows are archived for a week and can be downloaded.

I not only look for stuff to play, but am especially interested in hearing any unreleased stuff by contemporary experimental/art punk bands.

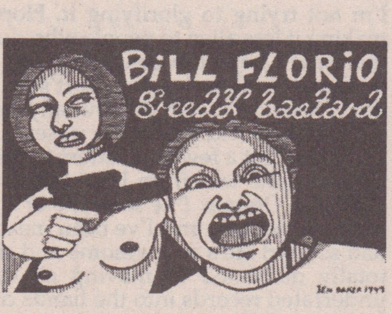
I will entertain you letters, music and musings. I will trash you ads, playlists, tour schedules, and other crap. Send stuff to: Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814 USA scotts@sl.net One more thing, I am heading east this Spring on a cross-country trip and might want to visit your town. Any contacts between California and Maine, north of the Mason Dixon line would be great.


Count Your Lashes Out Loud
Queenie

It seems that everyone is having a phenomenal amount of sex since the Sept.11 tragedy. Huge amounts. Makes sense. Lost my job, lost my office, the economy is for shit, let's fuck. Sending troops and bombs to Afghanistan, let's fuck. Baseball owners want to rid themselves of the Twins and Expos, let's fuck. Yep, nothing turns me on faster than the jingoistic chants of "USA! USA! USA!" Have the Olympics already started? Then for starters, Michelle Kwan better hurry up and win that gold medal cuz it's damn near embarrassing having that to watch that grandma skate! She's liable to break a hip or something. I know she's got grace and poise and technical skill but she's way out of her league. Both the skaters from China are six year-old phenoms and the Canadian hopeful is an embryo. But back to all this fucking. Tragedy tends to have that effect of people. Funny how we equate sex to creating new life when in reality, nothing makes us crave sex more than the thought of dying. Yep, death is a huge aphrodisiac. And best of all, it readily available. No more waiting for the next act of terrorism on American soil to occur in order to get lucky. Nope, if you really want to score, all you gotta do is cruise the funeral circuit. A bona fide sure thing, but you gotta work it... Dress nice, black is preferred. You don't have to sit through the entire service but do show an appropriate amount of sadness. I would advise against making any moves until the wake; churches and funeral parlors tend to be a little stuffy. Plus they have bad lighting. Enjoy the party, but not too much. Engage others in pleasant conversation about the fear of dying, coming to grips with your own mortality and your newfound desire to live life to the fullest and then just take your pick. No need to buy dinner, there will be plenty of food at the wake, you're both already nicely dressed up, so it's straight home for sex. Isn't life grand! USA!

The weirdest thing about the demise of the internet community is how every ex-dot.commer expects us to feel bad for them. Like we should get Bob Geldof and Band-Aid back together to raise money to pay off the mortgage on the TIC they purchased . Especially since they offered well above the selling price, driving up prices in an already overinflated housing market, not to mention having to deal with the hassle of evicting an elderly couple and a couple of artists with HIV. You'd think anyone making that much money would have the foresight to save a buck or two. *But I just had to have a PT Cruiser*. Internet companies are failing daily. Surprise, surprise. Everyone knows the internet is good for one thing and one thing only: free porn. And of course, where there's porn, there's bound to be people looking for sex. Internet sex can be defined as interactive, if you consider masturbating in front of HAL interactive. I'm beginning to see why they call this the digital age... I'm not the biggest fan of online sex, personally. I spend far too much time with my computer as it is. I need a little separation between church and state if you know what I mean. And it's damn near impossible to masturbate while sitting at a computer. Trying to place the keyboard in a comfortable spot so you can type and jack off at the same time, all the while making sure to keep your wrists in line with your hands and forearms, holding your head and spine upright and making sure the monitor is at eye level and centered directly in front of you. And then right when I finally find my groove, its time to get up and stretch. Rotate shoulders forward, then backwards; turn head from side to side, hold for five counts; rotate body to one side, then the other; open and close hands with arms extended in three positions—in front, overhead, and to the side; and finally stand up to support lower back while focusing eyes on an object at least 20 feet away. By the time I'm finished, I've completely lost track of where I was, who I was with, what I was doing, and why I wanted to do it in the first place. Fuck all that. It's so much easier to just get dressed, go outside, and pick up a real live person for sex. But then again, it's so much easier to be me.

Well, don't forget to wash your sheets and make them new year's resolutions. I know I could use a couple. Masturbate more, have sex more, sleep more, play more, return phone calls, pay bills. Work, work, work. Till next time, play hard...



Ok, I'm officially an MRR columnist now, I turned 30 this year. I remember ten years ago or so MRR did an article called "Punks Over 30." It was a year when a lot of famous people like Henry Rollins and Ian MacKaye, even George Tabb, had turned 30. Now they're all 40. Haha!

I'm not going to bitch about getting older, or make it like having an age that's a multiple of ten really matters. I was just thinking about how all the scary stuff in the newspapers is going to affect the music we listen to. The truth of the matter is, punk rock has never encountered a real political crisis like this one. There were some gas shortages and recessions; we had Reagan and George Bush's war that lasted two weeks, but really in all the hype this rag has put into political bands, until now anything they'd sing about had no direct affect on the 15-year-old kid who went and read MRR and bought records. Vegetarianism and Police Brutality songs really get boring after a while. Everything gets boring after a while—that's why most 15 year-old punk rock people don't turn into 20 year-old punk rock people.

So, a lot of folks think this will actually turn music into a movement again. The 50 year-olds I know can remember the 60s and they think people will wake up and start taking action and everyone will be inspired.

Is the fact that normal American citizens are getting killed by foreign terrorists going to change things enough to bring us to 1969? Well, so far several thousand people have died, mostly New Yorkers. The majority of them business travelers and firemen. In Vietnam, we had about 250 thousand people dead or wounded and over nine million people putting their lives up, like it or not. It also had a double standard attached where people in the low income to lower middle class were forced to go, where the affluent future businessman and politicians were kept safe.

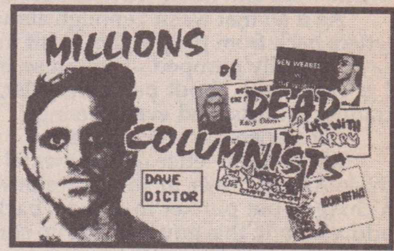
The fact is, with numbers like that it would be hard to ignore what was going on. Over 5% of the population was directly involved and a lot more than that fearful that they'd have to die because of someone like Richard Nixon. It was impossible to not know someone who died in the war—well, unless you were GW Bush, getting a fake Air Force career. There were race riots and waves of political action preceding the war. People were already pissed off at the government before they started letting us die.

What happened as a result was that RockNRoll turned around from being something that was finally being accepted by parents to something that was vile and corrupting the youth again.

Is that what is happening now? Could this happen again? I really don't think so. The foreign terrorists probably don't really have the resources to kill five million Americans. I don't think the draft will ever be reinstated. It's too easy to just not care. Personally, in the past month, half the people I know have lost their jobs, there have been seven armed robberies of businesses in the affluent town I work in, four bank robberies in my neighborhood in the past week. Who am I supposed to blame for this? Allah? Some guy was arrested around here because he spray-painted a flag on a school building in protest of non-mandatory pledge of allegiance in New York City schools. That's the only direct action I'm seeing.

The fact is, there are probably 5 or 600 militia groups in this country—if the federal government really gets out of hand in the coming months and years, you'll probably see a lot more Wacos and Oklahoma City type shit going on than Islamic Jihads or peace protests. Ashcroft can weed out all the brown people without proper visas, but if you start locking up rednecks, half the country will be in jail.

If these attacks didn't happen, the newspapers would be crying that Bush just brought back the Reagan deficit and took us right back to the 1991 recession. School teachers are striking, too many people don't have adequate health care, we can look forward to a new generation of stupid, sick smokers who drive SUVs. His daddy and his pals got this dummy in the chair so he could take all the money give it to the rich, and then use a $300 refund check as reward for not complaining about it. Instead they're praising him for spending our money on high-paid speech writers. It almost seems like he planned the attacks to cover his ass. It'll be 20 or 30 years before we find out what really went on. Catch ya when I'm 60.



Gay Public Enema Numero Uno

After losing his first reelection bid to a Senate in which the *National Journal* labeled him the most conservative member, George Bush wasted no time in his bid to nominate him to the country'e highest political point position in the country as the Attorney General. I am talking about none other than John Ashcroft. This man was the nasty point man who led the charge in the Senate to impeach Bill Clinton for lying about having sex with Monica Lewinsky. But worse than that, he advocated strongly to have abortion criminalized even in the case of rape and incest. He also proposed amendment after amendment to change the Constitution in matters concerning school prayer and flag burning, and spent months ranting against "special rights for homosexuals." This is Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson's poster politician. Politicians from the Senate usually have no problem passing their members onto the cabinet, but John Ashcroft managed to have 42 of his ex-classmen vote against him. He is, make no mistake, the ultra conservative religious right-wing's point man.

His job was to dismantle the civil rights legislation of the past 45 years. Then September 11 came along, and his job role shifted. He has become the Department of Justice's anti-terrorist czar. Since that day, he has taken the action in the form of an administrative order to allow federal authorities to eavesdrop on conversations between prisoners and their lawyers without a warrant, summoned the questioning of over five thousand students from Islamic countries resident in the United States, continued the detention of hundreds of aliens without explanations, and is presently establishing military tribunals to try suspected terrorists.

All of these actions has been done by executive order without congressional approval or even consultation. Where are we headed in this brave new world where you can be picked up and held indefinitely for supposed association with people who have been deemed enemies of the state? Obviously, John

Ashcroft is a scary person to be Attorney General in any time, but particularly when war tensions are running so high and extreme legal latitudes are being given to our leaders. This sucks for everybody and happy new year my big fat Irish ass. MDCops@hotmail.com.

oh man,
what
the
fuck
?!??!
wells anarchy!
DS-13 THRASH OR BURN

I get a bright yellow slip in my post office box when I have packages to pick up at the counter. The first time it happened was in early 1996 when a box of KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ LPs showed up. A few weeks later the first beat up old cardboard box from Slow To Burn Records came. Seven inches from M-BLANKET, GOATBOY, and NOTHING TO LOSE were in that box.

Those first few times getting shit back in the mail from trades was like fucking Christmas morning to me. And I have to admit, five years later it's not that much different. I still perk up when I see the parcel slip, and most times I still tear the packages open with my car key in the parking lot. I just need to know what's inside. I mean, fuck. There could be records from a band in that box that's going to mean as much to me as KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ or M-BLANKET!

So I'm a fucking geek. I am passionate about the mail. This month, I'm finally going to lay down my spiel on how to save big bucks by gluing the stamps you use for your trade packages. Also, I've got some tips on how to fill out customs slips so your European sisters and brothers don't get slammed with taxes when your shit shows up at their post office. And if you can handle all that excitement, stick around for the bit on Book Rate / Media Mail and other ways to save money on sending records.

As if all that wasn't enough about the mail, I got a bunch of letters back from people about shit in my first column. I have to say I'm really pumped up about so many people writing to me. I got shit back about panic disorder, depression, MANOWAR, trading records, and even cursing.

Let's open the fucking mail!

My favorite letter on the mental illness front was from this dude Andrew over in Texas. Besides drawing a mint picture of a charged-out punker that had a back patch with my name and address on it, this guy brought up some great points about mental illness. Two being the rampant over-prescription and use of anti-depressants and other drugs, and the "oh, I'm so fucked up" glorification of depression that we see in a lot of punk stuff.

The issue of medicating mental illness is a totally sticky one. I think most punk rockers are hip to the scenario. Pharmaceuticals are a hugely profitable industry. And the more people that are on the drugs, the more money doctors and businessmen make. For fucks sake, there are goddamn commercials for anti-depressants on television.

What makes the issue less cut and dry is the fact that there are people out there who *need* to be on meds. There are people whose lives are tremendously helped by being on medication. And I think what happens a lot when people in our scene dialog about medication are arguments like "I'm against Prozac and shit like that." In my opinion that kind of knee-jerk blanket statement really furthers along some of the stigmas surrounding mental illness. Chiefly, the horribly counterproductive ideas of "it's all in your head" and "I don't want to medicate away who I am."

Let's use me as an example. I'm fucking sick. I have an illness. I experience horrific bouts of all-encompassing terror and I've learned to cope with that bullshit by avoiding situations I feel unsafe in. That's led me into a cycle of avoiding more and more things. Those attacks of terror are Panic Disorder. The cycle of avoidance is Agoraphobia. This shit isn't just all in my head. I can't simply *will* this out of my life. My medication (along with therapy) has been a hugely important part in my progress towards recovery. Show me a person "against" that and I'll fucking punch 'em in the grill. Fuck you.

I'm not trying to medicate away my personality. That's the argument right? Who the fuck is trying to do that? I'm sick and I want to get better. My illness touches just about every aspect of my life and it sucks. It's horrible. "Who I am" is a person that wants to be healthy. And a lot of the arguments against medication make it seem like I'm a weak coward for using medication to achieve that goal. Fuck that.

In his letter, Andrew also brought up the idea of punk's glorification of depression and other mental illnesses. I know a lot of people think the idea's bullshit, but I think it's totally for real. The mysterious depressed guy and the awkward socially scared loner are two archetypes that I think are celebrated in our scene. I remember a great zine from a few years back called *Alien*. Whitney, the author, wrote this fucking scathing letter to Blake from JAWBREAKER. She just tore apart how his songs painted this romantic picture of depression, and how one in particular lamented how "crazy people aren't so fucking boring." I always got the impression that JAWBREAKER and the parade of horrible bands that followed them, always left out the other side of mental illness; the fucking horribly painful and life-ruining part. Like, being mysterious is cool, but not being able to drag yourself out of bed or eat every day is pretty rough. No one's singing about that shit.

So Andrew questioned if I was just doing the same shit. Was I just glorifying my illness? I'm glad he asked. I hope I'm not. That question was one of the main things I wanted to explore in this column. You can be certain that when I talk about my illness I'm not trying to glorifying it. Hopefully I'm demystifying it, making it less alien to people who don't know about it. But more than that I hope I'm conveying just how fucking horrible mental illness is. It sucks. For me it's an incredibly debilitating burden. I wouldn't wish this shit anyone.

Motherfucker, now I'm upset.

I also got a few cool letters in response to shit about trading records. One was from Jesse over at Dave Hill Distribution in Portland, Oregon. I've seen 1/6 of a page ads for his distro popping up recently, and I've been meaning to check it out. I wish I had sooner! He's an awesome and sincere guy who seems to be totally dedicated to moving all different kinds of cool and underrated records into the hands of punk rockers. It's a totally fucking noble cause, but unfortunately a mostly thankless one. I've always admired people doing distros without labels. It's a totally crucial part of our DIY network, but because there is little glory in it, there really isn't too many great distros around.

Dave Hill Distribution carries stuff from labels like Ugly Pop Hardcore, S.P.A.M. Records, Smog Veil Records, Rock 'N' Roll Blitzkrieg, Recess Records, Radio Records, Pelado Records, No! Records, Moo La La Records, and tons more. At last count he's carrying over 400 titles on 65 labels. You can check all his shit out on the web. The address is www.dave-hill.org. The site has a full and up-to-date catalog with label descriptions, images of record covers, and sound files. You can order through the mail, or with a credit card on the website through PayPal.

Seriously, check this guys shit out. His mailing address is Dave Hill Distribution, PO Box 25037, Portland, OR 97298-0037 and his email address is jesse@dave-hill.org.

Alright, you've sat through my mailbag, let's get to the nitty-gritty.

The hardest thing about the glued stamp scam is getting the knuckleheads you trade with to send your stamps back! The rest is pretty easy. Not that I've ever done it! I don't know if they have any federal prisons on Long Island for me to go to, so I try to keep my nose clean.

So you have your stamps. Don't put them on your package yet. Drip a small amount of liquid glue on the top of the stamp. I think Elmer's Glue-All works best. Spread the glue around into a nice, thin, even coat. Sometimes I use a credit card to scrape off the excess glue and wind up with a nice thin layer. Once everything dries and you get your fingers unstuck from each other, you're ready to go. It makes things work a bit easier later if you stick your stamps to a layer of clear packaging tape on your parcel.

What you just did to your stamps was provide a surface with which the post office's cancellation mark will adhere. Unlike the stamp's surface, however, your glued layer will allow the cancellation to wipe-off easily. Dig?

When you get your stamps back you are going to want to use them again, right? So, take a damp sponge and wipe the cancellation marks off. If they are stubborn, use a very small amount of alcohol.

Separating the stamp from what it's stuck to is sometimes a little tricky. That's why you use the packaging tape. There are two ways to reclaim your stamps. First is the steam method. Get some water boiling and hold your stamp in the steam. Gently and slowly pull your stamp free with a pair of tweezers. This shit is like a science, so be careful. Also, try not to hold the stamp too close to the boiling water; the heat sometimes gets it all fucked up.

The second method is a bit easier. You just drop your stamps in some warm water, wait a little bit, and then take 'em out and peel 'em off. While this way is easier, it also bangs up the stamps a lot more, and makes them more suspicious looking.

Now that you have your clean, dry stamps, just take a glue stick and glue 'em on to your new package.

Experimentation is really the key to finding out what works best with this stuff. The shit to remember is to let the receiver know to send your stamps back and not to look too sketchy at the post office! Good luck.

Custom slips. When you are sending parcels to other countries you are usually required to fill out forms. Most commonly it's the little green jobby. What you write down on these forms can wind up costing the punker on the other end some money in taxes and duties. Here's what you need to do to prevent that. First, list the contents accurately. Don't lie about quantity or contents. The only thing you need to lie about is its worth. List everything as worth $0. Underneath the contents clearly print the words, "Promotional. Not for resale." Also, check off the box that says "Gift." If you are including an invoice, make sure it's a dummy copy with no values listed. This should keep money in the pockets of your pals in other countries and keep them wanting to trade with you!

Okay, sending your packages for as cheap as possible is also important. You need money left over to put out more records, right? Back in the day we'd call it "Book Rate." I'm not sure if they still make books, so now they call it "Media Mail." When your sending your packages domestically, Media Mail is almost always the cheapest way to go. The folks at the post office have let me slide with "Library Rate" a couple of times. That shit was super-cheap, but I don't think you can always get away with it.

Internationally, "Surface Mail" is how you want to go. Aside from that, you need to send your packages as "Bound Printed Matter." As a rule of thumb, that works best. But sometimes there are cheaper ways to go. That's why how you interact with the people who work at your post office is really important. Over at East Setauket, we're tight. They have Traffic Violation Records buttons taped to their computer monitors and shit. When I go down there with packages going overseas, they'll let me know the cheapest way to go. Sometimes, we'll even take a minute or two to try a few different shipping options.

My relationship with the post office and knowledge of the mail has been key in my ability to use trading as the main way I distribute my releases. The more you know about the shipping stuff, the less money you have to spend. Over the course of a year, you can save yourself and your pals a ton of cash.

Yo, now that you know all this shit, get down there to the post office and start sending records around the world, OK? Send some to me while you are there.

That shit was long. If I were you, I'd be looking at ads by now.

Wells Anarchy Fan Club: Wells Tipley, P.O Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at wells@ trafficviolation.com.

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END NOTES:

1. More shit about the mail: At the height of my bout with being housebound from panic and agoraphobia, I was unable to make the trip to the East Setauket Post Office for my mail. I had to have my girlfriend, Emily, or my Mom pick my shit up for me. It's about a four-minute drive from my house. Depressing. I am, however, glad to report that nowadays I pass a bunch of different post offices on my 35-minute commute to work.

2. I also got this in a letter: "I found that after seeing the word fuck or fucking at a glance so many times I has (sic) no interest in reading anything you might have to say. The use of real words and sentences may get your point across better to those who are literate...." Fuck.

3. I think GORILLA BISCUITS might be an anti-depressant.

4. Seriously, thanks to everyone who wrote me letters! Keep that shit coming.

5. I was dying to start my column this month with something like this: Okay, so it's the last Sunday before my column is due over at MRR HQ. I'm sitting here with a ripping fucking headache from the hundred or so Rolling Rocks I drank last night. I need to write about gluing stamps but I just keep wondering if that other columnist from New York, the one who wears the lady's stretch jeans, would call me a pussy for drinking Rolling Rocks. Doh. Take my life, please.

RUNNING THE ODDS WHEN NOBODY CARES

TALOQAN, Afghanistan — They came to kill me. I heard them pounding on my metal door. Everyone in this country who can afford metal doors has them; the sky turns pitch-black and the streets turn ugly after 5 p.m.

The murderers were polite at first. Naturally, I didn't answer the door. It was 3 in the morning and it was Afghanistan. Anyone with a hot lead on an exclusive interview with Gen. Dostum or photos of child mine victims could wait until morning.

Then they pounded angrily. I was glad I hadn't gotten out of my sleeping bag.

They came back at 5, I think it was. They had young voices and they spoke Dari, the lingua franca of northeastern Afghanistan and by extension the Northern Alliance. They went away sooner this time.

There were approximately 45 Western journalists living in private homes scattered around Taloqan, a backwater equivalent to a small town in Georgia, which serves as the provincial capital of Takhar Province. Taloqan was just 20 minutes from the front line at Kunduz on a fairly decent road. We were there to cover the siege of Kunduz, the fall of which would also open major roads to Kabul and Mazar-e-Sharif and access to the Uzbek border.

Conditions in the journalists' guest houses were squalid. The better rooms featured a few filthy mats on top of a flea-infested carpet. Heat was furnished by benzene lamps that caused nausea and burning eyes. There was no electricity.

You couldn't eat during the day because it was Ramadan, and you couldn't go out at night. We paid $25 per person per night for these digs. Boiled hot water for bathing was $5 more.

They really got you on food brought in from the bazaar. My favorite price-gouging moment — and there were so many — was my landlord's assertion that eggs were going for a buck each in a country with an average monthly salary of $1.40.

The journalists said it was all CNN's fault, that the network paid so much for helicopter rides and cool shots of tanks that the Afghans began to believe that all Westerners were made of money. On the other hand, CNN was probably just another victim in a place where taxi drivers think nothing of asking $1,400 for a 10-minute ride.

No one gave a damn about our security. The Northern Alliance never assigned guards for our houses or for journalist convoys, which were constantly getting ambushed. And neither the U.S. nor the Alliance would send a chopper for you if you got shot.

The next morning, Nov. 27, I ran into Pedro, a Portuguese radio correspondent who lived a few houses away. I asked him if anyone had pounded on his door the night before. "As a matter of fact, yes," he replied.

A few hours later, the news spread that Ulf Stromberg, a 42-year-old Swedish cameraman who'd been living three doors away from me, had answered the door that night to find three or four young men pointing Kalishnikovs at him. When he shouted to alert his roommates, they shot him. The killers robbed the others and fled into the night.

Forty-five journalists had come to Taloqan in my convoy. Stromberg was the third one killed for his money.

I conducted an informal poll of the writers and TV people gathering at the tiny Foreign Ministry. All had been awakened the night before by knocks at their doors. Only Stromberg had answered. The killers had known where all of us lived. If we had all answered our doors, we all would have been killed for our carefully concealed $100 bills and whatever possessions intrigued them.

"I don't mind dying in battle to get a story," a writer for the French daily Le Monde told me. "Getting killed in a stupid street crime is something else altogether."

The Afghans are wrong, of course. We're not loaded. If and when I make it back home, I've got bills piled a foot high to contend with. But they're also right: Compared to them, we're zillionaires. One could try a long-term/short-term argument on them — journalists tell the Afghans' story, people back home decide to help out, aid pours in, Afghanistan prospers someday and so do you — but why bother? When the next meal is uncertain, a percentage of the population will act by any means necessary to secure that food and maybe a little extra. The fact that we're taking enormous risks to help them just doesn't matter.

They ripped off Ulf Stromberg again, even after he was dead. Northern Alliance officials initially refused to issue a death certificate or permission to let his body leave the country unless they were paid a $2,000 fee. (This indecent behavior isn't without precedent; another murdered TV man's body was held on the grounds that, like himself, his visa had expired.)

Later that day, Stromberg's colleagues loaded his coffin onto a pickup for the brutal six-hour trip on a bombed-out road to the Tajik border. Both the U.S. and the Alliance refused to send a chopper to spare his body this final humiliation.

Finally, at 9 that night, a box containing Stromberg's remains was placed on a tractor-powered barge that crossed the Pyanj River. Next to the coffin was his backpack and equipment. On top of it was a green tarp covered with the powdery dust of Afghanistan.

HERE'S TO THE MIDDLE AGES: AFGHANS KEEP IT SIMPLE

TALOQAN, Afghanistan — You only have to be in this country for a few minutes to understand what an entire presidential administration seated behind faux cherry desks in D.C. hasn't figured out yet: The last thing this country needs is more bombs. Bombing is redundant; death by airstrike too pointless to be cruel.

God must have been in a serious funk when He created this geographic leftover between Central and South Asia. Not only did He stick the Afghans with the world's hottest deserts and its coldest mountains, he gave them just two natural resources: rocks and dust. And then, just because He's both ornery and omnipotent, He also gave them neighbors who hate each other so much they won't even touch each other with guns and knives; they let the Afghans do it for them.

The posturing in Bonn notwithstanding, it's impossible to imagine that Afghanistan will ever be able to unify behind a single political ideal, much less put aside AK-47s in favor of road-paving equipment and textbooks. Cultural shortsightedness spawned by millennia of warfare virtually guarantees that the Afghans will never get their act together. Afghanistan remains a primitive, tribal, agrarian society with values and infrastructure straight out of the 12th century.

"We should nuke this whole country and start from scratch," a New Yorker named David told me over fatty kababs at the bazaar. And he's a libbie, toiling for a couple of NGO charities here.

Nonetheless, we Americans could learn a lot from the Afghans and their medieval society. Even the most well-traveled visitors here are instantly struck by the way Afghans help one another. To some extent it's self-motivated; helping to push someone's truck out of a ditch gets you moving sooner if it's blocking your way. But the truth is, everyone jumps to the assistance of anyone who needs it without being asked. If you drop a heavy load, a dozen men will rush up and offer not only to assist, but also to carry the item themselves. And no, they're not grabbing your wallet as they do it.

As you read this, you're thinking that Americans also help each other in a pinch. But we don't. If we lived like Afghans, you'd stop the instant you saw a broken-down vehicle on the side of the road. So would the car behind you. Afghans don't need an auto club; they have each other.

The tribal system, so detrimental to building an effective multiethnic state, offers tremendous support to people struggling to survive in impossibly difficult times. My translator Jovid's rented adobe-walled box on the outskirts of town here, which would normally house six people, is currently home to 15. Three of them, an old man and his two children, are refugees from nearby Kunduz who walked here after an errant American bomb destroyed their neighborhood. Four more are distant relatives who moved in after four years of drought made farming impossible.

The rest are orphaned children, not even distantly related to Jovid's family. The orphans are from the neighborhood; their mothers starved to death after their fathers died in battle. There are few orphanages in Afghanistan; there's no need for them.

"Someone just takes them in," Jovid replied when I asked him what happens to most orphans. Just to be clear, Jovid's family is desperately poor. Still, it would never occur to them not to feed a hungry person.

After years of reading about a country rigidly divided between a Tajik north and a Pashtun south, in which the Christian minority was ordered by the Taliban to wear identifying badges — for their own protection — I was astonished to discover an altogether different reality. Uzbeks, Daris and Pashtuns not only tolerate one another, they almost all speak each other's languages and partake of various elements of each other's cultures. Tajiks wear Pashtun clothing, Uzbeks eat Turkmen food and Tajiks marry Uzbeks.

While different kinds of Americans live in strictly segregated, monochromatic cities and neighborhoods and can't even stand to hear each other's music, Afghans of all ethnic stripes live side by side in a truly blended nation. This partly explains why yesterday's Taliban can shave, trade his turban for a Hindustani cap, and become Northern Alliance — to jump from a Pashtun- to a Tajik-dominant culture isn't that hard. Afghans make war all the time — it's what they do best — but they fight out of loyalty to a commander or a warlord. They don't shoot each other merely because of the color of their skin. We Americans, who most assuredly know better, do.

And while we've all been treated to vague references to the Afghan tradition of "hospitality to strangers" — mainly to explain the Taliban willingness to eat American lead on behalf of their guest Osama bin Laden — it's something you have to experience personally in order to fully appreciate. To be offered a meal in a home here means that you'll be treated to the equivalent of a Thanksgiving dinner by people who can scarcely afford the minimum caloric intake to get them through the day.

When an emergency arose that required me to go out into the night (Afghans never go out after dark, due to the armed rapists and brigands roaming the streets), my hosts insisted that a car and driver be found to take me. Armed to the teeth and willing to risk their lives had I been attacked, they accompanied me to my destination. It was only days later that I inadvertently discovered that they had paid $50 – more than a year's salary – for that car.

Crisis, as New Yorkers rediscovered after Sept. 11, brings people together. If Afghanistan is someday blessed with peace, one hopes that it won't lose the powerful bonds that have kept its people going through the worst that life has to offer.

WHEN LIFE IS A SHORT-TERM LEASE: EVERYDAY LIFE IN AFGHANISTAN

DUSHANBE, Tajikistan — "How old are you?" the soldier wanted to know. Resplendent in his spiffy new Northern Alliance hat and shiny Pancho Villa ammo belt and matching AK-47, he tiptoed through what some said was a minefield (though he said they were from Badakhshan and didn't know Takhar or the mysteries of its mines) to take a leak.

"Thirty-eight. How about you?"

"How old do you think I am?"

Salt-and-pepper hair, definitively receding. Not just eye bags, but wrinkles. Subtly hard facial angles; not a gram of baby fat. I thought 42. I said 36 to be polite.

He enjoyed a hearty laugh. "I'm 18!"

Middle-aged teen-agers shouldn't come as much of a surprise in a country with an average life expectancy of 43 (considerably less for front-line troops). But when you spend just a few weeks living the same toxic lifestyle as these poor and unlucky souls, it's amazing that they live as long as they do.

All things considered, I lived considerably better than the average resident of Taloqan, Afghanistan, where I just spent a couple of weeks. For one thing, I was willing and able to pay the extortionate rate of five bucks for the sticks you burn to boil bath water in an ancient tin stove. A hot-water "hamam" goes a long way toward improving your outlook after a night spent watching bombs fall far too close to your home address. And call me a spendthrift if you want, but I always sprang for the 60-cent horse-drawn cart ride across town. Most Afghans didn't.

Otherwise, there were few indignities or inconveniences that my Amex, Visa or carefully concealed wad of crisp hundreds could ease, much less eradicate. Like most Afghans, I slept on a filthy mat along one wall of a freezing-cold room containing said stinky mat on top of one astonishingly dirty red carpet. The foul stench made sleep nearly impossible; strange rashes spread among the press corps. Afghans, when asked about this, shrugged and pointed to their own scary blotches.

Though as an infidel I was technically exempt from the 5 a.m.-to-6 p.m. Ramadan fast, the only way to sneak a snack without causing the highly armed locals to take offense was to stay home and pay a kid to run to the bazaar. Since I was always out and about, like other journalists I observed a de facto Ramadan fast. Think it's easy? Try it yourself: Move to Arizona and go all day without a sip of water. The principal difference is that Afghanistan is drier and dustier.

Don't get the idea, though, that breaking out that dinnertime flatware after an all-day fast is a big treat. Most people survive on a vegan-unfriendly diet of fatty kebabs and water drawn from the natural goodness of the gutter on the side of the road. When I hungrily inquired about a few plump ducks splashing around in Taloqan's communal bath/drinking fountain/toilet/garbage can, you would have thought I'd said only wimps like AK-47s. "EAT them? Why?" my translator spat in disgust.

"In France," I offered, "ducks are a delicacy."

"Not here," he shuddered. "We need them alive."

"If you don't eat ducks, what good are they?"

"They keep the gutter water clean."

What an atrociously unbalanced and unhygienic diet and American bombs don't finish off, the triple B's — bugs, benzene and breathing — surely will.

For one thing, the nation's bedding supports a thriving ecosystem of fleas, ticks, bedbugs, lice and other assorted nasties — including everyone's favorite bedtime companion, Mr. Scorpion. Neither warrior nor babe nor Osama himself is safe from the contagion, not to mention painful welts, issued by the local critters. After just one week, I counted 106 bites from Afghan bed fauna, many of them on body parts best left unblemished.

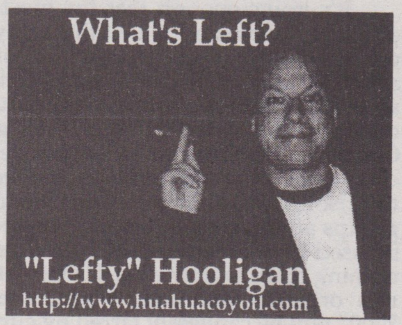
Furthermore, nights are almost always shockingly cold, and so are the days from November through May. Afghans heat their uninsulated mud-adobe homes with Chinese-made camping lanterns fueled by eye-burning, lung-searing benzene. Every teeth-chattering minute offers a terrible dilemma: Which is worse, freezing to death or poisoning yourself on low-grade Central Asian benzene?

Finally, there's the dust. With the consistency of flour, it's kicked up by anything and anyone moving across a 99 percent unpaved landscape. Consequently, everyone in Afghanistan suffers from smoker's cough. I left Afghanistan days ago, yet I'm still ejecting prodigious balls of sandy phlegm.

Perhaps the world will, against all odds, witness the coming of a peaceful, prosperous society in Afghanistan. Maybe Afghans will routinely live well into their 50s. American civilization may bring running water, nay, even clean, fresh Evian, into every home. But who's going to take on the ferocious fleas I'm bringing home in my luggage?

(Ted Rall, the cartoonist and columnist, is covering the Afghan war for The Village Voice and KFI Radio in Los Angeles.)

What's Left?



"Lefty" Hooligan

http://www.huahuacoyotl.com

Mea Culpa!

Say it three times, striking the chest each time. You can take the Hooligan out of Catholicism, but you can't take Catholicism entirely out of the Hooligan.

Three columns ago (MRR #222), I admitted to having gained some grudging respect for Rudy Giuliani after September 11. Fellow columnist Mykel Board took me to task last column (MRR #224) by pointing out how ridiculous that was. I came to the same conclusion well before Mykel's reprimand; what with Giuliani's refusal of a $10 million recovery gift to the City from Saudi prince Alwaleed bin Talal because the prince dared to criticize US foreign policy, his bid to circumvent legal limits based on his sudden popularity so that he could stay on for a third term as mayor, his police assault on New York's firefighters after praising them as heroes, his successful attempt at playing "king maker" in the NYC mayoral elections by helping to elect millionaire scum Michael Bloomberg etc., etc., etc.

No, it's not because I'm getting old and going conservative, as Mykel implied. I momentarily lost my perspective, due in part to comparing Giuliani's behavior to that of Junior Bush. When your point of comparison is the bottom of a deep, deep abyss, basement level can look like the mountaintop. It's my fault.

One thing about the aftermath of September 11, there's now plenty to write about. I was having a harder and harder time coming up with a column every month, and frankly I was getting a little bored. No more. Take an article about John "I never met a wiretap I didn't like" Ashcroft's creation of the Foreign Terrorist Tracking Task Force in the 11-1-01 *Financial Times* by Christopher Parkes. He started the piece with: "Anti-globalisation anarchists, Northern Irish extremists and Palestinian Hizbollah were named on Wednesday on an expanded roster of 46 foreign terrorist organisations to be targeted under the provisions of new US counter-terror laws." I almost declared myself an anarchist after reading that.

Almost.

Turns out Parkes was writing about something called the "Anarchist Faction" which he incorrectly declared were "active internationally in disruptions of trade and other economic talks." The Anarchist Faction for Subversion, along with Black Star, are Greek-based anarchist groups named in the US State Department report "Patterns of Global Terrorism, 2000," (http://www.state.gov/s/ct/rls/pgtrpt/2000/) from which Ashcroft drew his list of 46 foreign terrorist organizations. The report identifies another group, the Italian Revolutionary Proletarian Nucleus as leftist-anarchist, and from the tone of Parkes' article he considers such groups to be synonymous with the Anarchist Black Bloc, so prominent at anti-globalization demonstrations since Seattle 1999. Never mind that the Black Bloc is an ad hoc formation that creates itself anew with each protest, whereas the other named organizations are actual, well-established guerrilla groups that carry out bombings and armed actions in their respective countries. Anarchism has hit the big time because some of its adherents made the Bush administration's recently released list of foreign terrorist groups.

[This is a little ambiguous as of 12-17-01, for while Ashcroft asked the State Department to name the groups listed in the report as foreign terrorist organizations on Halloween, 2001 (http://www.usdoj.gov/ ag/speeches/2001/agcrisisremarks10_31.htm), nowhere on the State or Treasury Departments' websites ("2001 Report on Foreign Terrorist Organizations" http://www.state.gov/s/ct/rls/rpt/fto/2001/index. cfm?docid=5258, "Terrorist Exclusion List" http://www. state.gov/r/pa/prs/ps/2001/index.cfm?dicud=6695, "Comprehensive List of Terrorists and Groups Identified Under Executive Order 13224"

http://www.state.gov/s/ct/rls/fs/2001/index.cfm?docid=6531, "Executive Order 13224" http://www.treasury.gov/terrorism.html) are they actually, officially so designated.]

It's ironic enough that the most organized, dynamic and effective people on the Left these days are anarchists. That the powers-that-be might be trying to come to grips with the mass street violence of the Anarchist Black Bloc by going after tiny anarchist guerrilla groupuscles like the Anarchist Faction borders on the ludicrous. What's the government going to do? Check for membership cards? Freeze their financial assets? It's clear as far as anarchism is concerned that Ashcroft's threat to imprison, exclude or deport members of foreign terrorist groups and those who support them—knowingly or not—will be used both indiscriminately and selectively. Folks who have nothing to do with the Black Bloc, let alone the anarchist guerrilla organizations named in "Patterns of Global Terrorism, 2000" will be carelessly tarred by current anti-terror legislation as anarchist terrorists simply on the basis of their anti-authoritarian beliefs. And folks the government doesn't like, activists mostly, will be singled out under this legislation and set up with fabricated terrorist affiliations so that they can be denied access, financially or legally harassed, or taken out of circulation altogether.

At this writing, it's unclear how September 11 and its aftermath will affect the overall anti-globalization movement. It's been a chilly autumn in the "Global North," with few anti-capitalist protests of any size or significance. Can massive demonstrations along the lines of Seattle/Quebec/Gothenburg/Genoa continue, or have patriotic calls to national unity, not to mention increased state powers decimated protests against capitalist globalization? Or will there be a temporary lull that will build once again to a mass scale? One thing that's obvious is that the Anarchist Black Bloc will be doubly fucked as a consequence. Not only will the government be looking to completely crush the Black Bloc under the pretext of anti-terrorism, but the anti-globalization movement itself will be far less tolerant of those black clad anarchists in their midst, perhaps even acting as police informants and turning them over to the cops.

Weird to think it's actually safer calling myself a communist these days.

An anti-statist communist to be absolutely precise. I identify with that small "c" communist tradition that's known as council communism, left communism, even anti-Leninist communism. I've also heard it called the libertarian left, libertarian socialism, libertarian communism, and libertarian Marxism. Also autonomous Marxism, free communism, and of course ultraleftism. Situationism and post-situationism, much of which is utter crap, branches off from this same tradition, and various strains of far left Leninism (Trotskyist and Bordigest mainly) have attempted to branch into it, with varying degrees of success. I'm not going to do another installment of Marxism 101 by going into the thought and history of this "left of the Left" other than to say it has existed since 1917 and is based on a critique of the restoration of capitalism in the old Soviet Union after the revolution. Since capitalism was reinstated over a period of five to ten years, supporters of the Russian Revolution went ultraleft at various times for different reasons. Thus, this small "c" communist tradition is far from unified. That didn't stop Lenin in "'Left-wing' Communism, An Infantile Disorder" from brandishing a simplistic denunciation of a complex branch of revolutionary Marxism that encompasses the likes of Luxemburg, Pannekoek, Gramsci, and Korsch.

Now, I started out my political life as an anarchist. My response to the threat of being drafted and sent off to fight in Vietnam. Anarchism was very much a minority tendency in the '60's. It certainly didn't have nearly the radical cache that the Anarchist Black Bloc does today. I left anarchism behind over a decade and a half ago because it failed to deal with an issue central to libertarianism; the question of power. Anarchism provided a much needed antidote and compliment to the Marxist emphasis on the power of capital by emphasizing the power of the state. The anarchist emphasis on the uniqueness, importance and power of the individual offered a corrective to the excesses of drab collectivism promoted by many Marxists of a Leninist persuasion. But the anarchist insistence that what is truly collective—human society—be decentralized and organized from the bottom up comes without any understanding that this too is an expression of power.

Social power.

Specifically, social power that is created out of revolutionary power. Revolutionary power arises when a number of material and social conditions converge to create a revolutionary situation that either opens the way to power or literally thrusts power upon a sector of the population, usually a social class like the working class. The councils, assemblies, communes, committees, armies, columns and militias of every working class revolutionary uprising for the past century and a half are expressions of proletarian social power, but they have to be recognized and organized as such, with the coercive nature of that power fully utilized to expropriate the capitalist ruling class, defend the social revolution and create communism.

What needs to be clear is that social power doesn't derive from social organization, from the organization of society per se. Rather, it comes from the collective, conscious organization of a social class; of the self-activity and self-organization of a class realizing itself as a class. American society is highly organized, but only the capitalist ruling class possesses any real social power in this society. In contrast, the working classes held a great deal of social power in regions of Republican Spain after July, 1936, when workers and peasants took over and directly ran most aspects of society. I'll return to the Spanish civil war shortly. First, I'd like to approach the nature of social power from a different angle by considering the issue of "rights."

Common mythology has it that we humans are somehow invested with something called rights. There have been different promulgations of what constitutes our basic rights (Declaration of Independence, Bill of Rights, Declaration of the Rights of Man, UN Charter of Human Rights, et al); what is significant is the bogus basis upon which we have these rights. The easiest to dismiss of course is the claim that rights are "God given." You don't have to be an atheist to see this is an argument based solely on metaphysics. On smoke and mirrors. Other explanations as to the derivation of rights—human nature or natural law, constitutional guarantee or social contract—are equally metaphysical. Simply put, they don't exist. Rights are merely the lines of compromise drawn in civil society between ruling and working classes as a result of reformism and aborted or partial revolutions in the class struggle. Rights may have been "won" through hard fought working class struggles, but they represent rather minor concessions on the capitalist ruling class's part to buy off working class discontent.

US society enshrines its rights in the first ten amendments to the Constitution. There's nothing sacred about a constitution, let alone the US Constitution. It's merely a piece of paper, as the US government amply demonstrated time and again by honoring individual rights on paper, all the while using the power of the state at every level to suppress the rights of working and poor people. There was a constant battle during the 20th century, from the Industrial Workers of the World in the 1900's through the Freedom Riders in the 1950's, to force the government to extend the Bill of Rights and other constitutional guarantees to working people. This struggle for rights was without a doubt reformist, but the various ways social movements went about fighting for their rights were expressions of social power. The rights they fought for, indeed all rights are guaranteed only by social power. By the ability of people, individually and collectively, to defend and extend what they consider theirs by right. What's important here is not the rights, but the social power.

The radical syndicalist IWW union mobilized tens of thousands of workers to converge on major cities in the 1900's to fight for free speech. They soapboxed on street corners, spoke out against capitalism and for socialism, got arrested en masse, and attempted to break the jails. The CP influenced CIO unions fought for the right of collective bargaining for all workers during the 1930's and '40's with dramatic sit down strikes and factory occupations. The IWW's contribution to securing greater free speech is debatable. Collective bargaining was guaranteed under the New Deal's Wagner Act thanks to the CIO's efforts, only to evaporate with Taft-Hartley. What continues to resonate however are their expressions of social power—the sit-in occupation and mass civil disobedience—in everything from the civil rights movement through the anti-nuclear movement to the present day anti-globalization movement. The lesson should be clear. We're fighting, not for rights, but for power.

For social power.

Which brings me back to why I'm no longer an anarchist. Anarchism doesn't confront the issues raised by power, whether revolutionary or social. Now's the moment to revisit the Spanish 1936-39 civil war, and in particular the Barcelona "May Days" of 1937.

The election of a popular front Republican government in Spain in February, 1936 inspired mass socialist peasant land expropriations in Estremadura months before Franco's Nationalist military uprising in July that started the Spanish civil war. The "July Days" saw a social revolution sweep the Republican zone. Anarchist and socialist peasants and workers seized and collectively ran virtually all land, business and industry in most Republican regions while fielding militias to fight against the fascists, in a clear display of widespread social power. "Firm in the conviction that power in the factories and streets was the determining factor" the mass anarcho-syndicalist CNT trade union "refused to take power," and instead "joined the Generalitat government." The thoroughly Stalinist Spanish CP, having taken the Interior Ministry in the Republican government and vehemently opposed to the social revolution, did everything in its power to dismantle this revolutionary power-at-the-base of Spain's workers and peasants; attacking their trade union and political organizations, assassinating their leaders, and dissolving their armed workers' patrols. The final straw came when the Generalitat banned the 1937 May Day parade in Barcelona, and the CP-commanded police force moved on the city's Telephone Exchange, controlled by a CNT-dominated workers' control committee.

"By dawn on Tuesday, the barricades had gone up. With the exception of the area around the Generalitat, CNT and POUM workers held almost the whole city."

The CP declared the uprising counterrevolutionary, controlled by "trotskyists and uncontrollables." Even the CNT's anarchist union leadership and government representatives universally denounced the Barcelona workers' uprising. Only "a small anarchist organization, the Friends of Durruti, came out openly against the CNT leaders," and in full support of the uprising, "calling for a revolutionary junta" between the CNT, the "uncontrollable" revolutionary anarchist FAI, and the quasi-Trotskyist POUM that would eventually carry out a revolution within the revolution and overthrow the Generalitat. The workers of Barcelona held the city for five days (May 3-7) against CP and Generalitat forces, yet the uprising ultimately collapsed as anarchist ministers in the central government appealed to end the fighting. "Under this issue, as under every issue, lay the question of power: the CNT's failure to consolidate its revolution *politically* in the first weeks and months of the war."

I've been quoting from Ronald Fraser's excellent oral history of the Spanish civil war, *Blood of Spain*. By and large, anarchism fails to adequately deal with this "question of power," even when handed social power by the very means—a successful popular mass revolutionary uprising—anarchists extol. Thus revolutionary opportunities are bungled and social revolutions are lost. When anarchists do grapple with the issues power raises as in the case of the Friends of Durruti, they take significant steps away from traditional anarchist theory and practice. Makhno's peasant guerrilla anarchism in the Ukraine was successful to the degree that it moved away from traditional anarchism. Makhno's well-organized guerrilla armies held revolutionary power in areas of the Ukraine, permitting libertarian peasant communes, workers assemblies and community federations to organize social power in their wake. Makhno's forces fought not only the rightwing counterrevolutionary White armies of Denikin, Wrangel et al, but also the Bolshevik Red Army. Even during short periods of temporary alliance with Lenin and Trotsky, Makhno refused to let Bolshevik political infiltration in territory under his control, and his guerrillas frequently strung up commissars attempting to organize Bolshevik influence in the Ukraine. Several academics have commented on how Makhno's ideas and practice of revolutionary peasant guerrilla warfare in important respects prefigured Mao's Peoples Liberation Army experience.

I made this point before, more from the perspective of revolutionary power, in MRR #199/Dec. '99 (http://www.huahuacoyotl.com). In fact, the last few paragraphs of this column were lifted almost verbatim from that one. I may have more to write about post-9/11, but I still make the same points. It's the curse of being a columnist for any length of time. You wind up saying the same things over and over. I try to rehash my tired themes in novel ways, approach my well-worn arguments from new angles, and occasionally hammer an old idea into fresh form, but I'm still "Lefty" Hooligan. You haven't read this far because you're looking for sex, travel and rock'n'roll. Mykel does that, and very well I might add.

I received an email recently gloating over how wrong I'd been about US casualties in Afghanistan, claiming that the present day anti-war movement won't have much of a basis upon which to challenge this country's victorious patriotism. It certainly seems that the anti-war movement has been reduced to non-existence lately, what with the fast pace of the Afghanistan war. Opposition to the lightning quick Gulf War followed a similar arc. Thanks to rapidly changing events and the delay time between finishing my column and getting it on the newsrack, much of what I predicted last column is outdated or wrong. The US military has been very successful in using proxy native forces and the spare application of US special forces on the ground with overwhelming air support to minimize the number of American troops killed in Afghanistan from hostile fire. I completely underestimated the willingness of anti-Taliban Afghanis to pursue Mullah Mohammed Omar's and Osama bin Laden's armies at the behest of their American and Russian sponsors, and it seems that Taliban and al-Qaeda fighters are in fact seeking refuge in Pakistan's sympathetic Pashtun tribal areas. Omar has disappeared with the fall of Kandahar, bin Laden can't be found in Tora Bora, and many armed fighters loyal to the defeated regime have fled to the mountains. The US is deploying more and more troops on the ground to hunt down the Taliban/al-Qaeda leadership.

Clearly, there's plenty of war left to be waged in Afghanistan, but my predictions of American casualties were not specific to what Rumsfeld, Powell and others in the administration are now calling the first phase of the "war on terrorism." I was talking about the American body bags from Junior Bush's grandiose world war against international terrorism. The US still has al-Qaeda related groups to deal with in Somalia, the Philippines, Indonesia, Yemen and Saudi Arabia. Then there's Iraq, the mother of all terrorists according to the Bush administration. Plenty of time and battlefields for US casualties to mount, and thus plenty of opportunities for the anti-war movement to gain ground.

Not that I'm rooting for massive American death and destruction, but I'll deal with the reactionary canard of the "anti-American Left" next issue.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

NetPunk
with
Mark
Hanford

Well, since February is a short month, this will be a short column (good excuse, eh?). What I've got for ya is a random bunch of punk rock sites that I think are worth looking at. A little something for everyone this time around, and perhaps nothing at all about the war. So, let's get to it.

We'll start with some eye candy, in the form of http://www.gigposters.com. This site has over 4000 gig posters covering all genres of rocknroll. All of the posters that I've found here are of the slick, full-color variety. It would be nice if they also had quality B&W 8.5 x 11 posters (you know, gig flyers), but they don't. They also have discussion forums that are about the posters and/or artists, and one actually could hook you up with someone to design posters for your band.

Speaking of posters, The Shame of Rock and Roll (http://www.theshameofrockandroll.com/) is one place to buy them, if you've got 20 or 30 bucks that you want to toss at a gig poster. There may be cheaper places to get them (I don't really know—I've never priced posters), but it looks like this site has quite a few. Take a look.

One fan's collection of various rock posters, autographed CDs, concert tickets, etc is available for viewing at Voodoo Venue (http://www.voodoovenue.com/tickets.htm). This is kinda weird, because it's just a bunch of scans of stuff the guy owns, but he does have an autographed Johnny Thunders gig flyer, as well as a bunch of scan of punk 45 covers. Be a voyeur—take a look.

I just ran across punkinterviews.com, and they seem to have a pretty good thing going. Not only do they have a ton of interviews for you to read, but they also have video and audio interviews, a few hundred record reviews, and several dozen show reviews. In addition, the site appears to be updated weekly, so there is plenty of fresh material here. And, of course, they take submissions—why should they have to do all the work? Visit it at http://www.punkinterviews.com/.

WorkingForChange is an interesting activist site, brought to you by everyone's favorite pc phone company, Working Assets. Corporate sponsorship aside (and there are, by far, worse corporations), this site provides easy access to many of the major issues of today—the war, Afghani women's causes, the cloning debate, the environment, etc. If you aren't actively involved, this is probably as good as a starting point as any. You'll find WorkingForChange at http://www.workingforchange.com/.

For those of you looking for some way to sell your old stuff online without resorting to e-bay, you might want to visit DIYauction (http://www.diy-auction.com/). Along with the ability to sell punk rock stuff, they also have vegan info and DIY articles. It's is kinda small right now, but the more people that use it, the better alternative to e-bay and the like it will become.

Another site with a good idea, but suffering from a lack of users is Music Union Underground (http://www.munion.org/). The stated mission of MUU is to act as an online networking source for bands. As any underground band knows, the easiest way to find out about clubs and gigs in other cities is to know bands from that city. That's where MUU comes in. It is sorta like a BYOFL, except that it is more about networking than a big list. This would be a cool thing, if enough people use it to make it worthwhile.

I can't quite figure out Hisparock (http://www.hisparock.com/). This is a large collection of links to MP3s of punk, rock, and hardcore bands, with many of them being hispanic, but not all. Among the Spanish language songs are also songs by well-known bands such as Social D. I don't get it, but there is a lot here, and maybe you will.

You can find a really great collection of punk mp3 files at Crazy Canadian (http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Floor/1986/). Even though the site hasn't been updated lately, if you've never been here, there is plenty to download. There are a slew of songs by known and unknown punk bands, and my only complaint is that they are in.zip format, so you have to unarchive them after you download them.

To wrap up this month (told you it would be short), the Italian label Point Break Records has a very nice website that you'll want to take a glance at. Not only is it well designed, but there are free mp3 files and a discussion board (where you may need to brush up on your Italian). Point Break has some really fine bands, so visit it at http://www.pointbreakrecords.com/.

Okay, that wraps it up for this month. E-mail me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com and visit my column online at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk. Until next time, I'm outta here.

For years I had lived almost completely with in a punk rock microcosm—only upon occasion getting glimpses and snippets of the mainstream world of media and pop culture into my life. For years I had no television, and was consequently cut off from a lot of the mainstream influence, and I quite loved it. During that time I lacked nothing in the way of information or entertainment. In fact I was inspired with more creativity and originality.

What I didn't know about, I didn't miss. And I became used to tuning out conversations people had about pop icons and stars whom I didn't know. When you remove yourself completely from that kind of stimulus, it is amazing how shocking it can be when you come back in touch with it.

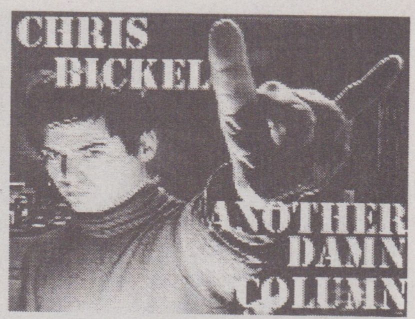
This exposure has changed somewhat in more recent years. I've got access to a gazillion television channels and on occasion I listen to the pop-radio. When I do so, I feel like I am doing a cultural study. Checking out what is being marketed to us and how. When you remove yourself from being marketed to with a relentless zeal—the techniques become so much clearer. It's shocking and startling sometimes. So much of our culture is about advertising, marketing, selling and being sold to—it's enough to make your head spin. We are molded to be "good consumers" from an early age. The more you buy in, the more you *buy*. If you remove yourself, partially or completely, from this game, it all becomes absurd. I can remember a time when I didn't try to participate in the mass consumer society at all. I avoided all chain stores, I avoided all roads with strip malls and corporate chains and instead drove on back roads (even if it was going to take longer). I didn't pass my time in stores or routinely go shopping just for fun. I didn't need "stuff" or anything they had to offer, and lived much more out of necessity. Little by little I've been reintroduced to corporate America since I've lived in Richmond. Suddenly I have been exposed to stores that just don't exist (or that I didn't pay any attention to) in New York City and have found less options in the way of independent shops. I still fight it most of the time. But every once in a while I have a good laugh and look into what is happening in the world of trends and markets. I've come to notice that a trendy style has passed and am shocked that it was a mere fashion trend.

As punk has been marketed more and more to this larger mainstream pop culture audience—this investigation has been both more interesting as well as more infuriating. On one hand it's interesting to see how "they" take these various styles, looks, sounds, and ideals, and package them into a product to be bought and sold. Sometimes it's even kinda neat to be able to readily find certain things that you like (whether it be hair dye or leopard print accessories or your favorite band's CD). However, there is a point where it become disgusting. Downright maddening. And that is when the heart and soul of what I love and care about gets turned into nothing but a fashion trend; a commodity; yet another advertising technique to be mass marketed.

We've already seen the mass appeal of the fashion side to punk. Once upon a time there were certain identifying marks you could recognize in your fellow punk on the street—these little marks that automatically linked, bonded and at the very least connected you as to having something in common. You'd see another punk on the street and more often you'd find another member of your tribe. At the very least you'd give a nod of acknowledgment—recognizing one of your people. This is rarely the case anymore, as half the teenage kids in America have adopted somewhat of a punk look. On one hand, it sucks to have something that was once "ours" taken away from us. But then at the same time—it was never really "ours" to begin with. And when we're talking about fashion, style and a look—well that isn't all that punk was ever supposed to be about; fashion isn't exactly about changing the world in the first place. But it's an interesting thing to consider. Many of us spend a lot of time talking about how we *want* to change the world and make an impact. And in doing so—punk becomes for many of us so much more than just music (or fashion). We attempt to change things and make an impact through our music, our words, our art, our actions. We live by example as only we can. When our subcultural ideas get grabbed and taken to a bigger level (coopted by the mainstream trends)—we feel raped and invaded and sold out. Especially when it was not a goal in the first place (though I do recognize that for some I guess it is). We really have to question whether or not we really are trying to reach out to a broader "audience" or if we want to keep our special secret amongst ourselves. And in doing so, we have to consider the implications, compromises, and ways in which our ideas get interpreted (and sold). Obviously there are differences in talking about fashion and ideological beliefs and movements for social change. I know I for one hate to see the way pop culture adopts both, because more often than not it is commodified and marketed and sold as a new and radical idea. You can not buy the revolution. You can not sell radical change. And so it all gets so very twisted. So we must recognize this. Question it and keep on doing what we do—believing in ourselves and our friends and our people to push on and chart new territory and live by the ideals that are meaningful.

Due to my absolute fandom obsession with Rob Zombie—I have found myself watching music videos and looking through glossy music magazines at the newsstands. What has been the most surprising and shocking to me in doing this is seeing how much punk is all over. Flipping through a music magazine—I see many of the same advertisers who have ads in my zine. I see videos of my friends on TV. It creates a lot of mixed and conflicting feelings and emotions in me. On one hand a part of me is happy for them, maybe even proud of them at the appearances of success. I even have had quite a good time checking out the wide range of videos from my friends hardcore bands mixed in with old favorites from the 80s, while seeing what is popular today amongst the nu-metal scene (and being scared at how shockingly similar much of it is to the metal-hardcore that I so love). For a few days I was obsessed, and then I became downright depressed. Is this what it's come to—being another cog in the music industry? Am I just another participant in the larger world of advertising, marketing and sales? Have I become a player in our own version of the music industry? It is so depressing to me that it makes me feel it's time to completely overhaul the system. It makes me remember my roots and think about ways to start a new approach to our expression. One that is not about advertising and sales. I love the fact that there is such an established network for punk bands to release their music—on their own or through a decent indie label. I love that there is an awesome network for touring as well. We have built this and it's something to be proud of. But I hate seeing how close it comes to the music industry, about making videos and selling product and playing big name package tours in clubs with bouncers and security guards and dressing rooms that all but cut you off from ever even seeing the band. How does that in any way equate "success" on a commercial scale? And is that a kind of "success" that is desired? That is when I ask myself—would I really rather keep "it" (as in the cool wondrous parts of the punk scene) to myself and a smaller underground group? Yes. When a band gets really popular, while I can be happy for them, I find myself less interested. I hate those big clubs in an environment that is anything but punk. I long for the days when a band plays in a more intimate setting. When bands start to reach that bigger audience—the industry games get played—whether intentional or by default. That process has always involved compromises on many levels; and create walls of distance between the band and the "kids," which goes against one of my very favorite things about punk—the *breaking down* of walls and barriers.

How did we get here? Well it's been a long evolving road. But are we happy with it? At what expense and loss does that sort of "commercial success" come? And do we really want to continue to give over our scene to being simply another commodity to be bought and sold? Think about it, and take action to make things the way *you* want them to be. Remember *we* created this. *We* can *change* it too. To correspond directly, or to challenge me to stop my repetitive writing ways, write to me at Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632.



PART ONE: LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

The Autumn stars must have been in some sort of kooky alignment for yours truly because I've had not one, not two, but three recent brushes with fame. Three megastar celebrities have crossed my path this past month. Now, I'm not usually one to name drop, but when Superstars of this magnitude take time out of their busy schedules to interact with a lowly peon like myself; well, I have to gloat a bit about my encounters. These are the megastars that touch each and every one of us with their brilliance—only, this past month, they touched me a bit more intimately than the rest of you slobs.

Megastar encounter number one: John Stabb.

Yes folks... *that* John Stabb. GOVERNMENT ISSUE's John Stabb sent me a personal email. I had a copy of GOVERNMENT ISSUE's *Legless Bull* EP up for sale on eBay. He emailed asking me why I wanted to sell such a classic record. I told him that making rent was more important to me than hanging onto treasured vinyl. Since that record brought me $150 toward keeping my lights and heat on, I felt justified in offending the great Mr. Stabb. He emailed me back his understanding, telling me that he sold his copy of *Legless Bull* during a "going out of life sale" back in the late 80s. As he so eloquently put it: "the funds just never ends."

Megastar encounter number two: Tor Ramsey, director of *Children of the Living Dead*.

Yes folks... *that* Tor Ramsey. (OK, OK...I know you're saying "Tor who?")

I had recently written a scathing review of his film *Children of the Living Dead* for the imdb (internet movie database). He fired off an email to me, essentially apologizing for having wasted 90 minutes of my life, and admitting what a horrible piece of crap his film was.

In his three-page letter, he went into great detail about how the producers of the film had hired all of their friends at exorbitant rates, eating up every bit of the budget. The writer of the film refused any changes to her ridiculously incompetent script, and had Mr. Ramsey fired before film completion. She then had all of the dialogue revisions rerecorded and looped into the film, making it a complete and utter mess. Anyone who's seen this movie knows what a disgrace it is to George Romero's *Living Dead* legacy. Not even Tom Savini (who gets killed off in the first five minutes of the movie) can save this abominable celluloid turd. I truly felt sorry for Mr. Ramsey after reading his email. I emailed him back, wishing him the best for the future. Hopefully having his name attached to such a pathetic film will not be the end of his career. Executive Producer John A. Russo, on the other hand, should be fed to his own zombies... both for*Children of the Living Dead* and the blasphemous *Night of the Living Dead* 30th Anniversary Edition, in which he inserted *newly shot footage* (!) into the horror classic.

Epilogue: Anyone would have to admit that there's something fucking-A cool about having a film maker contact you directly to apologize for wasting your time with their crappy movie.

Megastar encounter number three: a guy from the STROKES

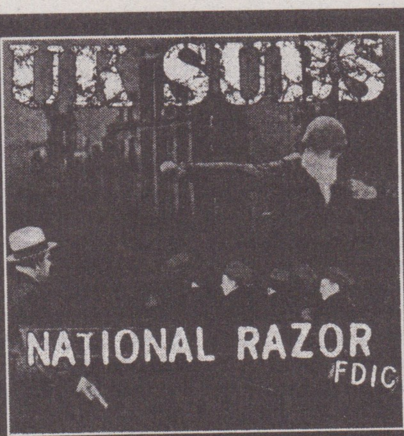
Yes folks...*that* STROKES. the STROKES are NY trust fund babies who play VELVET UNDERGROUND funneled through PAVEMENT rock and roll. They aren't too bad, but definitely not "the band that's gonna save rock and roll" that the press makes them out to be.

One of the band members came into the record store where I work. He had some chick with him. I'm not sure if she was his girlfriend or a part of the band entourage. They shopped around a bit, and then the girl came up to the counter with a ROBERT JOHNSON LP boxset.

She says: "I'm with the STROKES and one of the members wants to buy this boxset, but he was wondering if he could get it for $30 instead of $40."

UK SUBS

The UK Subs started in the winter of 1977 and have been playing punk rock ever since. One of the most known and notorious bands of the era the Subs have been going strong for well over 20 years. If you aren't familiar with these guys you may as well go home and kill yourself today. Some of the best and catchiest Subs material to date. A must have for any UK Subs fans.



NATIONAL RAZOR FDIC

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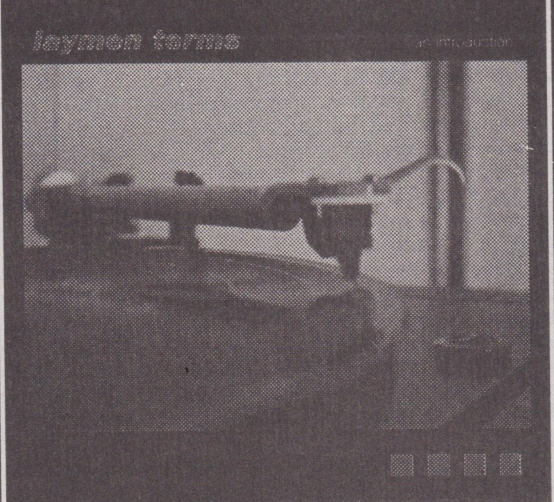
laymen terms

an introduction



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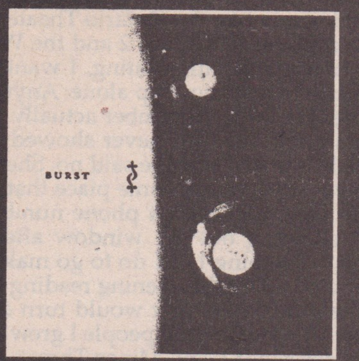

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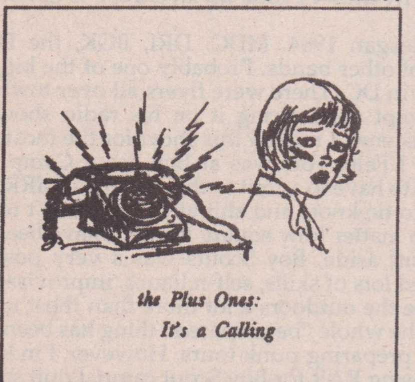

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I say "uh... no."

I was totally pissed that these dudes think they can get special treatment because they're rock stars traveling through some podunk town. I back it up with "uh... I think those guys can probably afford to pay regular price for a record."

The girl responds: "that's a popular misconception...these guys don't have a lot of money...they're on their first tour and they're just starting out..." blah, blah, blah...

I just laughed in her face and turned to ring up the obviously extremely poor elderly black man that had no problem paying full price for his AL GREEN cassettes.

It really burns my ass, because despite the fact that they were playing a show that night that had a huge guarantee, and despite the fact that major labels have been in bidding wars over this band (I know these guys are fucking making money)... despite all that, these were all rich kids before they even had their little TELEVISION/VELVET UNDERGROUND tribute act.

FUCK THEM.

Epilogue: the guy did end up buying a BILLIE HOLIDAY greatest hits LP, but not the ROBERT JOHNSON boxset. Ya know, I'm pretty fucking poor... but if I want something and I have the money to buy it, I buy it. If I don't have the money to buy it, I don't... and I sure as fuck wouldn't have my girlfriend or whatever try and haggle with the staff of an independent record store to get money knocked off the price. Who are these people that think they are owed special treatment for being in a fucking band?!

PART TWO: LOSING A BAND MEMBER

Losing a band member is kind of like losing a boyfriend/girlfriend... except that in three years of getting sweaty together and sleeping together in close quarters, you never once got to fuck them.

PART THREE: RECOMMENDATIONS

I recommend you check out LIARS new CD: *They Threw Us All in a Trench and Stuck a Monument on Top.*

I recommend you watch more Sergio Leone Westerns, *Born Losers* (the first BILLY JACK movie), and it wouldn't hurt you to watch *Harold and Maude* again.

I recommend you reconsider purchasing the first five VAN HALEN albums before buying *anything* that the press says is "going to save Rock and Roll."

I recommend you not experiment with the space-time continuum without a rudimentary knowledge of quantum mechanics.

I recommend you do not put any money in the Salvation Army kettle until you do a little research into their politics.

I recommend you reflect upon the fragile beauty of the banana.

I recommend you see ASSCHAPEL or KAKISTOCRACY if they motor through your town.

I recommend you do everything you can to help out a touring band... unless it's THE STROKES.

PART FOUR: CONTACT

Anyone needing to get in touch can get me here: smashismo@aol.com or here: http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/guyanapunchline

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

If you've ever met me, you know I'm the guy who won't shut up about some hardcore show I went to back in the day or my favorite record or whatever. The cats who work with me at Extreme Noise are sick of hearing these stories and told me to write a book or whatever based on my punk rock adventures. I don't know about writing a book but just off the top of my head here are some great shows I *didn't* see back in the day.

Turn back the clock to fall of 1983. Young Felix Von is a freshman at Northwestern High School in Hyattsville, a suburb of Washington DC. I hear from the other punk kids at school that Minor Threat and the Big Boys are playing that weekend at the Landsburgh cultural center. I'd never been to a show at Landsburgh or the Wilson Center yet, just shows at the University of Maryland and places like the Ontario Theater and Smith Hall. For some reason places like Space 2 and the Wilson Center seemed so underground and intimidating, I wanted to go with some friends rather than just show up alone. Anyway, I made attempts to get a ride. I seem to remember actually waiting on my porch for hours for a ride that never showed up. I asked my mom if I could take the bus and she said no. She wasn't into me going downtown by myself to some place that wasn't a "real" venue listed in the paper with a phone number or anything. I contemplated climbing out my window after my mom thought I was asleep (something I did do to go make out with girls) but just gave up and spent the evening reading MRR or something instead. Little did I know that would turn out to be Minor Threat's last show. Whenever I tell people I grew up in DC in the 80s they always ask me if I saw Minor Threat. I had one chance and missed it. In hindsight I should have snuck out that night and gone to the show Minor Threat and the Big Boys were two of the great bands of the 80s and I never saw either. But at the time they weren't yet legendary, just some bands that were playing. Now, almost 20 years later they are surrounded by myth and I curse myself for not being bolder.

In '84 or '85 I went to see Government Issue, Hüsker Dü, and Negative Approach at the Newton Theater. This place was on Michigan Ave. near the Catholic University Metro station, which was a short bike ride from my house. I rode my bike down and ripped it up in the pit during GI. After the bike ride and the mosh I was thirsty, and I walked to 7-11 and got a Big Gulp. When I got back I hung around out front for a while. I sort of noticed that another out of town band was playing but didn't pay any attention, I was mostly into DC bands and British bands at the time. I came back in watched a few Hüsker Dü songs and left. Hüsker Dü was staring to do that "New Day Rising" sort of stuff which sounded really lame to me. I rode home before it got dark out. So there I missed my chance to see Negative Approach. At the time I'd never heard them. I would buy their 7" and LP soon after and kick myself for not seeing them, but what did I know? I was so fired up on DC hardcore I didn't think anyone from Michigan could rock. Boy was I wrong.

I missed the State from Ann Arbor when they played at the Hall of Nations because I was doing something stupid with my girlfriend's family. Why didn't I cook up an excuse to get out of that?

Rock Against Reagan 1984. MDC, DRI, BGK, the Dead Kennedys and tons of other bands. Probably one of the biggest hardcore shows ever in DC. There were flyers all over town for this and Tom Lyle kept announcing it on his radio show, of which I was a loyal listener. I missed this show for the most stupid reason on earth. I Felix Von, was at Boy Scout Camp that week. This is so lame to have to admit to the readers of MRR, but I was learning how to tie knots and shit at camp. I don't regret being a Boy Scout no matter how square it might have been. In fact, the patriotic stuff aside, Boy Scouts was a very positive thing for me. I learned lots of skills, self-reliance, improvisation, and got to experience the outdoors a lot more than most urban kids ever do. In fact the whole "be prepared" thing has been sort of a motto for me in preparing punk tours. However, I'm bitter to this day about missing RAR for Boy Scout camp. I quit scouts a few months later.

I went to see the Bad Brains with Void and Iron Cross and I wanna say Black Market Baby too. Anyway, the subway stopped running at midnight and I had no ride so I had to leave before Void played and before the Bad Brains even showed up. I heard they didn't arrive until 1 or 2 in the morning. This is why all the shows I book start early. In order to be able to see Wilson Center shows that Gordon booked I had to arrange rides, since none of my friends were old enough to drive. This usually meant having my mom pick up my punk friends and me. We would all ride in the back of her pickup truck with a boombox blasting some gnarly hardcore. This still didn't save us from being ridiculed by the older punks at shows for having my mom pick us up.

I remember Battalion of Saints playing at some bar in College Park but not being able to get in because I wasn't 18 yet. They even tried to sneak me in but I got busted and thrown out.

I didn't go see the Misfits because I heard that show was 18 and over (it wasn't). I also missed the Ramones and Motorhead circa '84 because the shows were over 18 as well. Just when I was about to turn 18, DC raised the drinking age to 21—fuck, three more years! This is part of why I only book all ages gigs.

I went to see Discharge, but they had broken up after their fans pelted them with bottles in Detroit for playing "Grave New World" material. In 1987 I went to see Celtic Frost, but they "postponed" the show. I went to the rescheduled show, but they canceled. Fucking bogus. Likewise Raw Power and Riistetyt did a whole US tour then their van broke down in West Virginia and they canceled the last show, which was to be in DC.

In 1984 or '85, COC and Slayer played the Loft in Baltimore. I went for COC and they ruled, I saw them the night before at the Wilson Center too. All I knew about Slayer was that they were metal and wore make up so I left. I just assumed it was weak. A year or so later I heard *Hell Awaits* and I was so pissed that I had left early. When I did finally see Slayer in '91 they were incredibly weak and washed up.

I went to see Phlegm play at a house party in Bethesda in '86 or so. I had lost the edge by this point and I was drunk. Better yet, I was making out with this hot goth girl. Since the party was really crowded and we were really into it, we decided to get it on in a walk-in closet on the second floor. As we were getting into it the police showed up and cleared everyone out of the party. Apparently they were looking for a girl whose parents had reported her missing by the name of Nikki. We locked ourselves in the closet and hid from the cops. We waited for what seemed like hours before coming out. The guys in Phlegm were loading up their gear (they never got to play) and the girl whose house it was sat in tears at the dining room table, her house (I'm certain it was her parents house) in shambles. She looked at us and said, "who are you?" "I'm Felix" I replied, "I'm Nikki," said the Goth girl, who had told me her name was Wendy. The girl whose house it was turned bright red and started yelling at us. Apparently this was the Nikki whose parents had sent the cops looking for her and shut down the party. Nikki turned out to be pretty cool. She later was a shitworker at MRR. Needless to say I didn't get to see Phlegm play that night, or ever.

On the way to see Marginal Man and Seven Seconds in Baltimore, we got into a car accident. We tried and tried to persuade the rich kid who was driving us to go to the show anyway, but he was so terrified of what his dad was going to do to him for wrecking the car that he went home and dropped us all of at this one kid's house, miles from where we lived. That guy used to drive us around a lot—I'm sure he's a dot com millionaire or something now. Anyway, he had this fancy little sports car that you could barely cram four people into. The funny thing about it was that it had very little headroom. Since Travis and I had mohawks, this meant we had to sit with the windows rolled down and the tops of our hawks sticking out the windows. If this practice was not observed we would show up at shows with alternately left and right leaning mohawks depending on which side of the car we were riding in.

When I first heard the Amebix, I was super into them. This was about 1984 and Amebix weren't the crust cult band they are today. Indeed, in 1984 I don't think there really was such a thing as crusty punk, at least not in America. I spent all afternoon painting the artwork from the *Beginning of the End* 7" on the back of my leather jacket. I was stoked to wear out my new style and put on my jacket and got on the bus to the Metro station. When I got up at my stop there was a sucking sound and I realized the paint wasn't dry on my jacket yet and had stuck to the seat of the bus. This totally fucked up the paint job on my jacket. I can't remember if I went to the show anyway or went home and changed. Either way I was late and missed some bands.

When 7 Seconds played at the Burke Community Center on the Walk Together Rock Together tour, we missed all but a few songs because we couldn't find the place. Burke is an upper class suburb that at the time was newly built. There were no maps we could find and all the streets were twisting and confusing, especially to guys like us who grew up on numbered and lettered streets in a grid pattern. Everything was like "Brandwine Terrace" "Brandywine Court" "Brandywine Way," and they all dead ended into cul de sacs. Finally we called the local police and asked, "where is the Burke Community Center?" (Note: I opposed this action as I didn't want to support the police in any way, but the guys I was driving with insisted on it.) We were told there were something like six community centers in Burke and they told us the locations of all of them. We drove around this sleepy suburban community for what seemed like an eternity from darkened community center to darkened community center. Sure enough, the last one we tried was the one where the show was just about to end. At least we didn't have to pay to get in at that point.

I remember one time there were rumors that the Subhumans were going to play at 9:30 Club. We all went downtown and wandered around. The streets were crowded with punks but the 9:30 Club was closed. There were kids all over the street wandering between DC Space and 9:30 asking each other "where are the Subhumans playing?" or sometimes, "Where are the UK Subs playing?" There was even an argument over whether it was the Canadian Subhumans, English Subhumans or the UK Subs who were supposed to be playing. I still want to know who started that rumor.

I can remember a lot of shows at the 9:30 Club I either got thrown out of, wasn't let into, or just didn't go into because I didn't want to give the 9:30 my money after they had thrown me out. I got ejected from 7 Seconds in '87 for heckling them as they played that horseshit REM sounding stuff they were trying to push. I've never supported that band since. I remember being "banned" from a Youth of Today show in 1987 and not let in. (I did get to see YOT three other times though). I got thrown out of TSOL for throwing a cup of ice at them and yelling, "play faster!"

At the Government Issue, Trouble Funk show at Paragon Too in upper Georgetown (this must've been early 1984) There was a guy handing out flyers for SSD. I'd never seen SSD and I'd only heard a few of their songs on a mix tape, but I liked them. But following right behind this guy handing out the flyers was a woman walking up to all the kids checking out the flyers. She walked up to me and said "Boycott that show SSD has gone metal." Now this was a good six months to a year before cross over really took off. At the time Metal was a pretty dirty word. I decided to join in the boycott of the show and missed my only chance to see SSD, metal or not.

At the GBH show in 1986 there were a lot of kids hanging around out front of the 9:30. At one point someone (I swear not me) started the dumpster on fire. A bunch of cops and firemen showed up. While the cops were in the alley with the firemen I took out my trusty can of black spray paint and painted "fuck the cops" down the side of a cop car and a long black line down another. I was so scared one of the pro-America skinheads would rat me out for this (I did this in front of 20 or 30 kids) that I decided to bail and left without seeing GBH. Still have never seen that band; can't imagine they are any good now.

Speaking of comic book UK Punk bands, the Exploited recorded their *Live at the White House* LP in DC (although it pictures the Capitol on the cover). I was not present at that show because I thought the Exploited was a stupid cartoon punk band. I still think the Exploited is a cartoon punk band, although they must be much worse by now.

One English band I really liked was Conflict. They played one of those huge Goldenvoice shows at the Olympic in '86. I made reservations to fly to LA with a friend of mine. We heard, though, that Conflict was doing a full US tour in two months so we didn't think it was worth the 250 bucks to fly to LA for one show. Conflict was probably at their peak then, they never did tour the US until just recently, about 15 years late if you ask me.

There were quite a few other shows I missed because I either didn't know about them (a lot of DC shows were pretty much centered around a small scenester elite and not well promoted), wasn't 18 yet, couldn't get a ride (lots of shows were in strange suburban areas where the Metro didn't go), or was terrified of the skinheads who would beat the shit out of punks at shows. (Which I talked about last month). Also, in the days that I drank and did drugs, there were shows that I was so fucked up I remembered nothing. I draw a complete blank on the Christ On Parade show I went to at New Method in '87. I saw Fang at Gilman about the same time and remember nothing; I do recall MDC playing that night though. Or maybe it was Christ on Parade at Gilman and Fang at New Method. Another argument for Straight Edge—you'll be able to remember the show.

About that same time in 1987 I was at Gilman and the

Feederz played. This was a kind of legendary show as the Feederz threw dead dogs and cats into the audience and ate cockroaches during the set. I was tripping on acid and this made me extremely angry. I was really into animal rights at the time and decided I was going to wait outside for the Feederz and fight them "for the animals who can't fight back" after the show. This, of course, because I didn't want to get banned from Gilman for fighting inside. While I was waiting by the side door, this really hot girl came up to me and said "wow, you have a lot of studs on your jacket. Do you have any extra that you could put on my jacket?" Suddenly, in my acid blown mind, fighting for the animals lost all relevance. I pulled out my bag of studs and Swiss army knife and put a few 1/2" cones in this girl's epaulets. She told me she had some wine coolers in her car and I was smitten. I totally missed the rest of the show and never fought the Feederz. The story continues however. After a few wine coolers we started to get frisky in the car. She decided we should drive to some park and we put this car cover she had over the top of the car, which was a BMW or Mercedes or some shit. We were just getting into it when there was a tap on the window. "Fuck Off" I growled in my most intimidating gutter punk voice. I looked up and there was a cop shining her flashlight on us holding her badge up to the window. Here I was tripping on acid, naked, in the back of a car with an underage girl I'd known for all of two hours and potentially under arrest. The cops left the cover on the car until we could get dressed, then checked our IDs. I had just turned 18, and I was terrified that I would get nailed on a statutory rape charge. Luckily, they bought her fake ID and let us go. Turns out that girl was some sort of model; she had a stack of copies of *Elle* on the floor of her car and tore out a page that had her picture on it and gave it to me. That was punky love at first sight. Two days later her mom caught me hiding in her closet and chased me out of the house and down the road with a vodka bottle. She was screaming, "get out of my house you green-haired faggot," to which I replied, "I'm not a faggot, I just fucked your daughter!" This didn't help my predicament. I had to hitchhike back to SF (she lived in some redwood forest off 101) with this psycho tweaker, but that is a story for a different column.

So enough hazy recollections from bygone days. It's funny how now it burns me up that I didn't go in and watch Negative Approach, who are one of my favorite hardcore bands while at the time it didn't seem very important at all. Bands that are legendary today were "just" bands you would go and see back then. So it will probably be for the bands playing today. I wish I'd bought more records and gone to more shows in the 80s but I guess I'd have to say I still went to enough. Next time you are thinking about blowing off a show or something else comes up; consider that it might be the show you regret missing for the rest of your life.

CrimethInc.

Workers' Collective

Bullet-in

Why I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love *San Fermines*

There's something about Spain that makes the average tourist act a bit crazy. And when I say "tourist" I'm not just talking about your average culturally insensitive forty-something couple at the Spanish Holiday Inn (your parents). I'm also talking about the twenty-something "independent" politically correct traveler at the local youth hostel (you). Most kids on their post-college jaunt around Europe would sooner shoot themselves in the foot than admit that they are a "tourist" and not a "traveler," but I've just accepted it and moved on. You're nothing special just because you lived out of a backpack for a summer and slept at youth hostels with everyone else (like I mostly did).

Spain tends to force most travelers' (tourists') ids to run wild. If you walk the streets at 8am you might catch some people at the end of their day, but you'd be hard pressed to find someone starting theirs. Most businesses open at 11am, close for about three hours in the afternoon, and then open again from four until seven. Bars are open all day and night. The average workweek is thirty hours. Many outsiders see this as a cultural laziness, but that's just taking the easy way out. Spain is simply a very relaxed place where people care more about personal health and happiness than financial success.

On July 6, 2001 I found myself on a fully booked train headed from Barcelona to Pamplona with no seat reservation. To make matters worse, I was recovering from some sort of mysterious fever where I started hearing voices (but I was feeling much better). After paying a fee (read: bribe) to the conductor for riding between train cars, I arrived at the Pamplona train station about noon and met a friend of mine from high school. As tired as I was I had no right to complain as Keith had been sleeping in an internet café in Madrid for the three nights before he arrived. The train station was surprisingly quiet. Keith explained that we were fairly far outside of town, which was where the real party was. After an hour long hike that Keith promised was twenty minutes tops we arrived in the main town square.

I should mention now that the party I'm talking about is the famous Running of the Bulls or *San Fermines*. What was previously a local festival in honor of Pamplona's patron saint San Fermin became an international attraction in the 1930s when Ernest Hemingway wrote *The Sun Also Rises*. Pamplona is situated right on the northern part of the border between France and Spain. This area of Spain is Basque country, which has a native language and culture very different from the rest of Spain. The people of this region were nearly wiped out when Franco's fascists tried their own experiments with ethnic cleansing ten years before Hitler got around to it. This oppression continued into the 1970s, until Franco finally died. As a result the people tend to be very patriotic and protective of their cultural heritage. There are several movements working towards creating a Basque homeland independent from the rest of Spain. At the extreme, the separatist ETA movement is responsible for several car bombings throughout Spain every year.

After checking my bag at the town hall (accommodation was out of the question) Keith and I took a look around town. There's quite a lot to see in Pamplona besides the five minutes of excitement every day at 8am. There are also parades, puppet shows, dancing, music and anything else you can think of for the other 23 hours and 55 minutes. And as we discovered, the bullfight is the main attraction offered besides the running every morning. When we got to the bullring we were instantly greeted by scalpers charging between 2000 and 3000 pesetas for tickets ($10-15 dollars). This was a little bit more than we were able to spend, so we found a nice sunny spot on the lawn and tried to get some sleep. About five minutes later an elderly Spanish women began waving tickets at us and shouting. While we were trying to explain we didn't have enough money, another American came up and explained that the women wanted to give us the tickets for free. If you ever go to Spain this type of selfless behavior will seem commonplace: I made more friends in one week in Spain than in four years at college.

We took our seats right as the bullfight was starting. I'm sensing your animal rights temper flaring so I'll get straight to the point. The next hour and a half consisted of six different men torturing six different bulls to death (with a fifteen minute intermission in between). Sound gruesome? It is. Sound cruel? It is. But before you pass judgment I want you to consider a few things. Number one, there are rules just like any one of our wonderful American sports. And what I thought I saw happen is definitely not what most Spaniards saw. Number two, disrespecting a bull is a death sentence. I saw some drunk American slapping some bull on the ass at one of the bullfights after the running (where they let the general population in to the ring). Before he could blink a group of Spaniards had knocked him unconscious. Insulting a bull or the sport of bullfighting is the same as insulting Spain's culture or heritage. Number three, your animal rights protests are better kept in the States. The ten or so bulls that get killed live better lives than most Spaniards do. Can you say the same for the millions of animals in American slaughterhouses? Besides, self-righteous middle-class white liberal protest will meet much more success in a self-righteous middle-class white liberal country. And in case you're wondering, the one protester I saw (who was Spanish), was treated with dignity and respect at the best and indifference at the worst, as far as I could tell.

After a late dinner and a few hours of drunken sleep in one of Pamplona's lovely, urine saturated parks, Keith and I began to jockey for a spot along the bull-running track (which is basically a kilometer of blocked off streets winding through downtown Pamplona). Fortune was smiling on us when someone parked a truck right next to the track. After about one hundred hash-smoking teenagers climbed on, I realized we were standing on a *fuel* truck, and began to question how much I really wanted to see this damn thing, but alas my curiosity (and intoxication) were high so I stayed. After two or so hours of waiting (during which I fell asleep standing up) the first gun sounded, signaling that the bulls were out of the pen. About a minute later I saw a furious combination of hooves, horns, white clothing (the standard for the event), and frat boys run by. It got interesting when some of the bulls hit a wall and began running back in the wrong direction and scaring the shit out of some runners who thought they were safe. Elapsed time of everything I saw: about thirty seconds.

While walking along the track after everything was over, Keith commented that it didn't really look all that dangerous after all. About five minutes later we noticed a crowd gathered around a storefront window. In the doorway was a huge pool of blood. Later we discovered thirteen people were sent to the hospital and one girl almost died after being gored all the way through. That day I learned the true difference between Spain and America…really America and the rest of the world. Americans crowd into stadiums and sports bars day after day watching our heroes beat the shit out of each other. We go to gyms to play some of these sports ourselves, but if there was a risk of serious injury or death, you could forget about it. We would much rather be passive spectators to others' lives than active participants in our own. Does this mean we have to play rugby without helmets and give each other brain injuries? Or run through the streets being chased by thousand pound bulls? No. It just means we need to claim, in one form or another, something we've lost in America but can just as easily reclaim. Passion.

—By Deelan. To learn more about how CrimethInc. is bringing the Running of the bulls to the USA, get in touch at: CrimethInc. HQ, 2695 Rangewood Dr., Atlanta GA 30345. Watch for a new CrimethInc. book about travel in the new year.

FOLLOWERS OF A BRUTAL CALLING

Punk Core Records, that always entertaining label from Middle Island, New York has a couple of great picture discs for you god-damn kids this month.

We will start with Austin, Texas's punk darlings THE LOWER CLASS BRATS and their beautiful picture disc, *Rather Be Hated Than Ignored*. This fucker has lots of the LOWER CLASS BRATS hits like "Who Writes the Rules for Rebellion", "Safety Pinned and Sick", "Ultra Violence", and "Addicted to Oi!". You also get such LOWER CLASS BRATS staples as "Start the Night", "Background Music", "There's a Difference", "Bite the Bullet", "The Process", "Orphans Don't Run", "Do It Again" and "Clockwork Fuse". This is very good shit in a glitzy, glamorous format!

Next up on Punk Core is the fucking great Chaos punk band from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, THE VIRUS - with their spectacular 7" picture disc. This beauty contains "The Time Is Now", "Looks like Trouble", "Full Circle", and "There's Nothing Left". Fucking "A"! These Charged punks have killer singing with bomb-blast guitar parts obliterating all in their path. You guys probably caught THE VIRUS on tour with the CASUALTIES or ENDLESS STRUGGLE. They are truly one of the best for this kind of punk music!

These picture discs are a must! Write to Punk Core Records, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953.

Ethan and Reality Clash Records from Dana Point, California have a couple of selections for you punks and skins this month. Let us start with the ultra heavy duty EP by Washington DC skinheads COUNTERATTACK. This record has slow, deep COMBAT 84 style Oi! singing with excellent guitar counterparts. Side "A" starts off with a long, slower paced introduction on "Soldier" and then rips into a hard-as-fuck vocal with guitar attack and great harmonies from the band. Aaron's vocals are gruff and forceful with Phil and Matt keeping the streetpunk juices flowing with superior guitar and bass. Adam keeps the whole project grounded with his solid drumming. The band's theme song "Counterattack" is faster than "Soldier" and really grabs you by the throat! The guitars blaze with the momentum of the song building and building. Great! There are some first rate guitar leads on this song!

Side "B" features the song "Sledgehammer", which gets into that menacing Oi! mindset and pushes slowly into your skull. This shit is quite dangerous and the Oi! music chugs along in an infectious manner. Listen to COUNTERATTACK-you'll like this shit!

The second item for your rock n' roll consideration this month on Reality Clash Records is the ten inch picture disc by DEAD EMPTY. These rockers go for the straight ahead punk and roll blitzkrieg in the US BOMBS or BONECRUSHER mode. This is quality rock n' roll for drunks and brawlers. The *Blame Luck, Blame Fate* 10" picture disc has all the accouterments of a full blown rock extravaganza. You get shouted vocals, ham-fisted guitar, and tight-as-fuck bass and drum action. Damn good! Write to Reality Clash Records, PO Box 491, Dana Point, CA 92629-0491; www.realityclash.com.

Herve and New Blood Records have a brand new CD out now by DEADLINE. This twelve song CD is called *More to it than Meets the Eye*. This is a strong follow-up to the DEADLINE *TV Dreams* EP that NEW BLOOD put out in early 2001. As always, Liz's singing is right on the mark with Nic and James on guitars, Herve on bass and Ray on drums. The music is spirited Oi! and street punk, with a fast rhythm and melodic hooks galore. On this CD, DEADLINE give you "TV Dreams", "No Way Out" and "Too Many Pints" from the earlier seven inch, as well as nine new songs that continue the high energy production from last year. In "On the Run", Liz's singing is complimented by tough choruses from her bandmates and stinging rhythm guitar playing. This is punk as fuck! This song segues right into "Violent World", which doesn't miss a beat- the pace is hectic and the sound is excellent. On the "Hate Song", the lead singing is very powerful with trade-off female / male vocals and Herve supplying some spectacular loud bass. Liz finishes off the CD with the very sweet rocker, "Time to Go". The musicians all play up to the high standards of precision that DEADLINE established early in their career. Give this CD a spin. Write to New Blood Records, PO Box 52, Gravesend, DA 11 9ZL, England; h298@hotmail.com.

4 PROMILLE has a top quality new LP out on Knockout Records. The record is called *Und Ab*. This shit starts out rocking right away on the song "Heute Spielen Wir Richtig" with male vocals. This is excellent melodic street punk! We plow through "Knock Out" and "Time for Suicide" and then slam into "PC Polizsten" with great slide guitar. The mixture of strong female vocals and great guitar accompaniment makes for first rate punk product on "Traume Sterben". "Chaos" finishes off side one with a bang. Side "B" kicks off another melodic punk binge with "Rob a Bank". On this record some songs are sung in German and some are in English. "Jader Hat Sein Kreuz Zu Tragen" continues the punk mayhem. The female vocals take charge on "I Wanna Burn My Radio". This is good melodic RAMONES style punk! 4 PROMILLE finish you off with "Schwarze Schafe" and "Beer n' Roll". This is good punk and roll with emphasis on guitar and good singing! Write to Knockout Records, 46527 Dinslaken, Germany; mosh@knock-out.de; www.knockout.de.

Yes! The DOROCHYS from Osaka, Japan bring you some blaring punk rock! This CD was recorded on September 23, 2000 and February 22, 2001, and it is really good! This is fast, rocket-fueled pounding punk with shouted vocals, good choruses and blistering guitars. This Black Out Records CD Release Number One is fucking raw and thorny with some scary vocals to accompany the brilliant playing. DOROCHYS pummel you with punk track after punk track. The band starts with a fuzzed out guitar song called "T.O.D." and segues into the rocking "Voice" - with a wall of amplified guitar and deep growling vocals. Next up you get "Screamin' Eyes" with more of the fast, rambunctious, DOROCHYS punk. Song number four is a punk n' roll masterpiece called "Gamble Fool". The singer / guitarist / songwriter Tsukasa has that hyper-threatening blood-curdling snarl of a Jeff Clayton coupled with the fast rhythm guitar parts that we might associate with US punk from the early eighties.

Song five, "Ignite" has a threatening vocal laid down on top of a steamroller of guitars. "Dead End Dreamer" is snarling and fast but also quite melodic with a bit of street punk back-up vocals behind it. The final track on this superior punk CD is called "Break Through" with the whole band working their asses off! Tsukasa takes the leads on vocals and axe with the band members supplying good choruses.

The esteemed Japanese scooter - skinhead outfit CRIKEY CREW crash into your living room with their new CD "My Sons". On the song "Warriors" you receive expert metal leads, over-the-top gruff vocals and lyrics about "My Life". On "Tomorrow" the manic shouted punk continues to pound on your head. Song three is "We Go Fight", with emotion-charged lyrics in English and a forceful delivery. Song four is "Youth", and this one has the heavy bass line that beats you up. This is good shit! Song five uses the classic CRIKEY CREW formula on "Life of Right". The slower melodic Oi! street punk pace is punctuated by fine guitar playing. Song number six is "Fight Back" and the fucker continues the shouted Oi! / punk connection with the rowdy vocals, precision guitar playing and perfectly timed choruses. Song number seven is "New Glory" which starts with a tasteful guitar introduction and blossoms into a marvelous number that encompasses many elements of the current Oi! / street-rock movement in Japan. The vocalist in CRIKEY CREW pushes this song into a whole new dimension. The slower melodic pace contains so much urgency and brute power that it sneaks up on the listener like a cold kiss from a wet fist.

The next track "10 Years" is a slower ballad with a type of measured singing that has a pronounced effect. This music is deceptively powerful. Even the slow numbers have much tension. The grand finale on the CRIKEY CREW *My Sons* CD is "Moto Psycho", with the requisite introduction sound of a motorcycle engine revving up then lurching into another of the patented CRIKEY CREW blustery punk anthems with first quality guitars and singing. Write to CRIKEY CREW c/oSniffer Records, 722-111, Shimonakano, Okayama City, Japan.

VIBRATIONS from Japan have a scorching new six song CD available on Shot and Shout Records this month. This Japanese hardcore fest is called *Love, Resistance* and some of the standout tracks are "Sanity & Reality" and "Masterpiece". Communicate with VIBRATIONS through www.h2.dion.ne.jp/nsszine.

THE INDEX from Osaka City, Japan present a new CD for you punks this month on Out Laws Records. The new product is a twelve song opus filled with punk and metal strange behavior called *Indian Rock n' Roll*. This CD is all over the map with fast punk. You get "This Isn't Final Riot", "Go from Bad to Worse", "Radio Tonight", "Indian Rock" and "All on Boys". On a slower track, like "Radio Tonight", you have melodic punk riffs with gruff shouted singing and good metallic guitar leads. There is definitely some wide variety of music provided with THE INDEX. Write to THE INDEX and Out Law's Records, c/o Mitsuhiro Ikeda, 1-2-4 Komagawa, Higashisumiyoshi-Ku, Osaka City, Japan, 546 0043.

THE STITCHES have a nice twelve inch package for you fucks this month. You get four of the current STITCHES hits in swank color glossy sleeve with fancy Johnny "Hollywood" Witmer style production. Ms. Tina Brugnoletti has some great photographs on this sleeve. Pete Dee tinkered with all the fine hues on this bright specimen. The four songs available on this imitation Japanese twelve inch are "Can't Keep Up", "Won't Look at You", "Brains on Vacation", and "Pick Me Up". The refined gift wrapping on this record will appeal to the more sophisticated fans that are starting to be drawn to THE STITCHES. Write to Kapow Records, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA 92609, USA.

Alright! The US. BOMBS have a rocking new seven inch available on Beer City Records!! Duane and Kerry from the US BOMBS have honored this reviewer with a glowing song dedicated to "The Critic". This song was written after two fifths of Captain Morgan spiced rum, but the lyrics on this song are still top-shelf grade school material. "Grow a beard and let me fuck your face" - that's priceless! The music totally rips on this number and any fan of the US BOMBS would give his left testicle to have a song written about him by a legendary skater / partier like Mr. Peters. The "A" side, "Great Lakes of Beer", is not quite as good as the "B" side, but this record is recommended just for the comedy value of "The Critic"! Since the U.S. BOMBS are well known for spewing out whatever comes into their little minds, this song is a feather in the cap of "The Critic". For historical perspective you should know that I incurred the wrath of Kerry and Duane by writing a bad review back in 1999 of a crappy slow song called "The Captain" on the TKO "Hoboken Dreams" EP. You might ask yourself, "Why has it taken two years to release the retaliatory song?" Who knows. You might ask yourself, "Does anybody care about a bad review from so long ago?" Probably not. "Are the U.S. BOMBS that insecure?" you ask. No - they're too old and well traveled to care about something like a slanderous record review. This is a very humorous song and it rocks! Buy this novelty record now!

HAMMERLOCK, Reigning West Coast Confederacy of Scum Kings have some new country-punk treats for you!! Liz and Travis Kenney front this roots American music outfit, and they are great! If HAMMERLOCK comes anywhere near your town you must go see them play!!

HAMMERLOCK had a really good CD called "Anthems For Outlaws' way back in 1999, on Man's Ruin Records.

Listen to "Sweet Senorita", "Hate Radio", "Black Foot Stomp", "California", "Lake County", "Militia Time", a cover of George Jones's "Who Shot Sam", "Mississippi Kid", "Mexican Sun", Whiskey Rebel" and "Tear 'em Down".

HAMMERLOCK currently has a full length CD on Steelcage Records out of Philadelphia called Barefoot and Pregnant" that takes the high road to hillbilly punk. First you get to hear "Colorado Mountain Goat", then the slide guitar introduces you to "Nothing to Lose". Fucking bad ass gun-toting punk music spoken here! We slam into "Tie Me Down" that makes the hair stand up on the back of your neck. Travis and Liz trade off vocals on this fucker and it motherfuckin' rocks! Next up, Travis kicks some ass with his song "I Don't Owe You Shit". Then you get a fine treatment of the Willie Nelson/Waylon Jennings nugget "Good Hearted Woman". You storm through "White Male" and arrive at "Walking With You", which is a great southern rock anthem. The next tune is a fucking brilliant cover of the Charlie Daniels classic "Long Haired Country Boy". Yeah! HAMMERLOCK do a reprise of "Whiskey Rebel" at a breakneck speed - Great! Travis and Liz give you two more country punk numbers. One is "Jealous Loving Heart" by Ernest Tubb and then "Let it Ride" to close out the evening. A truly fine CD! You must also seek out the current 7" split with HAMMERLOCK and RANCID VAT on Steelcage Records. Excellent!

Steelcage's newest offering is a split 7" called "Keep it Flying" with ANTiSEEN and HELLSTOMPER, splitting the chores. ANTiSEEN starts off in their continuing effort to ruin your world with a cover of HELLSTOMPER's anthem, "Hellstomper". This is fucking brutal! Mr. Jeff Clayton's voice just drips with venom! Joe Young's guitar playing is not of this earth. A very unsavory and dangerous duo these! Turn the bitch over and you get HELLSTOMPER doing their take on the old MOTORHEAD gem, "White Line Fever". This is very good!

Write to the fabulous Leslie Goldman at Steelcage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19125, www.steelcagerecords.com.

Until next month -

See you at the bar.

My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

Keep the contributions coming in! Getting a network going among the parents makes me really happy, like things are actually working out a little like I hoped they would. This month's column, written by amberreakelly, first appeared in *Onward*, a quarterly anarchist newspaper of news, opinion, theory, and strategy of today. amberraekelly is an anarchist parent and organizer in Gainesville, Florida. You can contact her and Anaya at radmamma@hotmail.com or c/o the Onward Collective. PO Box 2671 / Gainesville, FL 32602-2671 / www.onwardnewspaper.org. You might also want to check out www.anarchistparenting.com if you're interested.

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Recently, I attended the Permanent Autonomous Zone conference in Louisville, KY, where I participated in my first parenting workshop. Even though I go to several conferences a year, this was the first time I saw a parenting workshop offered. Unfortunately, it wasn't even scheduled, but was a guerrilla workshop set up by a mama from Detroit. Why did it take so long for me to come upon a workshop like this? Why is it that a bunch of self-proclaimed anarchists in this "movement" for social and political change are not prioritizing family and community?

I am the mother of a 3 year-old kid, miss Anaya Cassidy Kelly. Anaya goes with me almost everywhere. She is by my side at meetings, workshops, benefits, during volunteering, demos, consciousness raisings, protests and other events. You name it, and if I was there, chances are Anaya was too. That kid has sat through the most annoying and frustrating of consensus-based meetings where even I was whiny and tired by the end. Anaya has to put up with a lot having an activist as a mama.

This is complicated by the fact that she has a mama who is working within a "movement" that tends to marginalize both the parents and children within it. Often I am left with the feeling that within the anarchist community, kids are seen as fun little things to have around as long as someone else takes care of them and they don't inconvenience people by taking them away from the "real work" they could be doing. The amount of cluelessness and hypocrisy that we, as parents, find ourselves surrounded by as we struggle to both work for change and raise our kids, is astounding. We must do our work in a "movement" not inclusive of children.

Locally, this plays out in several ways, including how children are treated, how child care is handled, and the relentless judgment passed on the hardworking folks who are parenting. I would like to think that these problems just apply to my local community, but in conversations with parents from different parts of the country, there are definite patterns in the ways that children and families are looked at and treated in our supposedly "radical" communities.

Child Care

Unless a workshop or action is planned specifically by the local NOW chapter or women's liberation group, there is simply no child care. Some organizers claim that their events are to be held in a "child-friendly" environment. Though the thought is nice, it simply does not occur to them that parents would like to concentrate on the subject at hand rather than constantly entertaining kids to keep them quiet enough to not disrupt the meeting. Having to get up every 15 minutes to take her/him to the bathroom and to leave early because our kid(s) has/have simply lost their patience makes it difficult to concentrate. When I go to a meeting or an event, I want to be able to participate in what is going on. My child does not necessarily enjoy events just because they are held in "child-friendly" spaces.

Over the summer, I went to an event set up by the local women's health collective. There were about four kids at the workshop, and though it was nice to not feel like the children were unwelcome, the mothers spent more time entertaining the kids and keeping them out of the pads and speculums (little kids love breaking plastic speculums, let me tell you) that we really didn't give our total attention to the workshop on DIY women's health care.

It's also frustrating when events promise child care, but when parents show up with their kids, there is none to be found, as happened here in Florida at last year's Youth Liberation Conference. Apparently there were two people set up to "bottom-line" the child care, but when the conference came, the parents of the three kids who showed up were out of luck. There was no space set aside for kids, no activities set up, and no volunteers signed up to watch them! As it turned out, before each of the workshops that I wanted to attend, I would have to wander around with the kids, asking people to please volunteer to do child care. Instead, I ended up with the responsibility of setting up child care, I ended up with this stupid feeling of guilt because I was daring to take people's precious time away from the workshops to watch my kid.

Good child care at events and conferences makes the lives of parents and kids much easier. Kids get to be kids and be as loud and silly and rambunctious as they want to be, and the parents actually get to participate fully in the event, as happened at the National Conference on Organized Resistance. From the moment I dropped Anaya off before each workshop to the moment I picked her up she was getting constant one-on-one attention. She totally enjoyed being able to hang out with other kids who were just as weird as she was, and I felt relaxed enough to go and enjoy the conference. It was great!

Despite the reliable child care, I was still left with the feeling that the kids were being a bit slighted. At NCOR I went to workshops which informed not just my organizing, but how I perceived the world. Why is it that we expect people to reach a certain age before they are worthy of getting certain information? I have never been to a workshop, conference, or other event where there have been workshops or activities for kids under the age of ten. Why are we, as anarchists, waiting until our kids are alienated teenagers before introducing them to politics? Consensus decision making, mutual aid and direct democracy are just as important for three year-olds and how they live their lives as they are to us! (What do you think sharing is all about?) Kids also need conflict resolution skills so that they can participate just as fully in problem solving in our communities as we do. How awesome would it be if our kids under the age of ten were already aware of and challenging patriarchy, white supremacy, heterosexism and gender norms? I feel as though anarchists are underestimating and short-changing our up and coming generations.

Helpful Advice or Anarcho-purism?

Probably every parent I know is her/his own worst critic when it comes to parenting. As a parent I am constantly questioning myself as to whether I am making the best choices for my child and as to whether our relationship is a positive one. As an activist I am very sure of my politics and am ready to discuss those politics with anyone who is interested and willing to share ideas with me. Conversely, as a parent, I am constantly questioning almost every decision I make. This stems from both social pressures and self-criticism as I try to apply my politics, ethics, and principles to my parenting and can cause me quite a bit of stress.

The stress is only amplified when people feel that they have a right to pass judgment on my parenting. Parents throughout the anarchist community feel unfairly judged. One mother told me of a guy in our community who decided that it would be okay to tell her that he didn't think that she should let her daughter watch TV, and that she was obviously feeding her daughter terribly. The fact that this guy has never had to try and raise a child as a single parent and has not had to feed both himself and a child on one income was of course not an issue in his mihd. Who cares that you can get a whole load of dishes washed and several rooms cleaned during one video, as long as we are perfect parents and spending every moment that we have as parents participating in "quality time" with our children? Instead of feeling the need to pass judgment on this mother, why didn't the guy just offer to take the child a couple of afternoons a week so that the mother could get chores done and, gasp, actually have some time to relax by herself once in a while?

One woman in my community told me that I am not spending enough time with Anaya. The fact that I am trying to finish school, keep a local organization going, run weekly activist trainings and workshops, and volunteer in our local infoshop simultaneously was, of course, not an issue. Instead of volunteering to take on one or more of these tasks, the woman felt it would be more useful to tell me I had my priorities mixed up, leaving me feeling like shit and without an answer to how things could change.

I often hear from non-parents about parental discipline. Several people in my community think that kids just don't need rules and that any type of boundaries are coercive and authoritarian. Forget the fact that kids feel safer and thrive in structured environments and are much happier and easier to get along with when they have regular bedtimes and naptimes. Most of the folks I hear advice like this from have not had much experience with kids, yet the advice keeps coming. Once, someone heard my friend and nanny tell Anaya that she could not do something. The guy and his partner were to watch Anaya for me the next afternoon, and he felt the need to inform my friend that he certainly would not use such "authoritarian" techniques when he watched Anaya.

It's time that, instead of judging those of us raising kids, people start incorporating the kids in our communities into their own lives. I hope people will keep these ideas in mind, and in the future, anarchist parents will not feel so marginalized while trying to do work within this "movement."

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As always, you can get in touch with this column: Jessica - PO Box 12839 - Gainesville, FL 32604 - yardwideyarns@hotmail.com

I've compiled the first year's worth of columns into zine format. Send $1 for postage and your address if you want a copy.

ALL HAIL THE MARKET!
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NATHAN BERG

I've stumbled upon a small handful of interesting tidbits from the wacky world of global capitalism this month, so I'm bypassing any sort of theme for the month...

The Ultimate Slap on the Wrist

Many of you may be familiar with the fact that the US (*lack of*) Justice Dept. (and 18 individual states) filed suit against Microsoft a few years back. It seems that controlling 95% of any given market and putting up significant barriers to competition might be considered a "monopoly," which is theoretically illegal in the United States. After two separate federal judges found Microsoft guilty of monopolistic practices, they continued to utilize the appeals process until late last week, when the Justice Dept. and nine of the 18 states agreed to an out-of-court settlement. The terms?

First of all, Microsoft has conceded that all future operating systems will be compatible with competitors' hardware, which means that consumers will no longer be "forced" to operate within the framework of one single company. I am especially proud of the Justice Dept. for this particular demand. If murderers were allowed to settle their cases out-of-court (insert strange craving for orange juice here), one of the main terms of the settlement should probably be that the accused stop murdering people. I do, however, find it rather odd that this settlement was reached mere days after Microsoft's brand new operating system (XP) was released.

Of course, no company can operate such an outright monopoly for such a long period of time, amassing such a huge amount of profit and power (and creating the richest man in the world), without having to pay some huge fine. Or can they? As part of their settlement, Microsoft has solved the problem of repaying its debt to society by donating $1 billion worth of computer software to the nation's schools, with special focus on impoverished, inner-city schools. Of course, it's not widely mentioned that Microsoft's cost of producing said software is surely a fraction of that big-lookin' figure. Nor does it seem to be foreseen that these cash-strapped schools will have to pay you-know-who a fat wad of cash for upgrades when the current technology becomes obsolete (which, at current rates, should be sometime late next week). This part of the settlement simply blows my mind. Perhaps other heinous corporations involved in class action lawsuits should take note. Philip Morris would surely love to start settling lawsuits by giving away free cigarettes. Oil companies could give away SUVs. And for those of you upset with the banking industry—here's a free credit card!!

This settlement is such a non-penalty that, were it not such a serious infraction of one of the few laws left which intend to prevent private companies from taking control of the entire planet, I'd probably laugh pretty hard. Microsoft's competitors (who are no angels themselves, I might add) are furious; Senator Orrin Hatch (one of the scariest conservative politicians around) is asking some serious questions regarding the Justice Dept.'s handling of the settlement; hell...even The *Wall St. Journal* (the immoral elephant of finance) ran an article scoffing at how easily Microsoft got off.

Though this settlement is a major victory for them, Microsoft's troubles are by no means over. First off, Orrin Hatch's committee must review the settlement within the month, and he seems a bit pissed thus far. Furthermore, there are still nine states (as of today) that aren't stupid enough to fall for such shenanigans and are pressing on with their lawsuits. And beyond that, Microsoft is being investigated for similar allegations in the European Union (which analysts seem to believe will be much more harsh in their treatment), Japan, Israel, and Brazil. Their greedy fingers span the globe, so there are sure to be many different battlefields. Here's hoping they lose on some of them.

Causes and Solutions

I've been studying corporate misbehavior for quite a while now and I guess I thought that nothing could surprise me anymore. Wow, was I wrong. It was uncovered earlier this week that Japan Tobacco, the third largest tobacco company in the world, has recently invested a good deal of money in at least three different biotech companies. Now that's not really shocking in itself—it's what these biotech companies are doing and what Japan Tobacco plans to get out of the deal that will make you cringe.

The biotech companies are all working on (and apparently relatively close to completing) a vaccine for lung cancer. It will apparently function through genetics, causing the lung cells to regenerate when attacked by cancer cells. Through their investment, Japan Tobacco will receive all marketing rights to the vaccine(s). So this means that a tobacco company will hold the exclusive rights to a vaccine for lung cancer. As the deputy director of the GeneWatch UK stated, "It's like giving Dracula exclusive rights to the blood bank."

Of course, with such a vaccine in their possession, Japan Tobacco (who make Camels, Salem, and a host of other RJRenyolds brands through licensing), will be able to sell a dangerous product and a cure to the disease that the dangerous product causes. Such a product could definitely cause the number of smokers to rise, while people believe that the dangers of smoking are now curable. However, I hope no one forgets that the lungs are only two of about ten different organs in your body that smoking can cause cancer (or other maladies, like heart disease and emphysema) in.

The American Spirit Blues

Speaking of tobacco and reasons to quit smoking, RJRenyolds announced last week that they have acquired the Santa Fe Tobacco Company, makers of the quality American Spirit brand. If anyone remembers, when I've written about the assholes at the major tobacco companies in the past, I've always stated that politically-conscious punkers, if they can't quit smoking, should at least switch to a decent brand, American Spirit being the only one I mentioned by name.

While this news solidified my own quitting, it still pisses me off that one of the last options for smokers who don't want their money to line the pockets of the corporate scumbags is gone. It seems that one can't buy anything these days without supporting either Philip Morris or RJRenyolds. How sad.

Terrorism Profiteers

It's been a couple of months since I made my predictions on those companies who would profit from the attacks on the World Trade Towers and Pentagon, so I figured it was time to take a look at how those things are shaping up.

I was a little wrong about what would happen at Boeing. When I wrote that column, I assumed that Boeing stock would go up because the airlines would get a big bailout and, as a big defense contractor, they would pick up a shit-ton of new business from government contracts. Well, the part about the government contracts was accurate and then some. Boeing has won two new contracts through the Pentagon: one where they produce a large number of cargo planes, and another where they give our military a long-term lease of a fleet of 100 air-refueling planes. The kicker about the lease is that its $22 billion price tag is about $7 billion more than what it would cost to have Boeing build the damn planes for us. When they tried to do that in the 80s, it was called a scandal. Now, with America in uber-patriot mode, anything goes if it's claimed to either fight terrorism or boost the economy. However, Boeing has lost way more revenue than I thought they would, mostly because the major airlines are hurting way more than I thought they would after the biggest bailout in airline history.

My predictions about the other defense contractors were dead on the money (no pun intended). In late October, Lockheed Martin won the biggest Pentagon contract ever to build us some new fighter jets for a grand total of $200 billion! The Institute for Southern Studies put up a few figures to remind us of exactly how large a sum of money that is. $200 billion is:

- four times the annual budget for New York City.
- $72 million more than the combined GNP of all countries in Central America combined.
- enough money to fund the entire federal Head Start program for 40 years!

All other defense contractors seem to be faring quite well, with stocks prices well above pre-9-11 levels in nearly every case.

It's a (Natural) Gas, Gas, Gas

Finally, some good news. Enron, the nation's largest supplier of natural gas, is on the brink of bankruptcy. Enron was the seventh largest company in the US in terms of revenue. They have always operated on a high level of secrecy and shadiness, even by the standards of other Fortune 500 companies. The company, and its employees, was the single largest donor to George W.'s purse during the 2000 elections. Just last year, they agreed to pay the city of Houston (their "home town") $100 million to name their brand new baseball stadium Enron Field.

Earlier this year (2001, that is), they announced that certain secret partnerships between some of their top dogs had allowed the company to keep almost $600 million of debt off their account ledgers. The company fixed the numbers back to 1997 and promised to sell off all of their money-losing enterprises. However, investors continued to dump Enron stock like bad pop-punk 7"s. This caused Dynegy Inc., a smaller rival who had been in merger talks with Enron, to back out of the deal. Before the number-fudging announcement, Enron's stock was over $85 a share (which, in the eyes of capitalists, is really fantastic). This week, the stock dipped to $.42 a share, putting them on very edge of the proverbial cliff. Analysts believe that this is the fastest that a company this large has gone under ever. Can anyone say "karmic justice?" All I can say is…one down, 499 to go.

*Well, that's it for this month. If you care to write to me, or have some interesting corporate tidbit to share, send it to Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703. If you put out a zine that you think a radical bookstore like Rainbow would want to carry, send a copy to that address too. We're in the process of doubling the size of the store, which means that the size of the zine selection gets to double as well, so if you do a zine, send it.

George
Tabb
sez
Take my life, please!

"I got you into the show tomorrow night," explains Uncle Garvey, DGeneration's publicist guy, to my answering machine. I immediately pick up the phone. "The show?" I ask him. "Oh, you're there," Uncle Garvey says to me, "why didn't you just answer the phone?" I tell him because I hate the telephone, and am avoiding people like him. "Oh," says Uncle Garvey. There is silence for a few seconds, and then Garvey speaks again. "So, the thing is, well, you kind of have to go in as a guitar tech." "Roadie?" I ask him. He tells me yes. "Oh, okay," I say, acting all annoyed, just to piss him off. Uncle Garvey is fun to annoy. I met him a couple of years ago at CBGB, and I was convinced he was the guy who played the reporter in Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven*. That actor, Saul Rubineck. He looks like that. Wire frame glasses, curly Jewish hair, and all that. My first conversation with him was about how many "units" of a band he thought he could move. He talked like the guy in that movie. And why he calls himself "Uncle" is beyond me. Probably 'cause he likes to molest all the little girls DGeneration attracts. Like "Uncle Ernie" or something. Which is not a bad thing.

"So, you'll go?" asks Uncle Garvey. "To the Garden, to see DGeneration and Kiss?" I say. "Naw, tomorrow is Thursday night, it is Must-See-TV night. See if you can have them play like the next night or something." Uncle Garvey says nothing. "I'm kidding, Garvey. Of course I'll go. I'd love to see Kiss at the Garden, and well, I guess DGen too." "Good," says Uncle Garvey, "I'll call you tomorrow and we'll set up a place to meet."

Tomorrow Uncle Garvey doesn't call and I wind up calling him. I get his "assistant," Jonna, on the phone. Eventually, she puts him on. "You didn't call me, Garvey," I say to him. He tells me he is sorry, but that things are crazy. He goes on to explain that they are having real trouble with Kiss's management and stuff, and this whole thing is turning into a nightmare. I feel bad for the guy, but don't let on. It wouldn't be punk rock. "I don't care, Garvey," I say to him, "you didn't call me, and I have important things to do." And I did. I just purchased this new game for my Super Nintendo System. It's called "Maximum Carnage." In it, you get to be Spiderman, and get to kick lots of ass. I had already reached the second level, the one where you climb the buildings, and if I was going to have to leave the house and go to the show, I wanted to know now, because in this game, there is no way to save it, so you have to start from the beginning all over again.

"Sorry, George," says Garvey. He then explains that we are to meet the band at some place called the Paramount Hotel, in midtown. In some bar in there. Then we'll all go over to the Garden together. "Cool," I tell him. "Bring your assistant, Jonna," I then say. I like her. She sounds cute over the phone. "I'll try," he says, in that sort of voice which says, "yeah, right."

So I get to midtown, and start looking for the Paramount Hotel. I know it's on 46th Street, between Broadway and 8th Avenue, but I can't seem to find the place. I walk up and down the block, see all the signs for all the plays and shit, but no Paramount. I start getting really pissed, and figure maybe I'll go to a peep-show instead. Finally, I ask some guy sitting outside the stage door of some play where the fuck the Paramount is. He points across the street to a white building with lots of windows, but no sign. I say, "that's the Paramount?" He just nods his head.

I walk up to the door of the hotel, and these guys who look like male models, in black t-shirts and baggy black pants, open the door for me. I am dressed in my leather vest, stretch jeans, and sneakers. "Ha!," I think to myself, "they think I'm somebody." As I enter the hotel, I wonder why they have no sign. Maybe it is because the hotel is so cool, they don't want to advertise it. The fucking place is probably half empty 'cause no one can find the fucking place. I guess it is the appearance that counts. Or the lack of appearance. Whatever.

I wander the hotel lobby for a bit, checking the place out. There are lots more guys with black clothes on, and they all have their hair slicked back, and some of them have ponytails. Now, if there is one thing I hate, it's a guy with a ponytail. Ponytails are sure-fire signs of assholeness. That and cowboy boots. And when worn together, well, you know the person is a dick.

I finally find the bar, and walk in. The first thing I notice is the air conditioning is on full blast. The second is Jesse Malin's, the lead singer of DGeneration's, hair. You can't miss it. It looks as if someone took an old mop that wiped up the Continental bathroom one too many times, and stuck it on a guy's head. His hair is all brown and dreaded and nappy and yucky and stuff. And long. It almost goes down to his shoulders. And the third thing I noticed was a girl who I assumed worked for the hotel with a tight t-shirt and erect nipples. I like air conditioning.

"How are ya?," says Jesse, in his Queens/Ramones accent. I tell him fine, as I also notice Danny Sage and Howie Pyro, the guitarist and bass player from the band, seated by the bar. I have known these guys for years. Years.

I think I first met Jesse at A-7. Or Max's Kansas City. I'm not sure which one. Max's Kansas City was like my all time favorite place in the world until it closed in 1982 or so. And A-7 was a blast. A-7 was on the corner of Avenue A and 7th street. It is now like a yuppie bar, but in the late, late Seventies, and early Eighties, it was a punk rock haven. Lots of bands played there, in a room the size of my bathroom. Well, my living room. The place was tiny. I remember trying to stage dive there, and hitting my head on the back wall of the club.

Anyway, I think it was there I first saw Heart Attack, Jesse's hardcore punk band. At the time, Jesse was around twelve, and he had a shaved head. All the Heart Attack songs would last like half a minute, and the band was very powerful. I remember once talking to him after a show at A-7, in Tompkins Square Park. I think it was a night a bunch of Boston bands played as well, because as we were talking, this little eight year-old bald headed kid in huge boots walked up to us, and on his head, written in magic marker, were the words, "Boston Sucks." Jesse introduced me to the kid. He explained that the kid was named Harley. Harley later went on to be in a band called The Stimulators, and then, the Cro-Mags.

Jesse and I talked about lots of things that night in Tompkins Square. We talked about the difference between punk rock in Florida and in New York. We talked about the political climate in a Reagan-era America, and we talked about girls. I was impressed that this kid knew so much, and was so, umm, what is the word, umm, articulate. I was also impressed with his sex drive. I don't even think I knew what girls were all about at that age. I don't think I know now.

"Ya ready for the big show?" asks Jesse, as he sips his beer, at the bar in the Paramount. I tell him that I look forward to seeing him play at the Garden, and congratulations. He tells me that everyone is congratulating him, and he doesn't understand why. He says that he's been playing gigs forever, has lots of records out, and now everyone is congratulating him. I tell him that he is playing Madison Square Garden, for Christ's sake. He nods his head, and takes another sip of his beer.

The second band I remember seeing Jesse in was called Hope. Well, actually, at first it was called Jesse Malin and Hope. I remember seeing them on Avenue B, and 10th Street. In a rehearsal space. The same rehearsal space that the False Prophets rehearsed in. A band I was in at the time. We used to share the room with Jesse and his band, and lots of times I would sit in on their rehearsals. And they were a good fucking band. Not really punk rock, as much as just straight ahead rock. I think they even had keyboards in the band. I remember once seeing them at some club on 9th street near Avenue C. Jesse was running around like a wild man, and all these young girls were like going crazy over him. I was jealous.

"You gonna mention Hope, and how you thought we sounded like Springsteen?" asks Jesse, and then asks if I want a drink from the bar. I tell him sure I'll mention Springsteen, and no to the drink. It is too early in the day. I figured I had plenty of time to get drunk. Besides, I really didn't want a head-ache by the time Kiss went on. I'd let them do that for me.

"You been to Lakeside Lounge?" asks Jesse. I ask him what that is. He explains it is a bar, on Avenue B and 10th Street. I tell him that is where we used to rehearse. He says it is the same place, and the bathroom is exactly the same. I begin to wonder if my issue of *Playboy* with Sheena Easton is still in there. I wonder if all the roaches, cigarette butts, cum stains, and crack vials are there as well. The place was disgusting. And I think it was because of my band, not Jesse's.

Eventually I get a Diet Coke, and then walk over to say hello to Danny and his big blonde hair. He is happy to see me, and we hug one another. I really like the guy. I remember seeing him in Heart Attack, with Jesse, and in Hope as well. It kinda seems that Danny has been Jesse's side man for years. I remember seeing them play together many times, and I tell Danny this. He tells me that he and Jesse love to play and create together. In his voice I hear a sincereness that first attracted me to Danny years ago.

Danny has always been into rock and roll. Ever since he was little. He was very young when he was in Heart Attack, like Jesse, and was always on the scene. Every show I'd go to, I'd see him there. He knew all the bands, and all the kids who hung out. He always wore a smile, and always seemed happy to see all his friends. And he seems no different now.

"You happy to be playing the Garden?" I ask him. He explains to me that it doesn't matter where he is playing. He goes on to tell me that playing music has been a dream come true, and that he is just happy to have gigs. He says that things haven't changed at all. That he always plays one hundred percent, whether it is The Continental or The Garden. And he means it. His eyes say it. His smile says it.

After Danny and I talk a bit more, I wander over and say hello to Howie Pyro, the bass player. Howie is another guy I've known for quite a while. He was in an early punk band called The Blessed, and later on played with one of my all time favorite New York bands, The Action Swingers. Howie has an amazing stage presence, and in my opinion, is the punkest member of DGeneration. He has got spiky black hair, crystal blue eyes, and an "I don't give a shit about anything" attitude. When he plays, he bops his head up and down, and wears a mean smile that'll scare Satan.

"You excited about tonight?" I ask him, as I have asked the other guys in the band. Howie just looks at me with that Stiv Bator's "fuck you" look. Punk Rock.

Eventually everyone finishes their drinks, and some guy with the beginning of a bald spot tells the band it is time to get to the Garden. I ask one of the band guys who that is, and he explains it is their road manager. It figures. The guy looks like a road manager. Like a younger version of Monty, the Ramones road manager. Like that road manager guy I saw for AC/DC. Or that guy I remember with Lords Of The New Church. All those guys had bald spots too, and all liked pushing the bands around. I think maybe they are guys who couldn't "succeed" in their own bands, so they took up babysitting bands instead. They still got to be in the "business." But I think they also got to lose their hair from all the stress.

As I pile into a cab with the guys in DGen, I notice the drummer, Michael Wildwood, for the first time that day, getting in the cab with us. I'm not sure if he was in the bar before, but he was in the cab now. Michael is a very quiet sort of guy, and doesn't say much. He wears tight leather pants all the time, and has a Johnny Thunders hair-cut. He looks like a poster boy for the St. Marks/East Village revivalist punk rock scene. And he has a nice smile. Like his brother in the band, Danny.

As we make our way to the Garden, Jesse keeps telling the driver to keep up with the cab in front of us. The cab carrying their balding road manager. He tells the driver that if he does, there is a good tip in it for him. The driver tells Jesse he knows where Madison Square Garden is, and not to worry. Jesse tells the driver to just follow that cab.

We arrive at the Garden, and as I get out of the car, I hear Jesse ask the other guys in the cab if they got any money to pay for the ride over. They all start taking out one dollar bills, and change, and stuff, and I get out before I have to give them anything.

We walk past hundreds of cops and guards, and in through a side door of the Garden. I remark to the band that this place is bigger than A-7. Danny says, "a little."

We are stopped by some guard guys at a huge desk, and the balding road manager explains to them that these guys are DGeneration, Kiss's opening band. The guard looks over at us, kinda sneers, then tells us to go inside. We follow the balding guy as he keeps yelling "this way," and finally end up in an elevator with an old dude who is wearing a white suit and a matching cowboy hat. He is smoking a cigar thicker than my dick, and says, "How you boys doin?" We just look at him. He gets off at a floor before us, and I remark to the band that he probably owns the place. Someone on the elevator says that he thinks he does.

As we step out of the elevator, I get a good look at who is the DGeneration entourage. It is me, the band, the balding road manager, Rizzo, the big bouncer guy from Coney Island High who doesn't like to let me in for free, and this little guy with cut-off shorts, a very loud green paisley shirt, sandals, and curly red hair. I ask him his name and he tells me it is Marco. I ask him if he is in the band, even though I knew he wasn't. I was kinda kidding around. He laughs, and tells me no, that he is just the hair dresser. It figures.

"This way, this way!" the balding guy keeps saying as we walk down concrete hall after concrete hall. It was kinda like that scene in Spinal Tap, where the band can't find the stage. We all start to say, "Hello Cleveland!" but finally we make it to the dressing room. Well, what appears to be the dressing room. Outside the door of the room was a small white piece of paper that said "Support Act." Danny and Jesse start bitching that in every other town, they have their name on the door.

We walk into what appears to be an oversized broom closet with no air-conditioning. It is very hot. There is a single table, about three chairs, and a tub of ice. Immediately the band starts whining about having no food and nothing to drink. They tell the road manager that this is unacceptable, and to take care of it. He tells the band that he is really sorry, and that he'll get on it right away. He also tells the band to make up a set list for tomorrow night's show at "Irvine." Jesse explains that it is "Irving." The balding guy nods his head.

The band makes itself as comfortable as it can, with no A/C, nothing to drink, and only blank walls to stare at. We start to talk about how the tour with Kiss has been going so far, when a guy walks in the door with girl in a green cut-off shirt, and green matching dress pants. I ask Danny who the guy is, and he says it is their manager, John. I ask who the girl is, and am told that it is John's wife, Penny. She looks very Long Island. And kinda sounds that way too.

"How is everything?" asks their manager, oblivious to the fact that the band is in an over-heated broom closet with nothing to drink. Then I get a good look at the guy. First I start with his face. Well, his hair. He is wearing a ponytail. Uh-oh. Then I see he is wearing a black jacket, white shirt, and jeans. That's okay. Then I see what he has on his feet. Cowboy boots. This guy is an asshole. I begin to think DGeneration are in real trouble. So what if they are on a major label, have a nice following, and are playing the Garden. They are managed by a guy with a ponytail who wears cowboy boots. Yikes. They could end up at a dive like A-7 pretty quick.

Jesse tells his manager that there is no food and drink, and that he and the band are hungry. The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots tells them to go upstairs to the commissary, get lunch, and when they come back down, he'll have taken care of everything. As we are about to leave, Uncle Garvey and his black rubber pants come walking in. He asks Jesse where everyone is going, and Jesse says, "to eat." Garvey says "good," and starts to make his way out the door. He is stopped by the manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots, who tells him, and the band, that only the band can eat, because they have laminated passes. He says that me and Garvey and Marco can't eat, because our passes are only "Support Act" stickers. We go with the band anyway.

We wander the concrete halls once again, saying "Hello Cleveland." At some point we enter the main part of the Garden, and I get a good look at the place. It is fucking huge. The stage stretches from the middle of the floor all the way to the back of the floor. I mean huge. Behind the stage is large light set that spells out "Kiss." On stage are a bunch of guys with walkie talkies vacuuming and shit. I then remember the last time when I was at the Garden. It was a Slayer show. That night, the audience ripped out all the seats, and threw M-80s at each other. I hoped this night would be more of the same, but at $85 dollars a ticket, my guess was that they would behave themselves, and act their age. Oh well.

We finally make it to a small room where a bunch of tables are set up. We walk in and are told by a woman with large breasts and nice nipples that we are early and the food is not ready yet. I remark in private how nice her nipples are to Howie, who tells me that I must be a journalist to have noticed such a thing. I ask him if he noticed. He just gave me that Stiv Bators look. Punk Rock.

We exit the food room, and wander around a bit. Somehow we end up at a counter where they are selling Kiss merchandise for amounts of money I can not believe are possible. $25 dollars for t-shirts, $150 for Kiss books, and $650 for leather jackets and platinum records. The employees ask us if we are the band, and Danny tells them we are DGeneration, the opening band. I look at myself in the mirror behind the counter. I am wearing my leather vest and black jeans, but my hair is short, and bleached blonde. I wonder how they could mistake me for a member of the band. Either band. I don't have the hair for it.

Finally it is time, and we get into the commissary. The band gets food and starts to eat. So does Garvey. I don't. I'm afraid that someone will yell at me. They've done it before. Once, when False Prophets opened for the Ramones, me and our then roadie, Anthony, ate some of the Ramones' green beans. One of the guys caught us, and yelled to Monty, their road manager with a bald spot, "Monty, Monty, those guys are eating our green beans." Monty yelled at me so bad that I felt like I wanted to go up to my room and hide under the covers.

So, I'm watching the band eat and getting really hungry. I'm also listening to John, the manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots, tell the band that they owe him lots of money for the tickets they purchased, and that he'd like the money. Now. It turns out that each guy in the band only got five people on the guest list, so all of them had to pay for their relatives and friends. At $85 a pop. Shit, I wouldn't pay three bucks at Continental for my family and friends.

Finally I break down and ask Garvey if I too can get some food. He tells me to go for it. I get some salad, but try not to let the manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots see me. I kinda face away from him, and try to eat real quick.

As I take my third bite, Jesse announces that it is time to go back to the dressing room. As he leaves, the manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots announces that the band is supposed to vacate the dressing room fifteen minutes after their set. Garvey asks him why, and he explains that Kiss wants the whole place to themselves. They don't want anyone else even nearby. Nice guys, I think.

I walk into the broom closet with Danny and Michael, and there we find Jesse, sitting in a chair, with Marco fussing over his hair. I wish I had a camera. Jesse keeps running into the bathroom to see what Marco has done to his hair, and when the balding road manager walks into the room, Jesse asks if he can please get a mirror.

Eventually the band and Garvey go for a walk, and tell me and Marco to wait in the dressing room. Marco does, and I go out into the hall to check out all the activity. I hear Kiss on stage, tuning up and playing "Strutter" and stuff. I see a bunch of guys walking around with cameras. Big ones. I walk up to one of the guys with a huge video camera and check it out. It has the CNN logo on it. The guy sees me looking at his camera, and asks what I am doing back here. I tell him I am here with DGeneration. He says, "well, shouldn't you be with them, then?" I say, "shouldn't you be covering plane wrecks or something?" He just sneers. Jerk.

I return to the dressing room, and it is way too fucking hot, so I go back out into the hall. I run into a guy that looks really familiar. And he is with a really pretty girl. I ask him where I know him from. Maybe he was a TV star or a movie star, and just I thought I knew him. I sometimes do that. He tells me from San Loco on Second Avenue. "Oh," I say, "Good tacos."

We get to talking, and they both tell me they are here because she is doing the make-up for Ron Delsner. "The promoter guy?" I ask her. She explains that she is doing his make up like a guy in Kiss. As she is telling me this, some old looking guy in a black suit comes walking by. He looks like someone outta *Goodfellas*. He says to her, "You ready?." She nods her head and follows him. I say to the San Loco guy, "Ron Delsner?" He nods his head.

I go back into the dressing room and hang out with Marco. We start to talk about hair and stuff, and he tells me I need to cut my eyebrows. I go into the bathroom and look, and he is right. They are getting too long. Starting to curl up. I exit the bathroom and am about to ask Marco to cut them for me, when Ron Delsner quickly comes walking in. He walks to the center of the room. Looks around, and sees me, Marco, three chairs, and a tub of ice. "How's the ice?," he asks, with all seriousness. I look at Marco. Marco looks at me. "It's fine," we say in unison. Delsner nods his head, gives us the thumbs up sign, and says, "good!." And with that, he walks out the door. Me and Marco just shrug our shoulders.

Eventually the band comes back, and a couple of them keep saying "Bow wow wow, yippie yo yippie yay!" I ask them what they're singing, and Danny tells me it is some rap song. I tell them Ron Delsner just came in. Danny says, "Bow wow wow, yippie yo yippie yay!"

The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots comes back, and the band asks where the food and beverages are, and how come their stuff isn't on stage yet. The band was due to go on in less than two hours, and were kind of getting nervous. The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots says he'll take care of it. Someone tells him to get the A/C fixed while he's at it.

A few minutes later some big guy in a green work outfit, and this little old lady, come walking in. He stands on a chair, feels the air-conditioning vent, and announces it is working. Just not very well. The lady agrees. The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots asks them for a fan, and they says they'll get one. Jesse reminds them about the mirror, too.

While we all sit around waiting for the fan, Michael hits his drum sticks against an empty snare stand, and listens to his tiny little ghetto blaster he purchased for six dollars before the show. Michael seems very happy and content. His smile and nice attitude show it. Drummers.

The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots starts to get kind of nervous and begins to pace around the broom closet. He opens the door to the bathroom, looks in, and points out, "This is the bathroom." Everyone just looks at him. Finally the fan and mirror arrive, and a few minutes later, the food, and beverages do, too.

The food is a box of Frosted Flakes, and a package of chewy chocolate chip cookies. The beverages are some Diet Cokes, and Bud Lights. The band immediately starts to bitch that they don't like Bud Light, and I tell them I'm with them. The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots calls someone in, and orders some "rock." Wow, slang for Rolling Rock. Bow wow wow, yippie yo yippie yay.

Time passes slowly as the band discusses the set for the night, and how they have to tip the monitor and sound guys from Kiss so they can sound good. They also keep asking their road manager with the bald spot when their stuff will be set up on stage. Finally it is, and some of the band leaves the room. This gives me a good chance to talk with Jesse again.

"People have been calling me like crazy," Jesse explains as he sips a Bud Light. "People I haven't heard from in like 15 years. They tell me congratulations, and then ask if I can get them in to see Kiss. People who used to be bullies when I was a kid are calling me. People I hate." I nod my head.

"They keep saying congratulations about playing the Garden. I've been around playing for a long time. I'm getting sick of everyone saying congratulations. And also saying we are lucky. We want to have t-shirts printed up that say 'Congratulations' on the back, just so we don't have to hear it."

I ask Jesse what is in-store for the band and he tells me they plan to do more recording, a video, and a lot more touring. He says that a lot of people think he is lucky because DGeneration is doing well. We both agree that Jesse got where he is through years of hard work and dedication. I ask him now that he is playing the Garden, was it all worth it. "Of course it was worth it," he answers, "What else am I gonna do, anyway? Drive a van like I used to? Drive bands to play the Garden?"

As we are talking, Rick Bacchus, the other guitarist in the band, finally arrives. I was wondering earlier, at the bar, where he was, but forgot all about him. Rick sees everyone and says hello. Jesse asks Rick how the "internet interview" went. It turns out Rick was in some other room somewhere doing a live, online interview. Rick says that everything went well, but I can sense some kind of tension between him and Jesse. Bands. What else is new.

I start to talk to Rick, and he tells me he too, is glad to be here. He is wearing a green button up shirt, not much unlike the one Marcos is wearing. I ask him if he is gonna wear it on stage and he says yes. That's punk rock. But I guess Rick always was.

I first met Rick almost ten years ago. He was playing in a band called Sprocket, which was later called Viva La Wattage. He had long brown hair, and I thought he was the best metal/punk guitarist alive. Actually, Marc Rentzer, my old guitarist from Letch Patrol, and I, thought that. We'd go see every show Rick would play, and worship him from the side of the stage. We also liked his singer, Bridgette, who is now in New York Loose, but that is another story. Marc and I would give Rick the devil sign with our fingers and bop our heads up and down while he played. I think Beavis and Butthead stole that from us.

Anyway, it turns out that Rick is from England, and he has this cute little accent. And it's not just me who thinks so. All the girls in the East Village do as well. He also has this cute little dog that he walks around, and everyone always goes, "awwww!" It is hard to tell who is cuter, Rick or his dog.

As Rick and I talk, I see a tall black costumed figure walk by, outside in the hall. I run out, and see Gene Simmons. In full devil make-up. Wow. He's tall. But skinnier than I remember. I yell to the band to come out into the hall and look at Gene Simmons. They do. Then I see the girl who did Ron Delsner's make-up walking behind Gene Simmons. I yell to her "hello," hoping she'll introduce me to one of my childhood idols.

"Hi," she says back, "like my make-up job?" I suddenly realize that it is not Gene Simmons I am looking at, it is Ron Delsner. Doh. Delsner struts up ahead, kind of swaggering his hips, towards Kiss's dressing room, which we are not even allowed near. I tell the girl she did a great job.

I walk back into the dressing room, and Marcos is at it again doing Jesse's hair. This time, in front of a mirror. Also, Rick's girlfriend has shown up, and she is doing his make-up. She does a great job, and he looks very good. And everyone is drinking Rolling Rock, which means the good beer has arrived.

I open a "rock," and then Danny offers me a shot of some expensive liquor. I take the bottle happily, and then chug some down. I feel the warm rush of whisky go down the back of my throat, and it feels good. I take another shot. Danny tells me to slow down, and save him some. Oops.

The road manager with the bald spot announces to the band that they go on in less then half an hour. DGeneration seems to get visibly nervous, and don't say much. They all seem to be in their own little worlds. Suddenly I see a tall black-clad figure out in the hall, and know it is a member of Kiss. I run out there and look. It is only Ron Delsner, with a bunch of CNN people. He poses for the camera, and they take pictures of him, and interview him. Then I see someone else in black clothes and make-up. It's one of the guys in Kiss. He walks up to Delsner and shakes his hand. I ask one of the camera men who wasn't mean to me which guy in Kiss that is. I mean, it didn't look like Ace Freely. It wasn't Paul Stanley, and I don't remember Peter Criss looking like that. He says that it is Slater, the other promoter, and not a member of Kiss. Oh.

Eventually it nears eight o'clock, time for DGeneration to play Madison Square Garden. I think I am as nervous as them. I mean, I have seen these guys grow up through the punk scene, and I really want them to succeed. I want them to play well, and blow Kiss the fuck off stage. The road manager with the bald spot comes walking up to me and explains nicely that I should go up to the stage now, if I want to watch from there. I tell him I will, and thanks. Somehow I had begun to like the guy. I don't know why. Maybe it was just because he wants DGeneration to do well, too.

I made my way past all these really tall security guards to the stage. I couldn't believe the fucking size of it. It was like the fucking size of the entire CBGB's. Next to the stage was the monitor guy, and next to him, a stair case leading up. I walked up the stairs, and stood on the side of the stage. I could hardly see all the way across. I looked out into the audience and saw lots of people in Kiss make-up. But no one dressed like

DGeneration. Not even a wig. Oh well.

As I stood on the stage, some Kiss roadie guy comes walking by and says, "Who the hell are you?" I tell him I am here with DGeneration. He says, "So?" I say "so" back to him. He then informs me that I can't stand where I am, because I am in the way, and how the hell did I get back here anyway. I tell him the band got me back here, and that I am writing a story about it. "I don't give a fuck," he says, "get the hell out of here." I nod my head, and walk away mad. What a jerk. Now where was I gonna stand? How was I gonna see the band. I walk down the stairs and see someone in make-up backstage. A member of Kiss. I'll go ask him, I figure. I make my way toward the tall guy in black clothes, and then realize, that once again, it's Ron Delsner.

I start to make my way toward the dressing room, and see an older woman in the audience wearing a DGeneration t-shirt. I figure it is someone's mom. I say hello to her, and tell her I am here with the band. She says that she is here with Jesse's dad, and drags him over to meet me. I ask Mr. Malin if he is happy to be here, and he says, "I told Jesse I wouldn't see him play unless it was at the Garden. I've seen him play before, so, I guess I reneged. But, what do you know, here he is!" I looked at his smile, and it said "proud dad" all over it.

I decided not to go to the dressing room, but back to the stage. Fuck the roadie guys. I'd ignore them. Besides, the band was due to go on in less than five minutes.

As I got backstage again, I looked at all the guitars lined up on a wardrobe/case thing. It was the right side of the stage, so I guess they were Ace Freely's guitars. Underneath each guitar was a label. The labels said things like "Brown," "Mirror," "Rhine," and "V." I think there were six guitars, and they all looked the same. Except for the flying V. "Wow, Kiss's guitars," I thought to myself. Just then the same Kiss roadie guy comes walking by, and sees me admiring the guitars. "What the fuck are you doing back here? I thought I told you to get lost," he says to me. I tell him I'll stay out of the way. "You better," he says to me, and gives me this really nasty look. Then he makes some comment to one of the sound guys about how he hates opening bands. Dick.

So a few minutes pass, and I keep looking at Kiss's guitars. No one is looking, so I touch one of them. Wow. I touched Kiss's guitar. It felt all hard and stuff. But smooth. Then I decided I'd be brave, and touch the strings that Kiss played on. I did. They felt like strings. Wow. Just like I played on. Still no one saw me. I kept admiring the guitars, gloating to myself that I touched them. Suddenly I am bumped into real hard, from behind. I turn around and it is the Kiss roadie dick. I think he did it on purpose. "I told you to watch the fuck out," he says to me, "and don't get too close to those guitars, I'm in charge around here." I nod my head, and think to myself how I'd like to take one of those guitars and shove it so far up his ass, that the tuning keys come out of his mouth.

The roadie guys leaves, and the lights start to dim. DGeneration is due to go on in about a minute, and no one is looking. So, to myself, I say, "take that," and then I twist some of the tuning keys on each guitar. Fucker. That'll show him. They'll yell at him like Johnny Ramone used to yell at me when I sent him on stage with an out of tune guitar.

Suddenly I hear the audience applauding, and the members of DGeneration rush past me, and up on stage. I follow them up the stairs, and watch them grab their guitars and stuff and start making noise.

"What's happening New York?" Jesse asks, and the crowd applauds wildly. DGeneration kick into their first song, "Scorch," and they kick total ass. The band then continues the set, and every thing goes very smoothly. The guys in the band jump around a lot, and Jesse sings his heart out. I am on Danny's side of the stage, so I see him run around all over, and go nuts. I can see on the other side of what seems like the ocean, Rick and Howie doing the same thing. Well, Rick, anyway. Howie just kinda stands there nodding his head up and down, being the punk rock god that he is.

The set finishes with "Degenerated," and during that song, Jesse runs around and puts on a show that would have made Stiv Bators or Darby Crash, proud. The guy can really perform, and I think he was born to play rock and roll. Either that, or be a life-support system for hair.

After the set, I follow the band back to the dressing room. As we make our way down the concrete halls, hearing the crowd cheering from the set they have just seen, we start with the "Hello Cleveland" bit again. As we get near the dressing room, I finally see Gene Simmons standing near the Kiss dressing room. I guess he was getting ready to go on. I say hello to him, and then realize, that once again, it is only Ron Delsner. Delsner says hello back to me, and then sticks out his tongue like Gene Simmons. Whatever.

We return to the broom closet, where the band falls back into chairs and catches their breath. Me and Marco and Rizzo tell them how good they were, and they just kind of wave us off, really overheated. The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots walks in, and tells the guys he thought they were great. He then says that some woman from some label wants to come in and say hello. Jesse tells the manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots that he needs a few minutes to cool down and catch his breath. The manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots tries to talk Jesse into just letting her in for a few moments, and finally Jesse agrees. As soon as the door opens, the flood of people begins.

I start to feel uncomfortable around the band, and feel like I should give them some time alone, so I leave the room, and walk out into the circus, which used to be a hallway. There are tons of people out there, and they are all waiting to say "hi" to the band. I see lots of familiar faces, and someone introduces me to Rick's sister, who flew in from England for the show. I ask her if she has seen Rick play before, and she says that this was the first time. Wow.

I see a commotion at the end of the hall, and walk toward it. As I do so, I am kinda not looking where I am going, and bump into the chest of a guy with nice shoes. I look up, and see Donald Trump. "Oops," I say, wondering if he remembers me from the time I did the same thing to him at the Bowery Bar. He just smiled at me, and kept walking. Again, his body guards gave me a nasty look.

I got to the end of the hall and saw Ron Delsner. Still dressed like Gene Simmons. He had his arms around like five girls, and everyone was taking pictures. I swear I saw him touch a couple of the girl's asses as he stuck out his tongue and did his Gene Simmons impression. After he got tired of posing, he signed autographs, and then he let all the girls kiss him, then walked away, toward me. I said "hello" to him again, since we were becoming such good friends. "I love show business," he said back, and then ran past me to some blonde girl who had a tattoo of each member of Kiss on her breast, which she wore out, proudly.

I made my way toward the DGeneration closet again, and ran into Howie, who introduced me to his parents. They looked like a couple of nice old Jews from Florida or something. Howie told them I was doing a story about them and Howie's father told me that this whole thing was "dreamsville."

"We're proud of our son," Howie's dad said. "Before this show, and after. It doesn't matter that he is playing Madison Square Garden. He could be playing anywhere and we'd be proud. We love our son." And I could see it on both their faces as we were interrupted by a zillion photographers who all wanted pictures of Howie with his parents.

I went back into the closet, which by now, was as much of a circus as the hall. I was introduced to Danny and Michael's mom, who told me, "I never thought I'd live too see the day my boys play Madison Square Garden. I cried almost the whole set." Parents. Sheesh.

I took a beer, did a shot of the expensive whisky, and went back into the hall where I saw Ron Delsner with his arm around even more women, still sticking out his tongue, and copping feels left and right. I was jealous. I figured I should go look for that girl who did his face, and maybe she'll do mine. But I couldn't find her.

Suddenly I heard a voice from the stage say, "You wanted the best and you got it, the hottest band in the land, Kiss!" just like on the Kiss alive album. Then I heard a sour guitar note, and smiled to myself. Kiss kicked into their first song, "Deuce," and I made my way out onto the floor to get a good look at them.

I was kinda shocked when I saw them. They all looked, well, old. Even with all that make up on. Gene Simmons looked like he had five chins, especially when they shot him on the big screen with a low angle. Hell, Ron Delsner looked better than him. And the rest of the guys? Well Paul Stanley looked as if he had been putting monoxidil on his chest to grow hair, Peter Criss played the drums about as hard as a flaccid penis, and Ace Freely took baby steps as he strutted across the stage. I bet they weren't letting us near Kiss's dressing room 'cause they didn't want us to see all the walkers and wheelchairs.

As I watch my childhood heroes play, I realized something. They were the Power Rangers of my time. The uniforms, the cheesy actions, and even the songs. What's the difference between the lyrics "I wanna rock and roll all night" and "Go go Power Rangers!" Maybe I was just getting old. But then I realized it wasn't me. It was them. It's time for the Rock and Roll Nursing Home, if ya ask me.

I walked back to the DGeneration room to have one last beer, and then take off. As I did so, I thought about how good DGen was that night, and how Kiss sounded like a bad cover band of themselves. I ran into Danny and Michael's mom once more, who told me that she preferred the music of Frank Sinatra, Cab Calloway, or Vic Damone, to this Kiss nonsense. She said that with those guys, you could really sing along. But this, this was noise.

I also ran into Scot Ian, from Anthrax, and Sebastion Bach, from Skid Row. They were both making the scene, and scamming on Kiss's groupies. Like Ron Delsner. Only they weren't wearing any make-up, so they weren't getting half the action old Ron was.

I said good-bye and thanked the band, as well as the balding road manager, and even the manager with the ponytail and cowboy boots. They could have been bigger dicks, but weren't. Hey, they let me drink as much as I wanted.

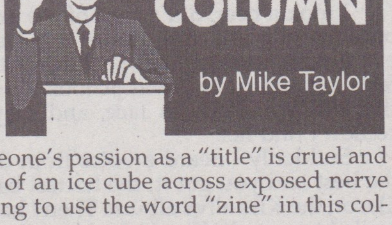
I also said good-bye to Garvey and his rubber pants, and to Jonna, Garvey's assistant with the pink hair, who finally did get in to see the show, after all. I said good bye to Jesse's parents, Howie's parents, Rick's sister and girlfriend, and to my pal, Marcos the hair guy. He reminded me to trim my eyebrows. I said good-bye to everyone. I had had a good time.

As I made my way out to the street, some girl saw my "Support Act" patch. The non-laminated thing that really said, "no food for you." She asked me if I was with Kiss, and then said she really liked them. I looked at her, and in her eyes, I could see that she really did. Poor thing. I took off the patch, and stuck it on her chest. I explained to her it was a backstage pass. She screamed, just about fainted, then kissed me on the cheek and made her way backstage. If she was lucky, maybe she'd get felt up by Ron Delsner, and maybe even get his autograph. I love show business. Bow wow wow, yippie yo yippie yay.

Take My Life, Please.

1. hungwell@georgetabb.com
2. The above story took place a few years back, obviously. Dgeneration has long since broken up. They were and are really nice guys, and I hear they all have new projects now. Hopefully they've learned something from the above "experience."
3. Oh, and Kiss still blows dog dick.
4. Cool bands I've seen and heard lately are The Kick, The Gamp's new band, and Civic Minded Five, not to mention Toys That Kill!

Burn the Whole Thing Down, Except the Parts That I Like



Why is it that I pay less and less attention to zines? I couldn't name five titles I read on a regular basis, which is especially odd since titles are multiplying exponentially. And yeah, referring to someone's passion as a "title" is cruel and reductive, almost as much of an ice cube across exposed nerve as how many times I'm going to use the word "zine" in this column. Ugh.

However, I wouldn't use that term "title" in reference to the honestly unique, crafty, and sometimes ugly creations scribbled and pasted into life in cluttered bedrooms, diners, and coffee shops across the punk scene in the two decades past. These real zines are not just an abbreviated word for magazine, but an entirely different entity, not to be taken so seriously. It's completely serious. It's really scrappy. It's razor sharp. *Title* is like *MRR*, or *Flipside*[1] , or *Punk Planet*—like when a publication could possibly be located on an invoice or a stock sheet somewhere. But I don't use the shorthand pejoratively in reference to larger, more established zines. I'm talking about the lowest common denominator scum, born of flippant indy label ad budgets underwritten by major distro deals honed in the mid 90s with the accessibility of desktop publishing.

Of course, it would be elitist and pedantic of me to penalize "zine editors[2]" for having never had to use a copy machine in a gas station, for for having rushed to use the latest scam tip before every DIY cretin ran their mouth off and ruined it for all of us. We all know that punks are never elitist or pedantic. Or sarcastic.

I'm focusing this particular childish, insular, esoteric lamentation on the glossy drivel that seems compose the majority of distros and newsstands of late; the music-focused rags that are both an extension of the sorry state of the "underground" and pioneers of a new level of slippshoddity. Why, Sir, you may ask, do you hold these publications, these titles, as such an evil? I'll tell you. It's not just the lack of creativity in layout, the carbon copy *Newsweek* aesthetic gleaned from lazy days in high school yearbook class. sniffing rubber cement and drawing moustaches on the photographs of kids nerdier than themselves (yearbook is to fanzine as drama club is to punk band. Apologies and respect to Soophie Nun Squad); it's not just the doting coverage of the same 13 bands that range all the way from 4 to 5 boys singing catchy songs about girls that just don't get it to much more aggressive songs sung by 4 to 5 boys singing about other boys who just don't get it (that, as you know, includes the cops, "the government," or the songwriter himself, in a rare moment of crystalline self deprecation and henceforth, salvation); it's not just the lazy, unresearched and horrendously misspelled rants about matters of public concern *or even* the still pervasive misogyny and just plain stupiditee of these people who feel they must *express themselves* in print (and don't worry, none of the irony is lost on me thus far[3]). My gripe with Zinedom lies not just in any or the sum of these formidable infractions; no, most of these factors have been an integral part of the print arm of the punk scene from the get-go; I'm trying not to be romantic about this. The premier thorn in my side, the stick in my craw, the number one wet turd in my fresh, clean laundry is the predilection towards the digital.

That's right. Predictably enough, my main concern with the health and vitality of independent publishing's genitalia is the moist urethra of electronic ("we call it E") composition and distribution. In essence, word processing software was designed to help people like zine editors; it is a versatile and nimble technology. The ease with which editorial functions may be executed frees up the more spontaneous of creative impulses, while the grammatical crutches which Microsoft has kindly provided may be the gentle push towards complete linguistic entropy realized (The day is not far off when grammar and basic usage isn't even taught in public schools, just as many of us currently can't carry out the mental gymnastics of triple digit multiplication. After all, we have calculators). But hey man, what do language skills and organization of thoughts into intelligible order have to do with making a zine?

There was a time not long ago when my answer to that question could've been, "very little." I remember my friend Whitney showing me her file cabinet full of zines. She ran a rad, small distro out of Portland, and carried stuff by girls and women from all over. Dozens of titles, some of which are still around, some of whose editors are hot shots in the music business, many who seem to have just disappeared. But I remember that for that moment I was so energized in front of that stupid mountain of paper. It wasn't even good paper, it was regular white 60 lb stock from Kinko's. Not even bought from Kinko's. The fantastic thing was that these people had the gall to express themselves in a very public manner, all the while paving the way for friendships and further forays into the solidification of a *voice.* All the things that punk rock was supposed to do, with all the flaws and dirt that punk rock was supposed to have (I'd even say that no matter the aesthetic, once your punk doesn't have the dirt and the flaws, it becomes something else altogether...) was being done in print.

No amount of technical fortitude could've made this passion any more real.

Now when your labor of love becomes so thin and cold that the dominant voice it projects is shit and error (as oppose to charm and urgency), I'd say there is a problem; and I don't know why we've seen such an overwhelming defection to the desktop publishing format, replete with the same damn ads and the same interviews and the same boring digital layout full of sharp, clean lines and earthquake-shattered fonts, *but I fucking despise the whole thing*. The question I want to pose to the creative masterminds that have retreated to the exact perfection of the digital is this: Is it fun? How's your deadline? Any good promos? And most importantly, are you familiar with the term *simulacra*? Where do you think the effects from Photoshop come from? How did Pagemaker become the industry standard? And why are you going along with it? Do you want your fanzine, your underground journal of dissonant music and dissident culture, to look like *Details*? Or do you just want some microscopic version of fame that will be forgotten before that band that's been soliciting you for interviews in *punk&hardcore.foofoo*? Do you want to make a living with your zine? Are you just working within the underground context because you have no idea how to or are to lazy to start a "real," capital-M magazine, like the way bands work now?

Of course I can't objectively measure passion or dedication or even interest in your subject matter. However, I do know the difference between Articles of Faith and Jones Very. Or UOA and The Convocation of. Or the two Uniform Choice LPs. *Banned in DC* and *Quickness*. Or the two Darrens from *Bewitched*. The Impressions with and without Curtis. You know what I'm saying.[4] The shining path is formulaic and trite. Just as with romantic endeavor, the wooing never stops; keeping the underground vital necessarily means trying the new, never letting technology, fashion, or comfort dictate your parameters. Pretend, if it helps, that computers are cops (that is, unless you're a *shithead* and you *like* cops); sometimes, laws are good and, in all fairness, maybe a cop really is just trying to help. Chances are, though, he's just doing a job that exists to keep your possibilities limited, challenging your self worth, and trying to fool you into thinking that you need him. Fuck that. Do it yourself.

[1] (1) Ha, I said Flipside! Does anyone read Flipside anymore?

[2] (2) I think it's rad that *Cometbus* consistently refers to itself as a magazine or fanzine, and Jessica Hopper refers to *Hit it or Quit* it as a "magazineses." I endorse both.

[3] (3) You can order my zine, Totally ShitDog, from PO Box 28226, Providence, RI 02906 for two postcard stamps

[4] (4) I could write this list all day, I'm just so into my own opinions!

Another wasteD NIGHT with
MIKE THORN

So, I recently got back from a trip to Europe with Harum Scarum (thanks kids!). I spent two weeks locked in a van, leeching off them as they trucked around the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Poland, Germany, and Holland. I saw totally amazing bands like Wasted (Finland), Innoxia Coporra (Czech—quite possibly one of the best bands I've seen in years, get their LP at all costs!), Attitude (Slovakia), Stracony (Poland), Mihoen (Holland), and of course the mighty Seein Red (Holland) and met amazing people, half of whom I can't even remember their names. This was my second time to Europe in two years and it still amazes me how far behind the US punk scene is when it come to everything from level of show organization to really taking the things we write about in our songs and zines seriously and truly working towards creating some sort of real alternative way of thinking and living, as opposed to the one that is shoved down our throats on a daily basis. I mean, just driving up to the Kopi in Berlin totally floored me. It's this huge—formerly squatted, now legal—space which is about eight or nine stories high, has tons of living space, a massive show space that can hold around 500-700 people, a bar and probably a lot more that I just didn't get to see. And it wasn't the only place like that in Europe or even just in Berlin! While I realize that perhaps squatting isn't really an option here in the US like it is in Europe, I just would really like to see more American punx become more active in trying to create alternative spaces—places for shows, places for art, or even coffeehouses! Anything that might serve as some sort of alternative and serve to help create a better sense of "community" (Christ I hate that word—someone give me a better one!). Man, it seems like I'm always thinking about this sort of stuff, but I really can't help it… it's just always on my mind I guess… it just seems like there are fewer and fewer places left these days that fit this sort of model—especially in San Francisco, with its emphasis on bars—for Christ's sake can't someone at least open up a punk-owned and operated bar?! And one that underage folx can actually go to? Being in Europe just always amazes me because you rarely get the sense of weekend warrior punx that you do here in the US. It's not just what you do on the weekends, when you slap on your punk clothes and go to the show to get rowdy—but it is your life day in, day out. Hence, I think, more shit gets done since all this shit is taken so much more seriously than just as entertainment—yes it *is* that, but so much fucking more! At least it can be, if you really want it to be.

* * *

"Just because you do not take an interest in politics doesn't mean politics won't take an interest in you."

—Pericles

> "The nationalist not only does not disapprove of atrocities committed by his own side, but he has a remarkable capacity for not even hearing about them."
>
> —George Orwell

I find nationalism and patriotism to be two of the most vile and disgusting motivating factors to ever inflict themselves on the hearts of mankind. Like religion, they form the cornerstone upon which millions have plunged themselves into death smiling and with a revolting sense of glee. Combined with crass commercialism, they make me want to fucking wretch. Flags and symbols meant to tug at heartstings, used as marketing tools, fills my heart with disgust when I see it in advertisements on television or in newspapers. Blankets of patriotism and capitalism in a one-two punch to comfort the troubled exceptionalist American mind set. *"How could anyone hate us?"* The phrase echoes over and over as we turn a blind eye to even a minor study of US foreign policy over the last fifty years which has created a worldwide environment of resentment of this country. We give lip service to things like democracy but train death squads and prop up neo-fasisct dictatorships. That is why it is even more troubling to me when you have "punks" acting like fucking Boy Scouts. And which is why it disgusts me even more when you have punk labels using these same sorts of tactics—along with the known potential for controversy—to move more units. These symbols make me uncomfortable because they are charged—now more than ever since we've plunged headlong into this war with undefinable goals and fluctuating enemies. George Orwell couldn't have written the script any better. This rag you so proudly wave is soaked in the blood of thousands of innocents from around the world which have had their lives crushed so you can preserve your privileged lifestyle. I see enough of them just walking around every day, so I have no desire to print one in the pages of this punk zine—especially when it is presented in a way which is no way, shape, or form critical of the brutal actions which it represents.

* * *

I recently went back to the town I grew up in, which is a small suburb outside of Toledo, Ohio. What a fucking head trip that was. Driving around seeing all the places I used to hang out at, and how everything seems the same but is just ever so slightly different—just in minor enough ways to make it exceptionally agitating. What messed with me more than anything, I think, is just all the memories that being there dredged up. What happened to all the people I used to know? It's amazing how precious and eternal friendships can seem when you're 17. How what you perceived to be such definitive moments of of your life then, are now just fleeting memories, so much so that you can barely seems to keep the players and events straight. How much trust and devotion we put into these moments, only to see them turn to passing thoughts. I hate going back there more than I think I can ever articulate. My mother kept on asking me if I was happy to be home, but all I could think about is getting back to my friends out here in San Francisco and how soon it would be till I saw my friends from Philadelphia. How those people now have become my real family and how much I fear the same fate befalling them that has befallen those people I called so near and dear just ten years prior. I hope they never do.

Endnotes:

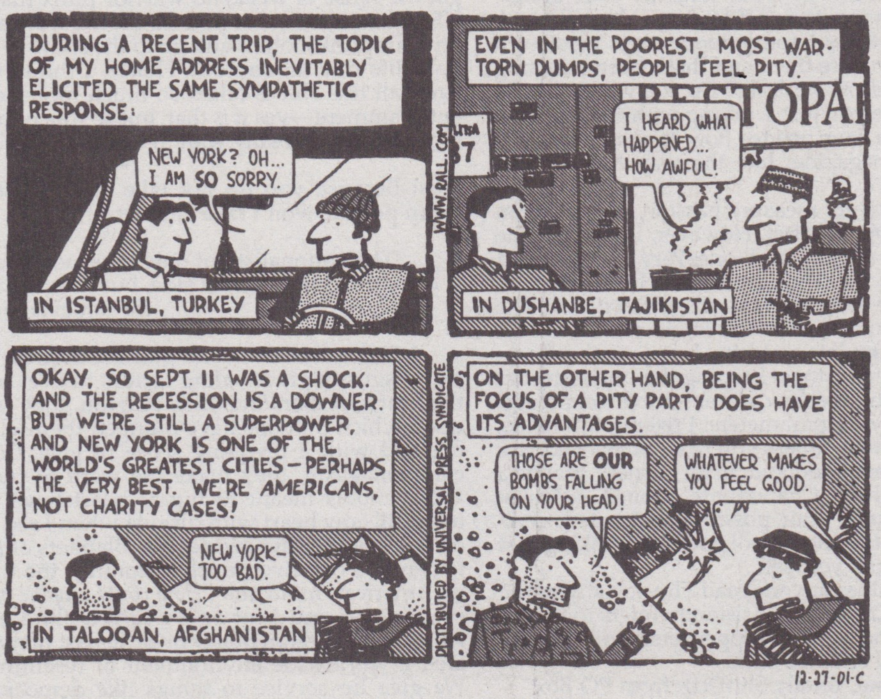
1) Many thanks once again to Harum Scarum for dragging my ass around Europe. Also to Heather and Matt in Prague, for putting me up, and to the folx from Dir Yassin and Annick in Amsterdam—hope you get a new squat soon!

2) Rambo is a just about the most genius band concept of all time—mix early Chumbawamba stage antics with East Coast hawd-kaw a la Madball and you got it. Sounds weird? Trust me on this one!

3) My heart goes out to my friend Crunchface and his partner Carrie.

3.5) When in Bowling Green, Ohio—please stop by Madhatter Music and tell Jim I said hello. I sort of grew up in his record store and highly recommend you do to. Get him to tell you stories about seeing Black Flag shows/riots.

4) As usual email is for suckers, but here it is: *mikethorn@mindspring.com*


DURING A RECENT TRIP, THE TOPIC OF MY HOME ADDRESS INEVITABLY ELICITED THE SAME SYMPATHETIC RESPONSE:
NEW YORK? OH... I AM SO SORRY.
IN ISTANBUL, TURKEY
WWW.RALL.COM
EVEN IN THE POOREST, MOST WAR-TORN DUMPS, PEOPLE FEEL PITY.
RESTOPA
I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED... HOW AWFUL!
IN DUSHANBE, TAJIKISTAN
OKAY, SO SEPT. 11 WAS A SHOCK. AND THE RECESSION IS A DOWNER. BUT WE'RE STILL A SUPERPOWER, AND NEW YORK IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITIES—PERHAPS THE VERY BEST. WE'RE AMERICANS, NOT CHARITY CASES!
NEW YORK—TOO BAD.
IN TALOQAN, AFGHANISTAN
DISTRIBUTED BY UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE
ON THE OTHER HAND, BEING THE FOCUS OF A PITY PARTY DOES HAVE ITS ADVANTAGES.
THOSE ARE OUR BOMBS FALLING ON YOUR HEAD!
WHATEVER MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD.

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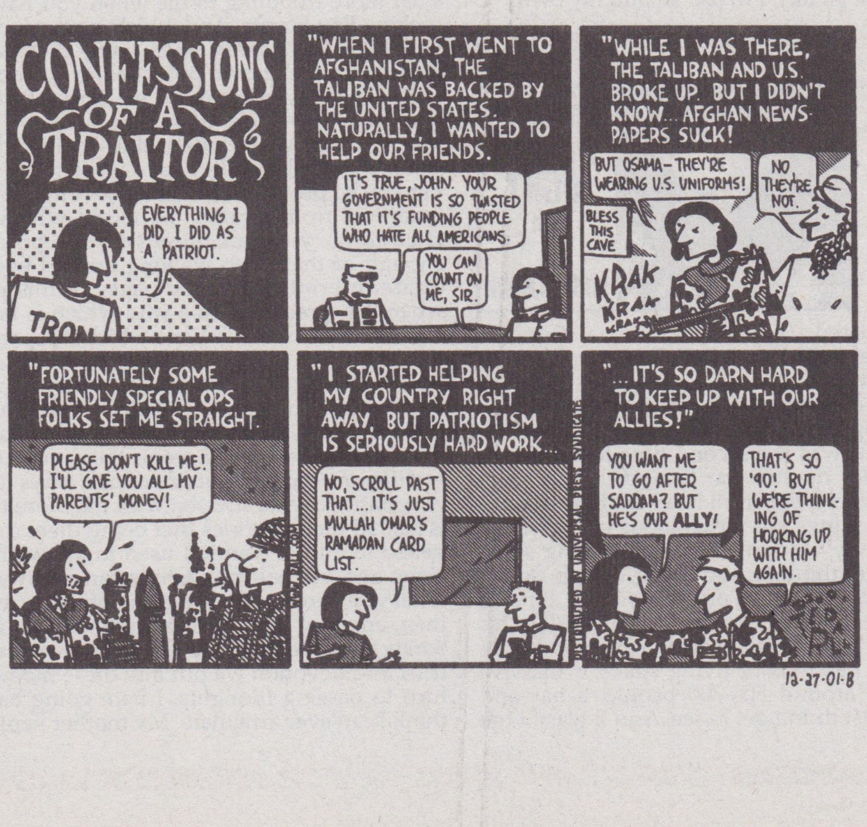
CONFESSIONS OF A TRAITOR
EVERYTHING I DID, I DID AS A PATRIOT.
TRON
"WHEN I FIRST WENT TO AFGHANISTAN, THE TALIBAN WAS BACKED BY THE UNITED STATES. NATURALLY, I WANTED TO HELP OUR FRIENDS.
IT'S TRUE, JOHN. YOUR GOVERNMENT IS SO TWISTED THAT IT'S FUNDING PEOPLE WHO HATE ALL AMERICANS.
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BUT OSAMA—THEY'RE WEARING U.S. UNIFORMS!
NO THEY'RE NOT.
BLESS THIS CAVE
KRAK KRAK KRAK
"FORTUNATELY SOME FRIENDLY SPECIAL OPS FOLKS SET ME STRAIGHT.
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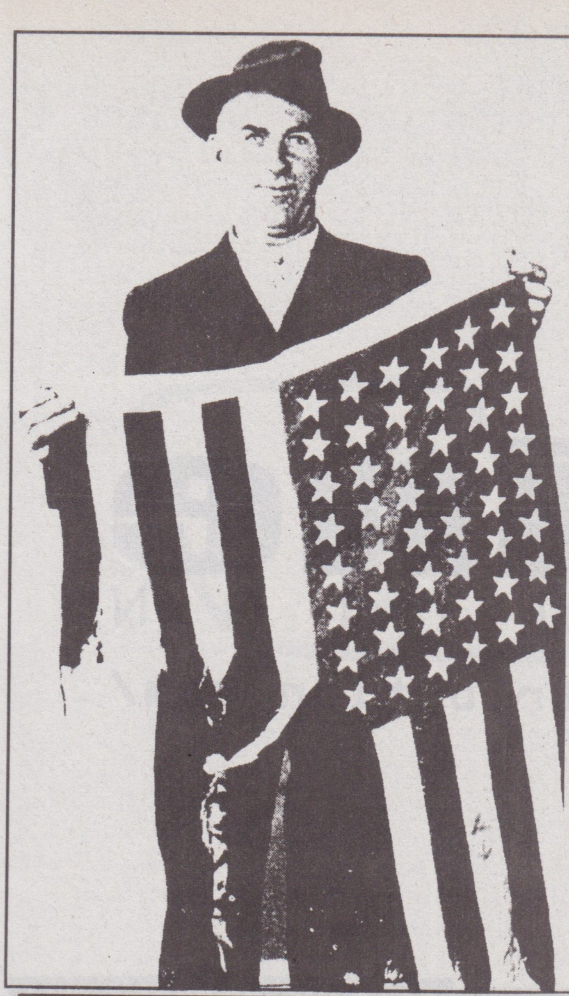

> "Patriotism is the principle that will justify the training of wholesale murderers."
>
> - Leo Tolstoy

January 2002

ATTENTION MRR READERS:

This space was originally going to be used as an advertisement for the BODIES "Firepower Is Our Business" CD EP. The Maximum Rock 'n' Roll Zine Coordinators saw fit to refuse to print this ad on the basis that it displayed an American Flag. As a result, TKO Records has decided to stop advertising in MRR. We will also no longer be submitting review materials to this publication. For more information, please refer to our official statement (if printed) in the letters section of this issue.

If you wish to view the ad in question, please visit **www.tkorecords.com.**

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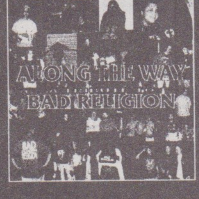

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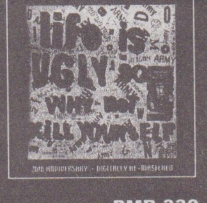

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MRR NEWS
No. 225
Feb, 2002
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

The Innocent Dead in a Coward's War: Estimates Suggest US Bombs Have Killed 3,767 Civilians

By Seumas Milne/*The Guardian UK*

WE STRONGLY CONDEMN
AMERICAN BARBARIC ATTACK ON INNOCEN
AFGHANS (ALL INDIA MUSLIM UNITY FRONT)

December 20, 2001–The price in blood that has already been paid for America's war against terror is only now starting to become clear. Not by Britain or the US, nor even so far by the al-Qaida and Taliban leaders held responsible for the September 11 attacks on New York and Washington. It has instead been paid by ordinary Afghans, who had nothing whatever to do with the atrocities, didn't elect the Taliban theocrats who ruled over them and had no say in the decision to give house room to Bin Laden and his friends.

The Pentagon has been characteristically coy about how many people it believes have died under the missiles it has showered on Afghanistan. Acutely sensitive to the impact on international support for the war, spokespeople have usually batted away reports of civilian casualties with a casual "these cannot be independently confirmed", or sometimes simply denied the deaths occurred at all. The US media have been particularly helpful. Seven weeks into the bombing campaign, the Los Angeles Times only felt able to hazard the guess that "at least dozens of civilians" had been killed.

Now, for the first time, a systematic independent study has been carried out into civilian casualties in Afghanistan by Marc Herold, a US economics professor at the University of New Hampshire. Based on corroborated reports from aid agencies, the UN, eyewitnesses, TV stations, newspapers and news agencies around the world, Herold estimates that at least 3,767 civilians were killed by US bombs between October 7 and December 10. That is an average of 62 innocent deaths a day - and an even higher figure than the 3,234 now thought to have been killed in New York and Washington on September 11.

Of course, Herold's total is only an estimate. But what is impressive about his work is not only the meticulous cross-checking, but the conservative assumptions he applies to each reported incident. The figure does not include those who died later of bomb injuries; nor those killed in the past 10 days; nor those who have died from cold and hunger because of the interruption of aid supplies or because they were forced to become refugees by the bombardment. It does not include military deaths (estimated by some analysts, partly on the basis of previous experience of the effects of carpet-bombing, to be upwards of 10,000), or those prisoners who were slaughtered in Mazar-i-Sharif, Qala-i-Janghi, Kandahar airport and elsewhere.

Champions of the war insist that such casualties are an unfortunate, but necessary, byproduct of a just campaign to root out global terror networks. They are a world apart, they argue, from the civilian victims of the attacks on the World Trade Centre because, in the case of the Afghan civilians, the US did not intend to kill them.

In fact, the moral distinction is far fuzzier, to put it at its most generous. As Herold argues, the high Afghan civilian death rate flows directly from US (and British) tactics and targeting. The decision to rely heavily on high-altitude air power, target urban infrastructure and repeatedly attack heavily populated towns and villages has reflected a deliberate trade-off of the lives of American pilots and soldiers, not with those of their declared Taliban enemies, but with Afghan civilians. Thousands of innocents have died over the past two months, not mainly as an accidental byproduct of the decision to overthrow the Taliban regime, but because of the low value put on Afghan civilian lives by US military planners.

Raids on targets such as the Kajakai dam power station, Kabul's telephone exchange, the al-Jazeera TV station office, lorries and buses filled with refugees and civilian fuel trucks were not mistakes. Nor were the deaths that they caused. The same goes for the use of anti-personnel cluster bombs in urban areas. But western public opinion has become increasingly desensitised to what has been done in its name. After US AC-130 gunships strafed the farming village of Chowkar-Karez in October, killing at least 93 civilians, a Pentagon official felt able to remark: "the people there are dead because we wanted them dead", while US defence secretary Donald Rumsfeld commented: "I cannot deal with that particular village."

Yesterday, Rumsfeld inadvertently conceded what little impact the Afghan campaign (yet to achieve its primary aim of bringing Bin Laden and the al-Qaida leadership to justice) has had on the terrorist threat, by speculating about ever more cataclysmic attacks, including on London. There will be no official two-minute silence for the Afghan dead, no newspaper obituaries or memorial services attended by the prime minister, as there were for the victims of the twin towers. But what has been cruelly demonstrated is that the US and its camp followers are prepared to sacrifice thousands of innocents in a coward's war.

A Note from the News Editor:

I subscribe to several list-servs and receive about two to three hundred editorials and essays in the span of three or four weeks, and I regularly check several websites that warehouse more news, more press releases, more pieces to sift through in the process of doing the news. Choosing from the hundreds of editorials is a painstaking task – I have to decide which issues to cover, how relevant each might be to the MRR audience, and what other concerns will be sacrificed because of time, space, et cetera. I don't want to imply that what gets left out isn't important – my main concern of late, however, is to offer perspectives about geopolitics and US domestic and foreign policy that are not otherwise given much room or importance. And the situation in the US gets scarier everyday. Bush invokes executive privilege to deny access to White House documents past and present, protecting members of his administration from public inquiry and appointing former Reagan officials to office without Congressional approval. A blacklist of academics and scholars is circulated, detailing "unpatriotic" statements such as "Perhaps we should consider the role of US foreign policy" and functioning much like the infamous McCarthy tally of "suspected communists." Military tribunals threatening to sweep thousands of non-citizens into farcical trials. The interrogations and arrests of thousands of Arabs and Muslims, who are "disappeared" by the Justice Department. "Patriots" calling in "antiterrorist" tips to the FBI about the odd fellow down at the gym, or the girl in the dorm with the anti-globalization poster. Senator Patrick Leahy, a Democrat who received an anthrax letter, suggesting bitterly that were it up for ratification, the First Amendment would not be passed today. The list goes on and on. It was so hard deciding which of these many, many stories to publish in the news, and my decision-making became a bit arbitrary as a result, but I hope at least that you'll check out some of these stories for yourself. Here again are the main sites I check:

http://www.commondreams.org,
http://www.workingforchange.com,
http://www.zmag.org,
http://www.guardian.co.uk

–Mimi

Americans 'covered up massacre of 280 Taliban

By Justin Huggler in Kandahar/*The Independent UK (excerpt)*

15 December 2001–The Americans and their Afghan allies appear to be trying to cover up the slaughter of more than 280 foreign Taliban fighters believed to be loyal to Osama bin Laden in Kandahar airport.

Mystery has surrounded the fate of the foreign fighters since the airport was captured last week, after intensive bombing by the Americans. Afghan anti-Taliban forces acknowledged that more than 280 fighters had been holding out in the airport, but claimed that only about 20 were killed. The rest, they claimed, escaped alive.

But one of the Afghan soldiers who took part in the fighting said yesterday that he was ordered to return to the airport a day after it was captured, where he says he helped bury the bodies of about 280 mostly Arab fighters. The soldier, who used the pseudonym Ahmad Gul to protect his identity, said the majority were killed by American bombs.

Two other witnesses, Abdul Basir and Abdul Kadim, said they saw two bulldozers dumping earth into what they believe was a mass grave at the airport.

Two Arab prisoners captured in the fighting–who should be protected under the Geneva conventions–also seem to have disappeared. Mr Gul said he handed over two ethnic Arab prisoners-of-war he helped to capture to some Americans, presumably members of the CIA, who interrogated them on the spot, then took them away. There has been no word on them since.

Secret US plan for Iraq war: Bush orders backing for rebels to topple Saddam

By Peter Beaumont, Ed Vulliamy and Paul Beaver/*The Observer UK* (excerpt)

December 2, 2001–America intends to depose Saddam Hussein by giving armed support to Iraqi opposition forces across the country, The Observer has learnt. President George W. Bush has ordered the CIA and his senior military commanders to draw up detailed plans for a military operation that could begin within months.

The plan, opposed by Tony Blair and other European Union leaders, threatens to blow apart the increasingly shaky international consensus behind the US-led 'war on terrorism'. It envisages a combined operation with US bombers targeting key military installations while US forces assist opposition groups in the North and South of the country in a stage-managed uprising. One version of the plan would have US forces fighting on the ground.

Despite US suspicions of Iraqi involvement in the 11 September attacks, the trigger for any attack, sources say, would be the anticipated refusal of Iraq to resubmit to inspections for weapons of mass destruction under the United Nations sanctions imposed after the Gulf war.

Washington has been told by its allies that evidence it has presented of an Iraqi link to 11 September is at best circumstantial. However, US proponents of extending the war believe they can make the case for hitting Saddam's regime over its plan to produce weapons of mass destruction.

The US is believed to be planning to exploit existing UN resolutions on Iraqi weapons programmes to set the action off. Under the pre-existing 'red lines' for military action against Iraq–set down by Washington and London after the Gulf War–evidence of any credible threat from weapons of mass destruction would be regarded as sufficient to launch military strikes along the lines of Operation Desert Fox in 1998, when allied planes made large-scale strikes against suspected Iraqi weapons complexes.

Coming to a Mall Near You: Just War

By David Potorti /*Common Dreams*

December 15, 2001–The phrase, 'Just War,' used in reference to the battle being waged in Afghanistan, is beginning to resonate. Not as a deep philosophical concept, but like the names of those specialty stores you find in shopping malls: 'Just Lamps,' 'Just Bulbs,' and 'Just Paper.' In fact, 'Just War' turns out to be an eerily accurate marquee for the little shop known as The United States of America. War, to the increasing exclusion of everything else, is the only thing that America collectively cares about anymore.

We don't manufacture much of anything; just war. We don't concern ourselves with education; just war. We don't attend to the 40 million Americans without health coverage; just war. We don't focus on the 30 million American children living in poverty; just war. We don't support the arts; just war. Even though a multitude of human needs were in existence prior to September 11, and have only increased since then, we continue to direct our attention and our resources into what we do best: war. Just war.

Need a billion dollars a day for the military? No problem. Need an extra $40 billion for the war on terrorism? Here it is. Need a blank check to pursue an undeclared struggle with unexplained means and undefined ends? You got it, because that's what America is all about: just war. America is the world's biggest supplier of conventional weapons. America is the world's biggest supplier of torture devices. America manufactures and exports terrorists at its School of the Americas (now the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation). America exports violent entertainment around the globe. Prison construction remains one of our top industries. Global slavery is the secret behind our economic success. The military remains our biggest budget item. Whether it's war on people of color overseas, or war on our rights at home, that's what we're all about: just war.

And we've now codified that reality. President Bush's guarantee of 'a long, long struggle,' absent a measurable goal, and without a quantifiable conclusion, suggests that America will be in a permanent militarized state until the end of our days, forever erasing the distinction between 'war time' and 'peace time.' There was an era when wars were ugly spectacles, dreaded from a distance, entered reluctantly, and ended as swiftly as possible. There were victory parades and celebrations, and a return to 'life as we knew it.' There was a 'peace dividend'--the billions of dollars no longer needed for war could finally be used for the benefit of public health, welfare and the arts.

But no longer. With no legal declaration of war, there can be no cessation of hostilities. With no nations from which to demand surrender, there will be no surrender ceremonies. In the absence of negotiations, there will be no realignments, treaties or agreements. Terrorists, whoever they are, wherever they are, will be rounded up in secret, tried in secret, and executed by secret tribunals. The waging of war will become a regularly-occurring municipal function, like trash collection or street cleaning--all the while draining money out of our schools and hospitals, food out of our children's mouths, and peace and beauty out of the rest of our lives.

There is a moral corruption that comes from living in a militarized society. When military demands continually defy debate, hold center stage at the expense of monumental human need at home, and consume resources essential for the well-being of people, our culture is diminished, and we are diminished along with it. Our national dialogue becomes a monologue. And our interactions become brutal and coarse.

It's a corruption evident in Congressional disregard for the needs of laid-off workers and Americans without health coverage. In the Attorney General's contempt for the civil rights and freedoms he purports to defend. In the continuing debasement of our language into 'war is peace' doublespeak. And in the creeping fascism of pundits who define those opposed to the war as 'irrelevant,' academics teaching history as 'un-American,' and anyone calling for alternatives as 'lending aid and comfort to the enemy.'

It's a corruption that extends to our high schools, where kids can visit ROTC recruiters on campus--whose presence, more and more, is a condition of receiving state funds for education. It's a corruption that extends to our colleges--where, we are told, kids are flocking to CIA recruiters in droves, perhaps as the result of watching the new crop of network TV dramas which employ official CIA script consultants.

And it's a corruption that extends to our smallest kids. Enlisted by a president who spends billions of dollars on a military campaign that destroys the homes and lives of Afghan children, American children have been asked to send money to clean up the wreckage of his dirty war. Here's a better idea: don't bomb civilians (by one estimate now numbering 3,500 dead) in the first place. Use the money to build and stabilize rather than to bomb and terrorize. And teach our kids from their earliest days that they--and their money--have value beyond supporting the war effort.

The corruption extends across the breadth of increasingly harsh American mass cultural offerings, where you can take your pick of cop chases, spectacular crashes, or real-life fights caught on tape. If you're tired of watching crimes being committed, you can choose from a gaggle of court shows, where a judge of your gender and racial preference will verbally terrorize pairs of arguing litigants. You can get all the blood and gore you could possibly want on the local news–just don't ask the folks at the network to report how many civilians have actually been killed in Afghanistan. Apparently, that information could have a negative effect on the war. And war is, after all, what we're all about. Just war.

With no end to the struggle in sight, no perceivable opposition party in Washington, and no balancing voices of reason being given the light of day by the mainstream media, there's ample cause to believe that America, like its counterparts that sell just lamps, bulbs, and Scotch tape, is becoming a one-product economy: Just War. And where there is just war, there will be no justice.

David Potorti is the brother of a 9-11 World Trade Center victim and recently took part in the Family Members of 9/11 Victims DC-NYC Peace Walk. He lives in North Carolina.

Once Again: Government, Media Silent on Right-Wing Role in US Anthrax Attacks

By Patrick Martin/World Socialist (excerpt)

November 28, 2001–The evidence continues to mount that extreme right-wing elements are responsible for the anthrax attacks that have killed five people in the United States since early October. But both the Bush administration and the American media have lapsed into virtual silence on the subject, a noticeable contrast to their portrayal, barely a month ago, of the anthrax attacks as a major terrorist threat.

The shift in the official treatment of the anthrax attacks points to the cynical political calculations that underlie both the media coverage and the policies of the Bush administration. As long as it seemed possible to attribute the anthrax attacks to Osama bin Laden or some other foreign terrorist, shrieking headlines and alarmist statements from government officials were the norm. Now that it seems certain that domestic fascists are to blame, anthrax no longer serves as a pretext for expanded US military intervention in the Middle East and Central Asia. Accordingly, the danger is being downplayed and the investigation put on the back burner.

Those involved in the investigation now admit what the facts fairly scream—that domestic fascists are responsible for the anthrax attacks. But federal authorities are noticeably reluctant to act on that conclusion. While the Justice Department has sent out instructions to local police departments, all across the country, to bring in for questioning thousands of Arab and Muslim immigrant men, aged 21 to 35, there has been no such dragnet ordered against right-wing elements such as the members of militia and gun-rights groups, white supremacists, or anti-abortion extremists.

For the Bush administration, of course, such an investigation could prove politically embarrassing, given its close ties to the ultra-right and the prominent role such forces play in the Republican Party.

The FBI and Justice Department are well aware of the links between extreme right groups and past threats of bio-terrorism. Two white supremacists have been linked with such threats: Larry Wayne Harris, a microbiologist and former member of the Aryan Nations, who obtained both bubonic plague and anthrax materials; and Alexander James Curtis, author of an Internet report entitled "Biology for Aryans," with information on botulism, typhoid and anthrax.

An extraordinary article in the New York Times November 20 described the scene at a recent gun show in Salt Lake City, Utah, a virtual convention of right-wing enthusiasts, at which one individual, Timothy W. Tobiason of Nebraska, sold printed and CD copies of his self-published book "Scientific Principles of Improvised Warfare and Home Defense Volume 6-1: Advanced Biological Weapons Design and Manufacture." According to the Times, the work is "a germ-warfare cookbook that bioterrorism experts say is accurate enough to be dangerous."

The book contains directions for making "mail delivered" anthrax, and advises readers, "if you can make Jell-O, you can wipe out cities. Enjoy!" The Times reported that federal officials have been monitoring Tobiason for years, and that he delivered copies of his book to the offices of dozens of US senators, including Daschle.

A former electronic warfare specialist in the Navy, Tobiason went AWOL after a conflict with an officer and eventually received a less than honorable discharge. His anti-government grievances allegedly grew when the US Patent Office failed to grant him a patent for an agricultural chemical, and then awarded a patent for a similar product to a large corporation.

While Tobiason is only one among hundreds, if not thousands, of such individuals, he and his ilk have been given little or no media attention, especially from the major television networks. Whenever the networks make mention of anthrax at all, they continue to suggest that these attacks somehow justify the Bush administration's military intervention in Central Asia.

Annan Fears Arms Race After U.S. Abandons ABM Treaty

Reuters (excerpt)/December 14, 2001–U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan regretted on Friday Washington's decision to abandon the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, fearing it could spark an arms race.

"The ABM treaty has served for many years as a cornerstone for maintaining global peace and security and strategic stability,'' U.N. spokesman Manoel de Almeida e Silva said. Annan, he said, was concerned that abandoning the treaty would "provoke an arms race, especially in the missile area, and further undermine disarmament and nonproliferation regimes.''

Bush Halts Inquiry of FBI and Stirs Up a Firestorm

by Glen Johnson/*Boston Globe*

December 14, 2001–President Bush yesterday invoked executive privilege to block a congressional subpoena exploring abuses in the Boston FBI office, prompting the chairman of a House committee to lambaste his fellow Republicans and triggering what one congressman said is the start of "a constitutional confrontation."

You tell the president there's going to be war between the president and this committee," Dan Burton, the Indiana Republican who heads the House Government Reform Committee, told a Justice Department official during what was supposed to be a routine prehearing handshake. "His dad was at a 90 percent approval rating and he lost, and the same thing can happen to him," Burton added, jabbing his finger and glaring at Carl Thorsen, a deputy assistant attorney general who was attempting to introduce a superior who was testifying. "We've got a dictatorial president and a Justice Department that does not want Congress involved...Your guy's acting like he's king."

The searing tone continued for more than four hours from Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives. All objected to the order Bush signed Wednesday and made public yesterday. It claimed executive privilege in refusing to hand over prosecutors' memos in criminal cases, including an investigation of campaign-finance abuses, saying doing so "would be contrary to the national interest."

Video shows CIA threatened to let prisoner be killed

By Andrew Buncombe/*The Independent UK*

December 8, 2001–Video evidence has emerged that CIA operatives were threatening Taliban prisoners they would be left to die if they did not co-operate under interrogation.

In an exchange captured on video by an Afghan cameraman, two officers threatened the American Taliban fighter John Walker, who was being held at a prison fortress near the northern city of Mazar-i-Sharif two weeks ago. One of the officers is Mike Spann, a member of the special activities division of the agency's directorate of operations–the paramilitary wing of the agency's secret espionage branch–who was killed in an uprising at the prison only hours later. Nearly 400 Taliban prisoners were also killed as the uprising was put down.

The precise nature of the threat–raised by Mr. Spann and a CIA colleague called Dave–is unclear, but on the video Mr. Spann, 32, wearing jeans and a black jumper and with an AK47 assault rifle strapped across his back, is seen nodding towards Mr. Walker, 20, and then saying to Dave: "I explained to him what the deal is". The video shows Mr. Walker kneeling on the ground, emaciated, filthy, wearing loose black trousers and a tunic, with his elbows tied behind his back, and cowering as Mr. Spann remonstrates with him. Mr. Walker stares at the ground throughout.

"Dave" then replies: "The problem is, he's got to decide if he wants to live or die. If he wants to die, he's going to die here. Or he's going to f****** spend the rest of his short f****** life in prison. It's his decision, man."

Declassified Documents Point to US War Crimes in Iraq

by Stephen Gowans/http://www.mediamonitors.net/gowans22.html

The United States is knowingly violating Article 54 of the Geneva Convention which prohibits any country from undermining "objects indispensable to the survival of (another country's) civilian population," including drinking water installations and supplies, says Thomas Nagy, a business professor at George Washington University.

Writing in the September 2001 issue of The Progressive, Nagy cites recently declassified documents that show the United States was aware of the civilian health consequences of destroying Iraq's drinking water and sanitation systems in the Gulf War, and knew that sanctions would prevent the Iraqi government from repairing the degraded facilities.

During the Gulf War, coalition forces bombed Iraq's eight multi-purpose dams, destroying flood control systems, irrigation, municipal and industrial water storage, and hydroelectric power. Major pumping stations were targeted, and municipal water and sewage facilities were destroyed.

Article 54 of the Geneva Convention prohibits attacks on "drinking water installations and supplies and irrigation works."

Nagy says that not only did the United States deliberately destroy drinking water and sanitation facilities, it knew sanctions would prevent Iraq from rebuilding, and that epidemics would ensue.

One document, written soon after the bombing, warned that sanctions would prevent Iraq from importing "water treatment replacement parts and some essential chemicals" leading to "increased incidences, if not epidemics, of disease."

Another document lists the most likely diseases: "diarrheal diseases (particularly children); acute respiratory illnesses (colds and influenza); typhoid; hepatitis A (particularly children); measles, diphtheria, and pertussis (particularly children); meningitis, including meningococcal (particularly children); cholera (possible, but less likely.)"

Then U.S. Navy Secretary John Lehman estimated that 200,000 Iraqis died in the Gulf War, but many more have died since. UNICEF estimates that well over a million Iraqis have died as a result of the U.S-led sanctions regime, in place for the last decade. Some 500,000 children have died, and an estimated 4,000 die from various preventable, sanctions-related diseases, every month, says the U.N. agency.

Despite the massive human toll, the United States continues to support the sanctions regime, arguing that sanctions won't be lifted until U.N. inspectors are free to return to Iraq to verify that the country has rid itself of weapons of mass destruction.

American Scott Ritter, a former U.N. arms inspector, claims that Iraq is effectively disarmed, and has been for some time.

And deaths from sanctions exceed those from weapons of mass destruction. Political scientists John and Karl Mueller say that sanctions have "contributed to more deaths during the post Cold War era than all the weapons of mass destruction throughout history," including deaths at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. At one point, former U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright said that despite the civilian deaths the sanctions were "worth it."

Meanwhile, Israel, a U.S. ally in the region, is widely believed to have an arsenal of 200 nuclear weapons. While in violation of countless U.N. Resolutions ordering its withdrawal from the Occupied Territories, Israel faces no sanctions and no order to disarm. Amnesty International, which has warned that Israel's crackdown on the latest Palestinian uprising, or Intifada, borders on war crimes, recently condemned Tel Aviv for its "utter disregard for human life in the Occupied Territories" and for its violations of international law. And yet even calls for intervention as mild as placing international observers in the Occupied Territories have been rebuffed.

Moreover, say critics, the United States itself has a long track record of violating international law. Washington's undermining of Iraq's water treatment and sanitation facilities in violation of the Geneva Convention is just one of many recent transgressions, including the bombing of Yugoslavia, Sudan, Afghanistan, and the continued bombing of Iraq. U.S.-led NATO forces also targeted civilian infrastructure in Yugoslavia. At one point, U.S. Air Force General Michael Short explained that NATO's bombing campaign was aimed at causing misery in the civilian population. "If you wake up in the morning," said Short, "and you have no power to your house and no gas to your stove and the bridge you take to work is down and will be lying in the Danube for the next 20 years, I think you begin to ask, 'Hey, Slobo, what's this all about? How much more of this do we have to withstand?'"

Nagy says that what is most disturbing about the documents is that they reveal a U.S. government concerned more with the potential negative publicity of the deaths, than with the deaths themselves. Dealing with the public relations downside of massive killing is a common theme in U.S. foreign policy. During the Gulf War a bomb that hit a marketplace and killed civilians led CBS News correspondent Dan Rather to remark: "We can be sure that Saddam Hussein will make propaganda of these casualties." Frequent reference is made in the documents Nagy has uncovered to the potential for Iraq to use epidemics for propaganda purposes.

When Nagy sent the documents to the media last fall, only two reporters wrote lengthy articles. One was Felicity Arbuthnot, who wrote in Scotland's The Sunday Herald that the "US-led allied forces deliberately destroyed Iraq's water supply during the Gulf War flagrantly breaking the Geneva Convention and causing thousand of civilian deaths." Despite the seriousness of the allegations, and their being backed up by official documents, the story quickly fizzled.

Mr. Steve Gowans is a writer and political activist who lives in Ottawa, Canada.

We Are the War Criminals Now

by Robert Fisk/*The Independent UK* (excerpt)

November 29, 2001–We are becoming war criminals in Afghanistan. The US Air Force bombs Mazar-i-Sharif for the Northern Alliance, and our heroic Afghan allies–who slaughtered 50,000 people in Kabul between 1992 and 1996–move into the city and execute up to 300 Taliban fighters. The report is a footnote on the television satellite channels, a "nib" in journalistic parlance. Perfectly normal, it seems. The Afghans have a "tradition" of revenge. So, with the strategic assistance of the USAF, a war crime is committed.

Now we have the Mazar-i-Sharif prison "revolt," in which Taliban inmates opened fire on their Alliance jailers. US Special Forces–and, it has emerged, British troops–helped the Alliance to overcome the uprising and, sure enough, CNN tells us some prisoners were "executed" trying to escape. It is an atrocity. British troops are now stained with war crimes. Within days, The Independent's Justin Huggler has found more executed Taliban members in Kunduz.

The Americans have even less excuse for this massacre. For the US Secretary of Defense, Donald Rumsfeld, stated quite specifically during the siege of the city that US air raids on the Taliban defenders would stop "if the Northern Alliance requested it". Leaving aside the revelation that the thugs and murderers of the Northern Alliance were now acting as air controllers to the USAF in its battle with the thugs and murderers of the Taliban, Mr Rumsfeld's incriminating remark places Washington in the witness box of any war-crimes trial over Kunduz. The US were acting in full military co-operation with the Northern Alliance militia.

Winston Churchill took the Bush view of his enemies. In 1945, he preferred the straightforward execution of the Nazi leadership. Yet despite the fact that Hitler's monsters were responsible for at least 50 million deaths–10,000 times greater than the victims of 11 September - the Nazi murderers were given a trial at Nuremberg because US President Truman made a remarkable decision. "Undiscriminating executions or punishments," he said, "without definite findings of guilt fairly arrived at, would not fit easily on the American conscience or be remembered by our children with pride."

No one should be surprised that Mr Bush–a small-time Texas Governor-Executioner–should fail to understand the morality of a statesman in the White House. What is so shocking is that the Blairs, Schröders, Chiracs and all the television boys should have remained so gutlessly silent in the face of the Afghan executions and East European-style legislation sanctified since 11 September.

There are ghostly shadows around to remind us of the consequences of state murder. In France, a general goes on trial after admitting to torture and murder in the 1954-62 Algerian war, because he referred to his deeds as "justifiable acts of duty performed without pleasure or remorse." And in Brussels, a judge will decide if the Israeli Prime Minister, Arial Sharon, can be prosecuted for his "personal responsibility" for the 1982 massacre in Sabra and Chatila.

Yes, I know the Taliban were a cruel bunch of bastards. They committed most of their massacres outside Mazar-i-Sharif in the late 1990s. They executed women in the Kabul football stadium. And yes, let's remember that 11 September was a crime against humanity.

George Bush says that "you are either for us or against us" in the war for civilization against evil. Well, I'm sure not for bin Laden. But I'm not for Bush. I'm actively against the brutal, cynical, lying "war of civilization" that he has begun so mendaciously in our name and which has now cost as many lives as the World Trade Center mass murder.

Assault on Liberty

by Alan M. Dershowitz/*The Village Voice*
Week of November 21 - 27 (excerpt)–

A long-term resident of the United States who President Bush believes may have aided a terrorist can now be tried in secret by a military commission and be sentenced to death on the basis of hearsay and rumor with no appeal to any civilian court, even the Supreme Court. This is the upshot of the "military order" issued by Bush on November 13, 2001. And that is not all. Noncitizens suspected of membership in Al Qaeda or of aiming "to cause injury to or adverse effects on the United States" can be rounded up and "detained at an appropriate location" for an indefinite time without access to the courts.

This is the kind of "military justice" now in effect for our alleged enemies both foreign and domestic. No wonder so many experts on wartime tribunals believe that "military justice is to justice as military music is to music."

The role of the military is to win wars, to protect citizens, and to follow the orders of the commander in chief. Under our constitutional system of civilian control over the military, it is not the role of military subordinates to question and challenge determinations made by the president, and in every case coming before a military commission pursuant to this new order, the president will have already "determined" that there is reason to believe that the suspect is a terrorist. Command influence over these military tribunals will be inevitable.

Nor will the suspect have any real opportunity to defend himself, since the ordinary rules of evidence will not be followed. The commission will be allowed to base its decision on any evidence that would "have probative value to a reasonable person." Translated from the legalese, this means that hearsay, coerced confessions, and fruits of illegal searches can be considered, and that cross-examinations will not always be allowed. It also means that the prosecution need not even disclose the sources of its hearsay if such disclosure would reveal a "state secret"-a broad term nowhere defined.

It's one thing to subject prisoners of war who are captured on foreign battlefields to secret military tribunals. Though secret military trials of Bin Laden and his foreign associates may be unwise, they would be constitutional. It is quite another thing to treat American residents, some with long ties to this country, as if they had no rights under our constitution. There are no Supreme Court precedents justifying secret military trials of American residents who are not citizens and who are accused of domestic crimes. Those nonresidents who tried to blow up the World Trade Center back in 1993 were tried in a federal court and convicted, after being accorded the full panoply of constitutional rights. So were the Al Qaeda terrorists who blew up American embassies in Africa. The independent jury in the latter case refused to do the government's bidding on sentencing, declining to impose the death sentence.

That is the proper function of a jury-to follow its own lights on sentencing within the bounds of law. And it is precisely this independence that President Bush wants to avoid by placing "justice" against suspected terrorists within the chain of military command. But in a post-Civil War case, the Supreme Court ruled that as long as civilian courts remain open, civilians must be tried in such courts, rather than in military tribunals. That case involved an American citizen, but the Court suggested no distinction between citizens and residents.

In a World War II case, the Supreme Court upheld a military tribunal's conviction and execution of Nazi spies who had landed in the United States, but they were German soldiers out of uniform, and a long tradition of military justice makes such spies subject to military tribunals. This tradition does not apply to long-term American residents suspected of aiding terrorists.

In addition to the specter of kangaroo courts trying suspected terrorists, the president's order raises the prospect of mass detentions of noncitizens. Although the order specifies that the detainees must be treated humanely, without any "adverse distinction based on race," it is clear that the detainees will be primarily Arab and Muslim. We are unlikely to experience a repetition of the detention of more than 100,000 Japanese Americans-citizens and noncitizens alike-which followed the attack on Pearl Harbor. But it is certainly possible we will see mass detentions of the sort that occurred in Hawaii between 1942 and 1945, when martial law was declared and most civil courts closed. Many businesspeople in Hawaii favored martial law and were actually disappointed when it ended following the Japanese surrender in 1945.

They liked the tough law-and-order approach taken by the military and approved of the lower crime rates that accompanied military justice. The fact that thousands of innocent people-mostly of Asian background-were detained or falsely charged did not seem to be of concern to these good citizens.

The war against terrorism-unlike previous wars-will not end on a date specific. We may never declare victory. The military approach to justice reflected in the Bush order may well persist indefinitely, and perhaps even expand in its scope. Its visible successes, undiscounted by its less visible failures, will encourage many Americans to view the military approach to trials-which favors efficiency and certainty over fairness and resolution of doubts in favor of the accused-as the norm rather than the exception. This must never be allowed to happen, if our liberties are to be preserved. As the Supreme Court said, in ruling that Abraham Lincoln had violated the Constitution by subjecting Confederate sympathizers to military tribunals:

". . . [Our constitution] foresaw that troublous times would arise, when rulers and people would become restive under restraint and seek by sharp and decisive measures to accomplish ends deemed just and proper; and that the principles of constitutional liberty would be in peril, unless established by irrepealable law. . . .

This nation...has no right to expect that it always will have wise and humane rulers, sincerely attached to the principles of the Constitution. Wicked men, ambitious of power, with hatred of liberty and contempt of law, may fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln; and if this right [to suspend provisions of the Constitution during the great exigencies of government] is conceded, and the calamities of war again befall us, the dangers to human liberty are frightful to contemplate."

We must begin to contemplate these dangers now, in the face of President Bush's tyrannical order.

Alan Dershowitz's latest book is Letters to a Young Lawyer (Basic).

U.S. Vetoes UN Resolution on Mideast Monitors

Reuters (excerpt)December 15, 2001–The US on Saturday used its veto power to kill a U.N. resolution that demanded an immediate halt to Middle East violence and said the Palestinian Authority was essential to any peace process.

U.S. Ambassador John Negroponte said the Security Council resolution, sponsored by Arab states, was aimed at isolating Israel politically and did not mention recent suicide bombings against Israelis or those responsible for them. The vote in the 15-member council was 12 to 1 with 2 abstentions, Britain and Norway. The other two Europeans on the council, France and Ireland were among the "yes" votes following two dozen speeches that spilled into the early-morning hours.

The US veto was the second this year on a Palestinian-backed resolution. In March, Washington killed a tougher measure that called for an international observer force, which Israel opposes.

Saturday's resolution, sponsored by Egypt and Tunisia and amended by France, encouraged "all concerned to establish a monitoring mechanism" to help ease conditions in the West Bank and Gaza. It condemned all terrorist acts, executions without trial, excessive use of force and the destruction of property.

At least 776 Palestinians and 233 Israelis have been killed since Israeli-Palestinian clashes flared anew in September of last year after U.S. mediated peace efforts collapsed.

The resolution sought to bolster Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat days after Israel severed ties with him and branded him "irrelevant" in response to the spate of attacks on Israelis this month. It said the Palestinian Authority remained "the indispensable and legitimate party for peace."

"This decision means the abandonment of the negotiation process," al-Kidwa said, adding he feared Israel wanted to roll back on autonomy and security agreements made during the Oslo negotiation process that began in 1993.

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Stop the Presses

By Alan Pittman/*Eugene Weekly*

November 21, 2001–In "America's New War" the first U.S. casualty may be the First Amendment. The military, Bush administration propaganda and the media itself have squelched news in the wake of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. Asked at a press conference whether he would lie to the media about the war, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld quoted Winston Churchill about disinformation around the D-Day invasion. "Sometimes the truth is so precious it must be accompanied by a bodyguard of lies." Rumsfeld is about the only source the U.S. media has for covering the Afghan war. The military has refused to allow journalists to accompany troops and pilots fighting in Afghanistan or even interview them after their missions.

"They plan to fight the war and then tell the press and the public how it turned out afterwards," the Center for Public Integrity (CPI) quoted CNN correspondent Jamie McIntyre. The military spin is that pinpoint smart bombings will keep civilian casualties to a minimum, international investigative reporter Phillip Knightley wrote in a CPI commentary. "Bloody TV footage or grim still photographs of civilian bomb victims would threaten this most outrageous piece of propaganda, so an essential part of the Western alliance's strategy has been not only to bomb in the dark but, as far as possible, to keep the public in the dark as well." John Barry, Newsweek's Pentagon reporter, told The New York Times that the military is restricting coverage, that "might not be consonant with their basic message that they're making inexorable progress toward inevitable victory." The media blackout is the culmination of a long trend toward military censorship. After Vietnam, the military blamed the media for turning public opinion against the war.

The British managed to successfully keep the media away from directly covering their Falklands War. A U.S. Naval War College publication reported on the Falkland lessons. To maintain public support, the article said, a government should sanitize the visual images of war; control media access; censor information that could upset readers or viewers; and exclude journalists who would not write favorable stories, according to CPI. The U.S. applied the Falklands model in Grenada and Panama. The biggest application was in the Gulf War. A CPI report on Gulf War coverage noted gross exaggerations of the effectiveness of Patriot missiles and smart bombs and success rates for bombing missions. The 1991 report concluded, "information about Defense Department activities ... [was] restricted or manipulated not for national security purposes, but for political purposes–to protect the image and priorities of the Defense Department and its civilian leaders, including the president." Media groups complained after the Gulf War, and the Pentagon promised to allow more access next time. But that hasn't happened and media groups are complaining again.

Kangaroo Courts Can't Give Justice

"We need an international tribunal for terrorist suspects"

By Geoffrey Robertson/*Guardian UK*

December 5, 2001–The immediate response of the US president to the atrocity of September 11 was to demand "justice". But the military commissions he has set up to try suspects are such travesties of justice that it would be wrong for this country, or any country in Europe, to extradite a defendant to undergo their process.

It is important to understand that a military commission is not the same as a court martial–a genuine court in the Anglo-American adversary tradition used to try members of the armed forces and familiar from movies like A Few Good Men (in which an innocent soldier is acquitted through the dedication of his defence counsels Tom Cruise and Demi Moore). A "special military commission" comprises a group of officers ordered by the president, their commander in chief, to sit in judgment on certain defendants according to rules set out in an executive order signed by President George Bush on November 13.

Announcing it, Vice-President Dick Cheney declared: "They don't deserve to be treated as prisoners of war. They don't deserve the same guarantees and safeguards that would be used for an American citizen going through the normal judicial process." Instead, they deserved to be "executed in relatively rapid order" like German saboteurs tried in secret during the second world war by a special military commission, last used in 1946 to convict General Yamashita, one of the few Japanese generals whom historians now believe was innocent. The US proposed such a court to Scottish law officers as a model for the Lockerbie trial, but they emphatically rejected it because of its palpable unfairness.

A trial of al-Qaida members or Taliban leaders before a special military commission, especially if followed by executions "in relatively rapid order", would breach the fair trial guarantees of the European convention:

-The commission is not independent or impartial, as required by the 1949 Geneva Convention on treatment of prisoners of war, which the US (and 187 other countries) has ratified. The career army officers who act as "judges" are paid by the defence department, an arm of the government which has alleged guilt and which has a vested interest in their conviction.

-There is no appeal, except to the president, who cannot be impartial because the decision appealed against is that of his own tribunal.

-There are no normal evidentiary rules or safeguards - evidence is admissible if the presiding officer thinks it should be admitted. A distinguished US judge who recently studied records of military commissions in Japan after the second world war concluded that they "provide a stark example of the potential for abuse when rules of evidence are so flexible as to be non-existent".

-According to reports about the draft rules, the hearings will be in secret and not even transcripts of the proceedings will be made available.

-There is no provision for the burden of proof to be placed on the prosecution, or for it to meet a standard of "beyond reasonable doubt". Guilt is simply to be established by evidence "of probative value to a reasonable person". The officers who form the jury need not be unanimous–a vote of two thirds will secure a conviction. They do not give a reasoned written judgment.

-The sentence of death is traditionally carried out by an army firing squad. Relatives of all the September 11 victims may be entitled to attend, in which case the event will resemble the Taliban football pitch executions.

The military commission has been widely criticised as a "kangaroo court" (offensive to Australians, who know the loveable qualities of this marsupial), but in truth it is not a court at all. It is an extension of the power of the president, who personally or through the officers he commands acts as prosecutor, judge and jury, and court of appeal judge. The military commission is really a government device for executions, which will be as summary as it thinks it can get away with, at a time when the American public has ceased to protest about denial of constitutional rights to aliens.

Should the Bush administration insist upon this option, it will mark an historic volte-face from the position of President Truman, who rejected the model when it was suggested as an alternative to Nuremberg for the trial of Nazi leaders. An international court, like the Hague tribunal, should be set up. Only a public hearing in a fair and independent forum will impress upon the world the true evil of al-Qaida's philosophy, expose Bin Laden and his lieutenants before they acquire martyr status, and expound the irresponsible misuse of sovereign power by the Taliban.

These values, as well as the bedrock value of fair trial, will be lost in special military commissions, sacrificed to a foolish fear that "justice" will not be up to the job.

Geoffrey Robertson QC is author of Crimes Against Humanity (Penguin).

Two University of California, Berkeley, graduate students in anthropology are generating international interest with a 600-page anthology relating to the events of Sept. 11. Misha Klein and Adrian McIntyre, who are in the campus's College of Letters & Science, are busy sorting through requests for *September 11: Contexts and Consequences*, the thick, paperback reader they edited to provide critical thinking and informed debate about the new U.S. war.

The anthology offers a wide range of information and perspectives–maps, background information, poetry, opinion pieces, research articles by scholars and an interview with Osama bin Laden–relating to the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. The material is organized in four sections: geographical, historical and cultural background; terrorism; war and violence; and post-Sept. 11 commentaries. The anthology is available at CopyCentral, 2560 Bancroft Ave., Berkeley. The CopyCentral phone number is (510) 848-8649 and its Web site is www.copycentral.com. The anthology, priced only to cover costs, is $41.68 plus tax.

The following is a report from San Francisco-based Global Exchange, which recently completed a fact-finding trip in Afghanistan and Pakistan. The report includes the voices and words of the victims of the war, and a picture of chaos, devastation and misery studiously avoided by the American mainstream media, and dismissed by the Bush administration and the Pentagon. The Global Exchange team, led by Medea Benjamin, will present its findings and recommendations in Washington this week. The full report is at: http://www.onlinejournal.com/Special_Reports/Chin120601/chin120601.html.

In the wake of September 11th, special interests have decided that the US Treasury is their personal piggy bank. And many members of Congress are going along with them, voting for unwarranted bailouts, unnecessary tax breaks and outright boondoggles. Why are our representatives caving in to their demands? One big reason is because they need their campaign contributions to keep getting re-elected. Unsurprisingly, some of the biggest beneficiaries of Congress' largesse are also among the nation's biggest political contributors.

This corruption of democracy can only be fixed through sustained, broad-based activism. Toward that end, Public Citizen, a Washington, DC-based non-profit that aims to dramatically reduce the role of special interest money in American politics, has launched a major new initiative to address the war profiteering that has been on the rise in the last couple of months. Featuring informational resources, activist materials, online action alerts, scholarly reports and much else, HowDareThey.org is a critical outlet for the unavoidable backlash being fostered by the Bush Administration's exploitation of the September 11 terrorist attacks. Check it out now at: http://www.howdarethey.org.

Terrorist attacks on and since September 11th have stimulated public soul-searching, military and diplomatic responses, and efforts to reform public policy. Both the attacks and responses to them have raised a host of questions about social organization, basic social institutions, how people mobilize amid crises, and how differences of culture and politics shape conflict and cooperation. Over the next month, this website will feature an extraordinary collection of essays by leading social scientists from around the country and the world. These are efforts by social scientists to bring theoretical and empirical knowledge to bear on the events of Sept. 11, their precursors, and what comes after. These essays are intended as resources for teachers -- especially college and university instructors -- who want to address the unfolding events in their courses from the perspectives of the social sciences. We hope they may also serve journalists and others who seek a guide to academic knowledge related to these events. Not least they are for all of us who seek deeper understanding in troubling times. Coming soon to http://www.ssrc.org/sept11/.

A special edition of ColorLines, "War on Terrorism: Profiled and Punished" is now available. This is a 16-page special report examining the racial dimensions and shifts in the changing political context. Below is an article from this special edition entitled, "The Slippery Slope of Racial Profiling" by Nicole Davis that reports on the resurgence of racial profiling and the challenges raised for communities of color. Anyone can join our email list by sending a blank message to colorlines-subscribe@topica.com.

On December 18, U.S. judge William Yohn struck down Mumia Abu-Jamal's death sentence, but left the possibility open for a new death sentence. Yohn announced that a re-sentencing hearing should be held within 180 days. The District Attorney can ask for a new death sentence to be applied, or the sentence may be converted to life imprisonment. Yohn's decision was based on flawed instructions to the 1982 jury during the original sentencing procedure, in which information was withheld from them that could have prompted them to seek a different sentence. The decision did not overturn Mumia's conviction for first-degree murder. Mumia supporters point to 20 years of evidence which has yet to be put on the record in the case; including Arnold Beverly's confession to the murder of Officer Daniel Faulkner, and numerous testimonies from witnesses who describe having been coerced by police to lie in favor of the prosecution. The decision follows a December 8 police attack on a permitted demonstration, which resulted in serious injuries and multiple felony charges for six activists. People seeking justice for Mumia should understand that A) Mumia could be sentenced again to death; B) Since this decision does not allow for an actual new trial, Mumia could be left to live the rest of his days in prison without any of this evidence being heard in court.

Contact: International Concerned Family & Friends of MAJ, P.O. Box 19709, Philadelphia, PA 19143. Phone 215-476-8812/ icffmaj@aol.com/www.mumia.org

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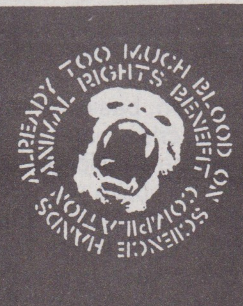
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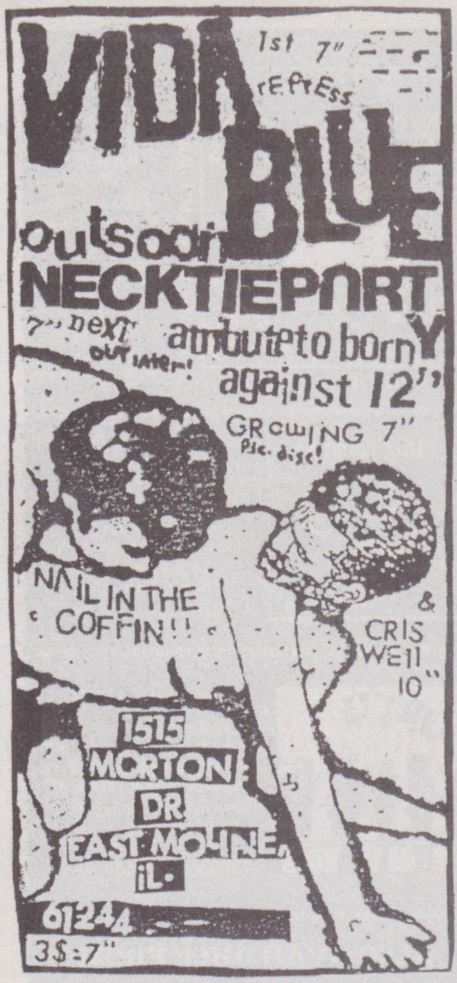
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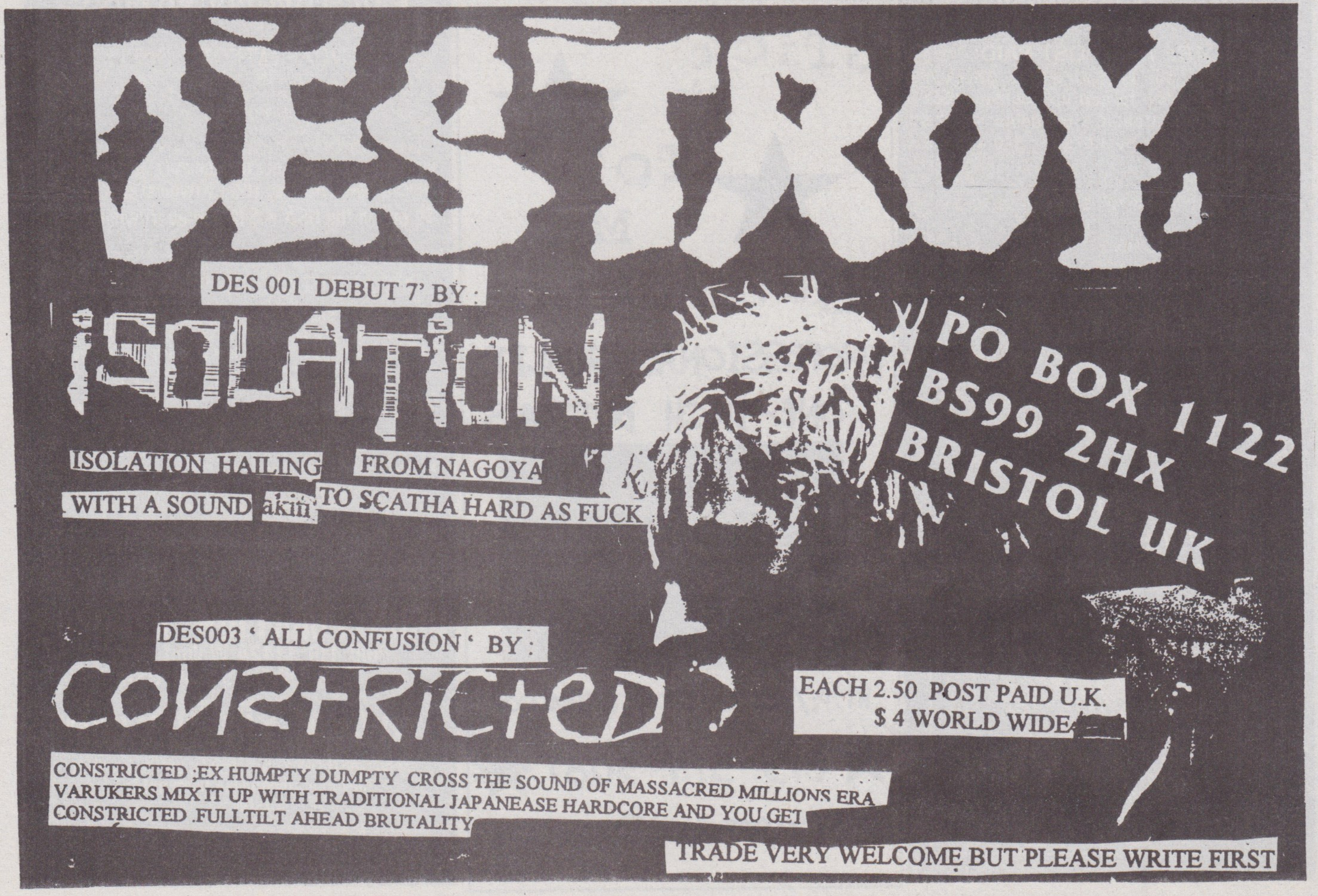

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SCENES

BELARUS

Belarus is a small ex-USSR country situated between Poland. Russia. Lithuania. Latvia. and Ukraine. The first punk and hardcore bands appeared in the late 80s. Nowadays the scene is small. but united and developing.

BANDS:

HATE TO STATE - anarchist punk/crust with dual male/female vox. The legends & pioneers of Belarusan DIY scene - sorta like Shitlickers are for Sweden (lyric-wise. pretty similar).The DIY movement in our country started after they had begun to play. They are already split-up. but their *Hate Demo* is a classic masterpiece. *Igor Konik. PO Box 205. Minsk 220107 / konyk@land.ru*

451*F—former members of **HATE TO STATE** play raging crustcore with female vox. Demo is gonna be available soon. Address above. **PARAFIN**—play OI! / '77 punk with dual vocals. have a demo. *contact through Coup De Grace newsletter.* **SCUM OUT**—hardcore / crossover similar to mid-80s Cryptic Slaughter. with two boys and one grrrl on vocals. Have just released their first tape. *Nikita Liashkevich. PO Box 55. Minsk 220029 / h8red@mail.ru*

DEVIATION

SQUAT—NYHC-style non-tough-guy hardcore. nothing recorded yet. *Contact through Coup de Grace newsletter.* **PRAVAKATSYJA** is mid-tempo garagey punk in the Stooges vein. with sorta provocative political lyrics in Belarusan. Have released *Zwychajnaja Ranitsa* tape. *Aleg Baharevich. ul. Rotmistrova 22-35. Minsk 220075.* **DEVIATION** is the Belarus' oldest active political DIY punk band and play something like folky punk/hc with reggae elements. Have two old demos (*Lukashenko Uber Alles* has been re-released in Poland as a split tape with Kalian. four songs from *Huj Wam* were released on a CDEP in France. on Darbouka records) and a brand new album *Guerilla Urbane*—powerful and political. *Stas Poczobut. PO Box 64. Grodno. 230010 / buntuima@mail.ru/ http://listen.to/deviation.* **CONTRA LA CONTRA**—hc-punk in Paragraf 119 and Amen 81 style with two various gender vocalists and really political lyrics. The only Belarussian DIY band who have toured farther than Poland—they had a few gigs in Germany this spring and are going to play in more in Europe next spring. They have a demo on tape / CD-R. *Aleksandra Bujko. PO Box 237. Grodno 230023* / contra@tut.by. **MAY B GROUP**—not punk rock. but really crazy music with a bass and drums only. somehow similar to Sabot from Czech rep. *Contact just above.* **BASTA-BASTA!**—punk rock with some OI! and ska influences. no recordings yet. *Alexandr Galkin PO Box 52. Grodno 230010 / brrr@tut.by*

VYTRI ANUS—cheerful punk-rock from crazy Grodno guys. *The same address.*

IN THE PIT

ANTIGLOBALIZATOR—old school hc/crust. the name explains their political views. *Gaja 9-5. Grodno 230010 / bastardxxx@torba.com.* **PET NIHIL**—'77 punk with some grunge features. their tape album is called *Tonatos. PO Box 40. Grodno 230006 / petnihil@tut.by.* **DEFECT OF MIND**—new skool hardcore with screaming and growling dual fe-/male vocals. *Anton Vasiljuk. 60 Let Oktjabrja 15A-35. Ivatsevichi. Brestskaja obl. 225250.* **TWIN PIGS**—small-town band playing hardcore anarcho-punk influenced by the Swedish crust scene. They haven't released anything yet but they really want to! *The same address.*

KAIFUCKEDY—melodic punk rock similar to NoFX and that kind of music with strange lyrics. Two tapes: *Ne-album* and *Pro Durnyh. Alexandr Moroz. PO Box 215. Borisov. Minskaja obl. 222120 / kkzvuk@tut.by*

ZINES:

After thinking a bit and trying to remember all the zines published in my country recently. I understood that it's better not to start writing about it at all. I can assure you—there are plenty of them! Almost each band / distro contact will get you in touch with a zine editor or two. and not everyone is listed yet! All in Russian / Belarusan language... except ***Coup de Grace.***

DISTROS / LABELS:

NO MANIPULATION—small non-profit DIY distro: does mailorder and sells stuff at local shows: prefers to trade: demo. tapes. records. zines: send samples and terms. *Hate To State address.* STAY STRAIGHT!—re-recordings and distro of sXe and drug-free hardcore from all over the world. *Do vostrebovanija. Novikov A.V., Minsk-34 220034* / bootboy@tut.by. ZB-DISTRO—re-recording releases of punk / hardcore etc. from everywhere! *Egor Dikun. PO Box 473. Minsk 220047* / bogema@tut.by. KK-SOUND—just a usual punk distro/label. The only one who has full-colored covers! *Kaifuckedy address.* Bands usually release their stuff themselves. It's impossible to release 7"s and LPs. and releasing CDs is too expensive for us. so the majority of punk rock and hardcore is only available on tapes. it is cheaper and more suitable for DIY activities in our country. Several known American and European bands have their stuff re-released in Belarus: MDC. Fast Times. most of Commitment Records bands. etc.

CLUBS:

Minsk: We have no punk venues and since September there are no clubs where punk gigs can be held. During the last years authorities closed many clubs. The present day clubs are far from perfect. One of them is boycotted by several bands for various reasons. Another provides censorship of what is said/sung from the stage cause they are afraid of having problems with authorities. moreover. they have tough-guy security. so that you can get more injures from them than from being in a center of violent slam tornado. The next one is afraid of nazi attacks on the club. there was a small incident with these bastards. but they were beaten. but since then the club doesn't want to deal with us. cause "they will come next time and there will be plenty of them and they will beat up our security. break windows and smash equipment." The rest are just major clubs that don't appreciate holding punk gigs cause they don't get much profit from them. So some DIY activists try to organize gigs themselves. but. as you can see. it's really hard. As I know. the situation is practically the same in Grodno. another punk-center of Belarus.

DEMONSTRATION
IN
BELARUS

SQUATS:

Sad but true: no punk / hc venues. no squats. There were a few little acoustic concerts in empty buildings in Grodno. but I can't call them "squats." We have never had any permanent squats—in October 2000. 60-70 anarchists. punks and other guys arranged "OCCUPATION"—a so called "squatting performance." of a former heart clinic in the center of Minsk. The action took place under the slogan "Man Can Do Everything!" consisting of an acoustic concert by Deviation. performances. painting on walls and on bodies. making artistic noise. The action lasted more than two hours and ended when the cops came. People decided not to hold on to the building because of police brutality. government authoritarian politics and criminal responsibility for these squatting actions. Really. if we had decided to keep it. we wouldn't stay even for an hour. I'm sure cause I know the stupidity. aggressiveness and technical basis of our police and OMON (special forces of Belarusan police). All addresses are in BELARUS! Please. write only address on envelope. don't write name of zine or distro!

MY ADDRESS: **Alexei Bogomolski. Zhukouskaga. 5/1-180. Minsk 220007. BELARUS** / bogema@tut.by

PHILIPPINES
J.T.

Hi. greetings. my name is Philip Andrew from the sXe band **FRIENDSHIP 7**. I also do a zine called *MaybeXnot* (issue 4 out now). Maybe you're thinking "where the hell are the Philippines??" Look at the world map—it is situated in the Southeastern part of Asia. Sometimes the Philippines is called the pearl of the Orient. All you've seen on TV or read in the newspapers is true—the Philippines is one of the most corrupt places on Earth. I'm a 21 year-old criminology student who has two day jobs. just to finance my DIY activities. I work as a volunteer counselor at a juvenile delinquent institution for which I receive no compensation. As for money. I get that from teaching drums to kids and adults. So now you know a little about me. let's get down to business. My band **FRIENDSHIP 7** has had a demo out since December 2000 entitled *Glow*. 50 cassettes and 20 cdrs which are all gone. but if you ask me to dub you one. I'll gladly do it. We are recording our second demo which is called *Many Happy Returns of the Day* and may be out this January. Because of lack of money. I am only producing 100 cassette tapes. Another problem with my label (BUTTMAN) was that my tape recorder broke. so I had to get another job to buy another one. My brother Alex. who is also our guitarist. has a zine out called ***Whyxsitxdown***. issue 1 is available now. BUTTMAN label has an upcoming international comp that will feature 100 bands from all over the world. So far I have 23 bands and am still waiting for 77 more. so bands out there should send demos. pix. and info for us to make this project a reality. Some of the bands so far: Jimmy Justice from Denmark. What Happens Next from the USA. Unconform. Cybershamanz. Distemper. Marradery. Beer Blindness all from Russia. Airsick Pilots and Social Integration from Singapore. **HUMAN ERROR** and **FRIENDSHIP 7** from the Philippines. Crossing Point from Africa. Elephants from Jamaica. Cocksparing Daffodils from Micronesia. and many more. **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** has a demo out called *Tamulmol*. you can contact them (Iris de Guzman. 303 Don Fabian St. Commonwealth Ave. QC).

COARSE are the best anarcho punk band from the Sampaloc area (Rodel Ruiz. Galicia St. Sampaloc. M.M. Philippines). his brother Rigor has a newsletter called ***Bulletin*** which lists ripoffs and people who don't reply back. contact him at Rodel Ruiz's address. ***Newskaster*** is a free newsletter which focuses on ska/punk bands. contact Gerry Cruz at newskaster@malicity.com. he is also in the band **CRITICS**. **HUMAN ERROR** are a speedcore band from Malolos. they will be featured on the BUTTMAN comp *Once And For All*. They have a two-song demo. contact them (Louie Error. 135 Enriquez St. Malolos. Bulacna. 3000. Philippines). TAKE 4 collective released two great bands Catharsis and WxHxN. TAKE 4 also has a zine ***Get In Touch*** which I think is the most informative zine in the Philippines. contact (Butch. 1260-d. Quaricada St. M.M. Philippines). **AGGRESSIVE DOG ATTACK** has a new demo out entitled *How the Anti-Christ Was Born*. contact Boi Piodos who also does DARE TO CARE collective (PO Box 64. Pacita Complex. San Pedro. Laguna. 4023. Philippines). **FEUD** who are from my side of town already have a demo out last year on TAKE 4 and are on Commitment Records box set compilation. they are fucking great (John. Inocencio St. Brgy. Espeleta 2. Bps. imus. Cavite 4103. Philippines). **ABOVE THE CLOUDS. TAKE 4. NOT FOR SALE. FOOD FOR SOUL. CIRCLE OF FRIENDS** (which is our collective vanessaxxxxx200@ yahoo.com) are the few organizers of gigs here in Luzon. There were only six DIY outdoor gigs from August to December 2001. The first was on August 11: it was entitled "kicking the cops out." We were supposed to play. but we didn't because we passed the time deadline (which is 10 pm). **BAD OMEN. MIND SOUL FIST** played. but **THE MAN AGAINST GOD** totally blew that gig. The latest gig was the 'brave new world series" which is held once a year. this gig is for old timers and some newcomers. the gig kicked ass. The next gig will be on December 15 and it will be called "food not war." It will be sponsored by NOT FOR SALE collective and PETA (an animal rights movement). we will play along with our buddies **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.**

MAKE YOUR OWN distro is the best and most reliable distro in town (Myo. 146 a Delacruz St. tayaba Quezon 4327. Philippines) they are the best. Now lets' go to Palawan (my grandad's hometown) where we will go December 20 for vacation and because two foreign bands will go there just to play in my uncle's pub/restaurant near El Nido resort. Elephants from Jamaica and Cocksparring Daffodils. They will stay there for the rest of the Xmas season to enjoy the bikini watching and the fresh fish meals. You probably heard of the Dos Palmas resort in Palawan—it is the place where terrorists kidnapped foreigners for ransom money and one of the Americans' head was chopped off. It is a dangerous place for tourists. but it is not as bad as it was because of increased police visibility.

OK. any help. donations. friendship mail me: Philip Andrew G. Garingo No 7 Flores St. Brgy. Espeleta 2 Bahayang Pag-asa Subd. Imus. Cavite 4103 Philippines) or email philiphc2000@yahoo.com. You can ask me for some articles for your zine but be sure you fucking print it (just joking!!) bye...its impossible for me to know all the scene here in the Philippines. Thanks for supporting the third world hc punkistas. unite!!!!

Lengua Armada Records

CRUDOS
LAS INJUSTICIAS CAEN COMO PESADILLAS

DEARBORN S.S.

interview by stephe perry

On a road trip to see LIMP WRIST in Buffalo we started trying to pass time with stupid road games. We thought we would try and name the releases put out by Lengua Armada. We came up with a few of them. They were all by amazing bands who were new or had something to say. I spoke with Martin, at the show and we were having a hard time coming up with the discography. He had been approached by some kids about the history of his label. I got to thinking that Lengua Armada is a label that needs to be documented. From the Crudos material to the legendary CHARLES BRONSON LP, to the numerous benefit comps, to the showcase bands like SEVERED HEADS OF STATE, or WHN or DEARBORN SS, there are too many amazing releases for this label to go unrecorded. Over the next couple of months we set out to organize a history of Lengua Armada through releases. Here's is what has transpired from a series of conversations. Thanks to Jonah Falco for doing the initial transcribing.

MRR: What does the name 'Lengua Armada' mean, and where did you come up with the name for the label?

Lengua Armada actually means 'armed tongues.' 'Lengua' means 'tongue', and 'armada' means 'armed', and basically the idea for the label name came from this folk record I bought that was from central America. It was all these protest songs….I think it was from Nicaragua, or El Salvador, I can't remember. It was in Central America, and the record was called 'Guitarra Armada' which is 'armed guitars.' I was looking at that and I started thinking about the title, and I was like, this is a great record and it's a great title, but is it really the guitar that's armed, or the words that people put to the guitar that's armed? Or charged. So based off that I came up with the name Lengua Armada. The tongues and the words that come off it are more dangerous in a sense, so that's where I got the name from.

MRR: How did the idea to start a label come up?

Well, my first label ever was just to release stuff that was coming out of Chicago, that I was going to see all the time and it was before Lengua Armada even started. I did a fanzine called 'What the Fuck?' and I released a compilation seven inch with all the bands that I was going to see at the time….it was all Chicago stuff. That was called "There's a fungus amongus" seven inch.

MRR: That was you?

Yeah, and that's the first record I ever put out and it was just kind of something I wanted to do…I thought it'd be great. There was all this other stuff happening, but there was no local label or anything. There was nothing really happening, I felt, or enough…I shouldn't really say nothing, but there wasn't really *enough* happening that encompassed what was happening in Chicago at the time, so I put out that comp. Yeah, so I did that, and I did a second release which was a no label release. That's the 'Built on Blood' LP comp with 7 inch.

MRR: So that's not a Lengua Armada release?

Technically it's not, but there's no real label name to it at all, cause at that time I had stopped doing the fanzine and I just wanted to release a record, and I did it, and there's no actual label on it. But I dunno, if somewhere along the line I linked it up with Lengua Armada, but it technically was not. Then I started Lengua Armada with the CRUDOS stuff, …I really wasn't interested, or even had the desire to send out tapes to people, and see if anybody was really into wanting to release it, because I honestly wouldn't believe that people would be into it so we just kind of took it upon ourselves to release it ourselves…and that's when we started the label.

MRR: Where did the idea for the "Built on Blood" comp come from?

At that time I started getting involved and interested in a lot of the native struggle stuff that was happening at that time in the Midwest, especially in the Wisconsin area. It basically came about cause one day a friend of mine who worked for Greenpeace said 'hey come to this benefit fund-raiser we're having' and there was a man who spoke there who I was totally blown away by. By his attitude and the way he spoke, and all the stuff was coming up about native struggle and resistance, and I thought 'what the hell is this all about?' so I started asking people and getting more involved, so I decided that I wanted to dedicate a record to this and do a fund-raiser. As well, it was a way of getting information out about this within the punk scene, so that's kind of where the whole…

MRR: Did this come out in 1992?

No before that…the "Built in Blood" comp came out in 1990. It was before LOS CRUDOS started.

MRR: So it pre-dated all the demonstrations around the Columbus celebrations?

It was right around then. It was before the 500 year thing, but it was like two years, or something like that, before it. Where it was mainly coming or trying to get into was a lot of the issues related to Northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota, where the Chippewa (Ojibway) people were dealing with the rights to hunt, fish, and gather, and they were being attacked by a lot of local white people who were really angry about it, but a lot of it was actually backed by big corporations, like mining companies and stuff like that. So it was the classic situation where it was really about, like, the wealth of the land. It was all targeted towards the native population and the local folks were rallied to go against the natives because they were 'depleting the resources' which is what was being said, but the reality of it was that there were mining companies that were putting out all this false information to the locals, and in turn the locals were taking it out on the native people.

MRR: What was the first release you did on Lengua Armada? Was it a Crudos record?

It was the CRUDOS first seven inch. "La Rabia…" seven inch. That was the first thing we did. Actually, we released the demo first, but the actual seven inch was the first piece of vinyl.

MRR: Could you give a sort of history of your releases…if you can remember how things started coming out after that?

Um, basically, that was the first record, and I told you why we did it, and at that point we decided to just keep on putting stuff out. The second release was a collaboration between us and HUASIPUNGO which was a split seven inch and we did it together as a split label release and that was because we had decided that we were going to tour together and everything, so we thought it would be good to collaborate on a project. So we did that, and then afterwards, I believe what followed was the third seven inch, which was a record of our own. It was the 'la injusticias….' seven inch. Then what was it…I can't remember the numbers…. Then after that the 'History of Compassion and Justice' compilation came out. Then the Western Shoshonee defense project, which actually has no label listed but it was also a split project between

MANUMISSION and LOS CRUDOS.

MRR: What was that?

That was the Western Shoshonee benefit record if you look on there, there's no label information listed at all but it was actually a collaboration between MANUMISSION and LOS CRUDOS. One of the members of MANUMISSION, and us. That's where everything starts going gray after that. I don't remember the order of stuff, but I could kind of give you a general idea.

MRR: Could you tell me about the 'History of Compassion and Justice' comp? I remember hearing something about it being packaged in paper towel.

Yeah, paper towel. The title 'The History of Compassion and Justice' all came about surrounding the inauguration of President Clinton. I thought the contradiction between what he was saying and what was happening was very interesting. There was some article about him and his inaugural speech, and he was saying something about 'people who criticize America and who are angry about it, I don't understand why we've had such a great history of compassion and justice' and I was just in shock that he said that. I just thought about the irony of him having native Americans in his parade, his inaugural parade, and I just thought, how could you possibly talk about a 'history of compassion and justice.' It was just so layered with contradictions, I thought that it was just pathetic. No country has ever had a history of compassion and justice, you know. So I challenged that, and I thought about the idea of the cover, and I found some great artwork that related to the issue of slavery (United States and African Americans). I got the drawing and started thinking about what kind of paper I wanted it on. At one point I remembered seeing some paper towel with things like 'Home Sweet Home', and 'Home is the Place of the Hearts' printed on it, all this kind of bullshit, kind of sweet, home and love and family kind of thing, and I thought this would be a great backdrop for this image, for this record. So that's kind of where the paper towel idea came from.

MRR: It makes sense. Plays on the theme of sort of a rustic America, a rustic feeling America. Then a compilation came out, which I think was called 'Yo Hablo'? COPOUT was on it, ASSFACTOR 4, SPITBOY, it was an amazing comp of bands that were outside of Chicago, with the exception of ARMA CONTRA ARMA. What was the idea behind that comp?

The 'Yo Hablo' was another benefit that came out. A friend of my Mother's, this Chilean woman who was really, really active, and was involved in a lot of struggles for women's rights and things like that had formed a group. Actually the group was called 'Project Hablo' which means project speak, and it dealt with women who were in situations of abuse. Be it physical, or mental abuse, stuff like that, in the community that I lived in, in Chicago. I heard about this organization when they were starting out, and they were having trouble getting money and stuff like that. I thought it would be an excellent idea to put together a project called 'Yo Hablo'—I speak—and do it as a fundraiser for that group, and it turned out really well. It came out really well. I started talking to bands about it, and they seemed really interested. They all liked it, so they basically participated.

MRR: How did that record with REVOLUCION X come out? I think that was one of the next ones.

That bands a border band actually and what I mean by a border band is, that some members lived in the El Paso side of Texas, and some of them lived on the Mexico side. So, um, they were a really great band, a unique band. When the whole Zappatista thing happened, they were right on it. Their first seven inch which I didn't really, actually, it was a weird thing. They wanted me to release it but some label from France took it upon themselves to release it without getting the ok from the band. But it's an amazing record, and I love that band, so we got in touch with them and started to keep in contact. I'd said that 'I'd love to do something with you all' and they were into it, so we did that record. That was also a split label release between my label, and one of the members of LOS CRUDOS, who decided to start his own label, and we did it together.

MRR: That's cool. Did they ever talk about what being a 'border band' was like?

Not much, no. I mean, the band really went unnoticed for a long time cause people…Some of the members, the main member who started the band on the Mexico side, he wanted a certain amount of anonymity. He didn't want people to know exactly who he was because of the stuff he was doing. Especially at that time in Mexico, things were so politically charged, he didn't want to be found so easily. There's really not much information that you can find. People asked me how they could get in touch with them, or 'do you have their information' and I wouldn't give it out, because they asked me not to.

MRR: Had CRUDOS traveled to Mexico at this point? How did you find out about them?

Actually, one day I got a tape in the mail, and that's how I first heard about them. I was totally blown away, I was like 'Holy Shit! Who is this band?' I was really into them from the get go, and we built a relationship with people from the band, so that's how it happened.

MRR: I think the MK-ULTRA 'Melt' 7 inch may have come out next? The MK-ULTRA seven inch which was amazing because it had potshots at Tony Victory and all this other stuff on the Unabomber. Yeah it was just one of those records that had lots of things that were very pertinent in terms of messages in songs. There were lots of songs on it, it was like classic hardcore…it had like the return. MK-ULTRA were from Chicago so this would be kind of a Chicago band release, How did this record come into existence?

Well, MK-ULTRA is another one of the bands that we started playing with a lot…with LOS CRUDOS. We built a relationship with the guys, based on doing shows together, and we became friends. The band had released their first single independently, and talk had come about doing a record with them. They liked the idea, they were into what we were doing with the label and stuff, so we went ahead and did a 7 inch with them.

MRR: Was that the same case with the My Lai and the 'Pony Soldier' EP?

Yeah, MY LAI was another local band that was around at that time, and I was really into what they were doing. These are all bands that we played with. Even when we went on tour, we had Chicago bands jump on sections of the tour with us, even if it was across country. We had MK-ULTRA play a bunch with us, the second half of our last tour, we played together. MY LAI played with us also on a couple shows; KUNG-FU RICK. Wherever we went we tried to hook up other younger bands to play with us.

MRR: In some ways it seems like Lengua Armada took on the role of being something similar to Dischord, where you put out bands from your own area.

We did that but we weren't exclusively that. The difference between us and Dischord, is that we felt that there was so much happening in other places that was being over looked, and we really wanted to support those projects because of what it was, and what it stood for. A perfect example would be REVOLUCION X. Nobody in the US would have probably touched that band. They would have gone unnoticed, so we wanted to expose them to the people that otherwise would not have got a chance.

MRR: There was another comp called Project Vida. Could you tell me about the Project Vida comp, and how that came about?

The Project Vida was another local community organization that basically dealt with HIV/AIDS prevention. I really liked what they were doing because they were young kids who would basically go out into the street; on certain streets in Chicago that were pretty much gang infested areas, and these kids would walk up to gang bangers and start talking about using condoms and would give them condoms. They were doing what I felt was pretty risky work, and I was kind of blown away by that. We had played a show for them at one point to raise money and awareness, so the idea for doing a record came out, and that's what we did. Project Vida means 'Project life.'

MRR: This record also came with crazy packaging. Could you describe what the packaging was, and how the idea for it came about? It was tinfoil, with like ruby tape, and transparencies.

Yeah, coloured tape. I just wanted to do something that looked really different, was really nice, and I dunno… I remember finding that image in a magazine, and I thought it was an impacting image. So I thought, 'how can I get this printed.' I just wanted to do something different with it, and basically the idea of…I mean the label always tried to do things differently like home made, hand made, not having to think about going to the printers to get something done, and that was another project where we took simple stuff, like buying little pieces of cardboard—which were the actual sleeves—and buying aluminum foil, which you could get pretty cheaply. Put a piece of tape…The most expensive thing on it was the transparency. I kind of worked my way around having to pay too much for that, and it turned out not to be too expensive of a project.

MRR: But it seems like an incredible amount of work.

It is, it's a lot of labour. Every record I've done for the most part, has entailed a lot of kind of hand physical labour, work. A lot of hands on. But that's kind of something I've always liked about doing the label was that no matter where you were, somebody who had that record, your hands were all over it. There were comments at the beginning of Lengua Armada—"Oh this is cheaply put together"—well you know if you're used to buying really fancy ass printed shit, well yeah you can look at it and say it's cheap or say this is hand made, this is pretty awesome. I think it's more creative than just giving something off to the printer and saying "hey print this for me, score it, fold it, put it together for me." I guess it's just getting more involved with what we were doing with the label. I like that element. Some stuff was just, grab whatever we would find, kind of thing that were thrown away or whatever, and there was actually so much of it, you could turn it into a record cover or whatever.

MRR: It's amazing. Actually, I've heard of your releases being described as "Über D.I.Y." in terms of packaging. Sort of over the top D.I.Y., and in a lot of ways it blows peoples minds cause no one can figure out what you're going to do next. In terms of screen printing or whatever…how you're going to package the next thing. One of the releases I wanted to ask you about specifically was the ANTI-DOGMATIKS seven inch. When did that come out?

That came out right after the LOS CRUDOS tour of Europe. So before that, the CRUDOS LP had come out. There's a little story in the record about it, where we were on tour in Europe and I knew that when I got to Barcelona, Spain, that I wanted to straight up, just get on stage and just ask people if anybody knew the whereabouts of people from the ANTI-DOGMATIKS. Years ago I had received demo tapes of that band and I thought they were a great band, and I was shocked that nothing had ever been released by them other than some comp tracks. I thought -'ok it would be great to release something by this band' cause I thought the were really an excellent band.

MRR: Were they still around at the time?

No, no, no, no. One of the members had passed away, and they weren't around as a band anymore. They had broken up years ago. Basically what happened was that we got to Barcelona at the show, we were late as hell. We just jumped on stage when we got there, and I flat out got on the mic, to this squat full of people and said 'does anybody here know anybody, or know members of ANTI-DOGMATIKS or BUDELLAM was a band that some of the members started after the ANTI-DOGMATIKS. This kid's arm just shoots into the air and he says 'That's my older brothers band!' And I'm like 'I wanna talk to you after the show', right over the mic, I didn't give a fuck. I was like whatever. And the kid says 'that's my brothers band' and I said 'I want to talk to him' so he gave me the phone number I called his brother from a payphone the next day and talked to him, and said 'hey, you know, I love your band, I'm shocked no one has done anything, can I put out a 7 inch of my favorite songs from the two demos?' and he said he had to talk to some people about it but it turned out to be an okay. So that's how it happened.

MRR: Was it re-released with that discography?

Yeah, all that stuff got on there.

MRR: I wanted to ask you about the SEVERED HEAD OF STATE record. I had never heard of the band, and all of a sudden this record is coming out and there's this crazy buzz surrounding it. Who is this band, and how did you come about releasing this material.

The band basically are friends of mine. People from different projects and different bands. I had kept in touch with Jack from Mind Control records for a long time, and he had said 'hey, I started a project band, and I'm gonna send you a tape, and tell me what you think of it. I'd like if Lengua Armada would consider putting it out.' I got it, and listened to it, and said 'yeah it's pretty intense, it's good I like it' So it basically happened and it got put out. As a matter of fact, at that time it was a really bad time for me, cause I was in grad school and I didn't have much money, so the band actually paid for the first thousand. They fronted the money, and then I paid it back to them. But basically, they did it, and I did the second press cause I finally got out of my little rut.

MRR: What about ARMA CONTRA ARMA. Who were they?

ARMA CONTRA ARMA was a project band that Jose and I from LOS CRUDOS did with these two brothers that were living in Chicago, and we thought it would be really cool to start this project band called ARMA CONTRA ARMA. We didn't play many shows. We played ABC No Rio once, played a few other shows, and then the band kind of took a hiatus, and they got two other members besides me and Jose and then we got back together and played one last show. We also recorded the stuff we were doing at the time and that's the release of that stuff.

MRR: SIN ORDEN. Who were they, and how did this release come to be?

SIN ORDEN are a group of kids from the Chicago area. Actually it's a weird story of how this all hooked up. My older sister was working at the Jesuit High School in the neighborhood that had just opened up a couple years ago. And she said 'Martin, there are a couple kids at the school who are into alternative music and punk and stuff, and it turned out that they found out that I was your sister and kids have been coming up to me and asking me stuff. The teacher was there and overheard, and wants you to come into the class and talk to the kids about all the stuff you do. About your photography, about doing the label, about LOS CRUDOS, about everything.' So I got invited to this Jesuit High School. It was kind of weird, but they invited me to do this twice. I'd show parts of my video before it actually came out. Before long, one of the kids went up to my sister and said, 'hey this is my band, give your brother this tape.' And it was the SIN ORDEN demo. 'Who are these kids' I thought, so I got to meet them and it turned out that they were practicing like three blocks from my house—where they lived. So I just started going over there and hanging out with them. It was great because they weren't really in touch or tapped in with a scene of any kind. They didn't really know anybody, they didn't know what a lot of stuff was. I started supporting them, and turning them on to stuff, and said 'hey check this out, check that out' and then finally 'you gotta play this show.' So just getting them moving and connected with the scene. I wanted to support these guys, cause they were getting better and better, and crazier and crazier, and I was really into what they were doing, so I said 'How do you feel about putting out a record?' and we put out that seven inch, cause they wanted to.

MRR: You were talking to me about some limited edition records, and I didn't realize Lengua Armada had done limited edition records. And, then I thought 'How stupid could I be' there was that CHARLES BRONSON record that everyone was talking about. Could you tell me about the CHARLES BRONSON 'Youth Attack'LP? The cover?

The CHARLES BRONSON thing was interesting because, again, they were a local band and they had played shows with us and would play around the suburbs and Chicago.

The funny thing about CHARLES BRONSON, is that there's been a lot of criticism of that record. A lot of people said that it was so limited, but in reality, it wasn't limited especially considering the amount of records we made was based on everything they had sold to that date. So we decided on doing a pressing of 3300. For 330 copies, the band said 'let's do a limited version', I was like 'okay'. So we did this whole version with the metal cover and the clear vinyl.

MRR: Could you describe it? Cause I've never seen one.

Basically it's a thin sheet of metal that has an image of CHARLES BRONSON silk screened one side, and it's lined with this red velvety material on the inside, and it's clear vinyl with different labels, pictures of the band. That's basically it. Those records were being taken to shows, and being sold for like six bucks, or kids could mailorder them or whatever. They were available to the public. The thing is, there was a Charles Bronson explosion all of a sudden. Even when CHARLES BRONSON was playing around Chicago, there were like thirty fucking kids there. You know, nobody gave a fuck. And all of a sudden, after that album came out there was this fuckin' boom, and they became super popular. I mean the album is a great album I like the record. I wouldn't have put it out if I wasn't into it, but they became super hyper blown up. I told the band that I'd repress it if they wanted but they said, no, we'll get some European label to do it. And that's when it went to another label in Europe and they released it. It was one of those weird things where people said 'oh you made a limited record' yeah there was a limited version of it. And then the whole crazy thing about E-bay happened, and kids were paying like crazy money for it. And the funny thing is, most kids didn't realize that you could have still got that record from the band, or from me for six bucks. E-bay is just a whole other thing, and it's just a weird thing in itself.

MRR: The metal cover…when you pulled out the record, did it scratch it so it became unplayable?

No…

MRR: That's a rumor I heard.

No, I taped off the edges so it wasn't as… No, no, no, no. Well if it happened, sorry, but it wasn't intentional.

MRR: What were some of the other limited edition covers that were made for your releases?

I think almost every record that we've done, except the really early ones, there's been some alternate sleeve or something.

MRR: Oh yeah?

Yeah. Pretty much.. I mean, a lot of it came from….for instance the LOS CRUDOS LP—the "Canciones…" LP—I made a lot of those, and there's European versions and they look different. And I made different versions based on what materials I had available. When I ran out of the thick cardboard, and I no longer had anymore I grabbed other kinds of paper and things like that, but it was just so I could complete the pressing, and have it out there. And it wasn't because I purposely wanted to make 'a thousand of these, and five hundred of that, and fifty of this' It wasn't like that, it was just whatever I had available, is the way it went out. But other releases…the e-150, the HOG, a lot of the records, there started to be like alternate sleeves to it. And lot of the time , the band wants to do a limited sleeve, so it's like 'ok.' As well it's kind of an incentive for kids to continue doing mailorder, cause a lot of kids don't do mailorder anymore. And it's trying to say 'get it directly from us, and you'll get a different version'

MRR: Do you still do all your distribution by yourself?

I send out to distributors, and I give stuff to other people, so….

MRR: Who are some of the distributors that you work with?

I have my stuff being distributed through several people. One guy is Thought Crime in Germany. He is going to be carrying a lot of my stuff, like quantities for folks in Germany and Europe. Also Paco from London. He does La Vida es un mus that shares the same address as Active Distribution in London. It is very possible that other people throughout Europe will have it that I trade with on a regular basis, but there are several people who said they want larger quantities so they have stuff available for a larger audience. Those are the two main ones.

MRR: So they do some of it, but you still do some of it largely yourself.

Well not the bulk…it's harder now because I'm not in a band that's constantly touring, so it's harder to get rid of stuff. It's not as easy, I should say, because you're not getting it out there. You're not driving town to town and selling stuff to kids after shows. It's a little more difficult, but I'm still getting records; as far as distribution is concerned. Ebullition will pick up a bunch, but then any kid who sends me money in an envelope and says 'I want five copies for me and my friends, or ten copies and I run this little distro,' that's totally cool. I still do trades with other labels and bands and stuff. I get it out whichever way I can.

MRR: How did the e-150 record come about?

We meet the band when we did the tour. They played with us but we missed them because we got their late. Basically, with e-150 I heard the record and I really loved the first single. I thought it was amazing. But it was already sold out. It was sold in Europe and very few copies got to the U.S. We had talked about trying to get them. I said, "I want you guys to come tour the U.S." We kind of talked about it and I said that I would love to re-issue the 7". It would be nice to have it in the States and it would also help with the tour and they were really cool with it. They didn't believe they were going to come to the U.S. and they didn't believe that we would help them in that way. They just thought whatever, you know, and basically me and Kim Bae were taking a trip and we had to go there and convince them that we were serious. We were going to do this tour. We got the record going for their tour and that's how that happened.

MRR: What about the current material you're working on. You had a whole bunch of releases come out recently. The WHAT HAPPENS NEXT 7 inch, the DEARBORN SS 7 inch, the AUTHORITY ABUSE, the new Chicago comp. What's the New Chicago comp called?

It's called 'Chicago's on Fire Again'

MRR: And who's on it?

TREPAN NATION, THE KILLERS, LOS CRUDOS, MK ULTRA CHARLES BRONSON, AUTHORITY ABUSE, KUNG-FU RICK, LANDMINE, STRENGTH IN NUMBERS, DANGERMOUSE, and BUILLY BUILDERS.

MRR: I saw one recently, it was packaged in a Chicago record. With silk screen over top of it?

Okay that's the limited version. Basically I made copies for the bands and stuff.

MRR: You went out and bought some Chicago records? At some used stores?

Yeah I went out and bought like 100 used Chicago (the old rock band) LP's. Doing alternate covers is something that I love doing, but I can't do 3000 of those. It would be way to expensive to find 3000 Chicago LP's and I basically stenciled flames around the band logo 'Chicago' and put a stickered back like a sheet that I stickered on the back of it, and I taped the record inside. I would love to do everyone of them like that, but it's just way too expensive to do that. If somebody said, 'I used to own a record store and I've got a thousand of these things sitting down there' I would have fuckin' taken them all, but the thing is that it's just too much. I'm finding that it's kind of difficult—especially now that I've moved—it's hard for me to have hook ups and find materials that I would be able to use to do a huge quantity of things. It would be nice to do that but it's not…you know. So that's the limited version, it comes in the Chicago sleeve.

MRR: What does "Ahora Mas Que Nunca" translate to mean?

"Now More Than Ever"

MRR: How did the W.H.N. project come together?

I have known the people for quite some time and I remember talking to Karoline, Robert's wife, and we were talking and I said "I would really love to do a record with WHAT HAPPENS NEXT" and she goes "You know what, you should ask them. They would probably really like to do a record with you." I am like "You think so?", she goes "Oh God, yeah, they would." I was like "Okay, you know, I will ask them". I threw it out there at them and they were like "Yeah, let's do it" and they did the 7" so that was really cool.

MRR: Did you talk to them before the Chicago-fest about this?

Oh yeah, I think it was talked about before the Chicago-fest.

MRR: Where did the idea of the pop-up skateboard thing come from?

Well it was funny because they had this crazy idea of doing a pop-up. I'm like "Cool". I'm like "I've done one before". They're like "You Did?". I'm like "look at the second CRUDOS single" and there was a pop-up in there and I remember showing it to them and they were like "Holy Shit". I'm like "What do you want to do?" They were like "some skater thing". I was like "That would be great. Let's do it." I'm like, "I can do that. That's easy." I think we made 2,000 of them.

MRR: There was also a limited edition with a flannel sleeve.

I cut out all these flannels and put pins on them and stuff. It came with a sticker and was on color vinyl.

MRR: Essentially to represent the flannel shirt skirt?

Kind of. I thought it would be great because the whole idea behind this late 80's bandana flannel hardcore bands. I know they call it thrash but it is hardcore to me. I just thought this would be beautiful for this band. Let's do a flannel thing, because I thought more than bandana, flannel was the basically more visible than the actual bandanas so I did the flannel jacket for that.

MRR: Who was in DEARBORN S.S.?

DEARBORN S.S. was Kim Bae on vocals; Jordan on vocals; Matt Weeks from Council, CURRENT, and OTTAWA; Jeff who was in OTTAWA who played drums and he was also in NEMA and all these other bands; Dave Song played bass, and Derek Kinney who was in JIHAD. That's who DEARBORN S.S. is, who were a fuckin' great, very short lived, amazing band. Politically and every other way they were just right on people and the record is great. I love it. Unfortunately, they didn't get to do much more. They broke up.

MRR: Where did the name DEARBORN S.S. come from?

There is a whole explanation on the record about it. It is talking about

Dearborn, Michigan and Henry Ford and the relation between Ford and Nazi Germany and how he would support it economically. He was a believer in the whole S.S. mentality. And Hitler had invited Ford over to set up production lines. And it is written about and it is something that is not common knowledge and it would be great if people really realize what some of these people did. I love that record because of what it is—the content, the substance—that is super important to me in doing a label. Supporting bands and records that do that kind of stuff.

MRR: The record label seems to have mixed things like politics as well as great hardcore. That seems to be what Lengua Armada encapsulates to me.

Well, to me, the important thing in hardcore and punk is that if there is no substance to it then it is very thin. It falls flat on it's fuckin' face, as far as I'm concerned. It's a combination of many things. It's about energy, it's about anger, it's about being pissed at something. What is it that you are pissed about? If you are not backing it up with something that is weighty and has substance I feel like it is thin or weak or could become misdirected anger at some point. I like supporting bands or putting out stuff with that. I think the current state of hardcore, there are a lot bands, there is a lot of hype about bands, there are a lot of really good bands but my question that I challenge the scene is where is the fuckin' substance? I don't care that you know how to play like the bands from 1982. If you don't have anything to fuckin' tell me I don't give a shit that you are a replica of something else that already happened. I'm cool when people do this thing where they are influenced by the old, but don't throw back 1981-'82 mentality at me because that goes nowhere. It is like where have you been for twenty fuckin' years. We have come a long way. I put that out there in the sense that I think the scene has to continually challenge, on many different levels, because it has turned into this aesthetic only. Where is the substance, where is the power behind it?

MRR: The message was a big part of it and it seems to have gotten lost in this drive towards an apoliticism of hardcore.

It could be apolitics or it could be just wanting to sound like something else or wanting to be something else. If you weren't there just do something new. You weren't there, deal with it. Not many people were there for it. It's okay.

MRR: Do you have any other observations about how labels have been running?

Coming from the States, I think there is a lot around big trends. I am losing respect for a lot of labels and people because I think what is happening is labels are acting like, you are all DIY and you have the DIY thing down but you are playing this major label game where you are scouting for bands and you are having almost big wars over bands. Like who's going to get this fuckin' new hot band. It's like bands are not allowed to live out the band, to actually do a demo, play shows, record a 7", do more shows. It is like right away labels are like I want to do your demo, two 7"s, and I want you to promise me to do an LP. You are playing this game with scouting and being really fuckin' catty towards each other. "I want to beat this label to this band". It's really weird stuff. It's very cut-throat-ish. Very competitive and it has nothing to do with why I thought I was into this. I don't understand where people are taking this. I hope that this either fizzles out and dies down or there is just going to be a divide at some point between people because it is fuckin' gross and there will be a new underground, hopefully.

The scene has become very competitive. It is not like there is this great show and six amazing bands are playing it. The after talk is "This band kicked all of those bands asses", regardless of whether it was a great show across the board. When people say "This band smoked that band", that's jock shit. That's jock fuckin' mentality. Fuck jocks. I fuckin' can't stand 'em. And I can't stand them coming around trying to act like they are punk or hardcore. Fuck that shit. Competitiveness, what is that?

The other thing about this that is very disturbing to me is the lack of creativity. I think there is a serious lack of creativity. There is a recycled mentality. Recycled artwork. It is just slapping up a photo of some ancient great legendary band on your ads, using them for flyers, stealing the old band's record covers. Come on, make your own shit. Are we not creative enough? Do we not believe in ourselves enough that we could just make our own fuckin' shit up? What is going on? I am sick of it. I love the old stuff just like anybody else, but do we need another MINOR THREAT photo on a flyer? Do we need another photo of LARM on a flyer? Do we need to see another knock off cover of the TEEN IDLES single? Do you know what I am saying? Do we need another INFEST bootleg? Do we need another NEGATIVE APPROACH bootleg? or a MISFITS boot? No!

MRR: Especially when we have so many great bands out there trying to get things going ...

I just can't believe we have this supposedly great scene that does not believe in itself. I have heard people say about how the scene is great right now. There is fuckin' tons of great bands and you know what, a lot of them do not believe in themselves because it just doesn' t show. They are not creative. It's like they wannabe something else. Why bother? Why do it? Don't do it. People say they are preaching to the converted. If you are a punk kid and believes that, don't even waste your time here. Go somewhere else. Don't do it. Don't get into this. I just think that they don't believe in themselves. Put a photo of yourselves on an ad or on a flyer. Why not? All the old bands did that before. They didn't have to go back and put a photo of the SEX PISTOLS on their flyer. So why do we?

MRR: It's sad to think that today's bands can't bring something to the table that would update the script

Exactly and what they are reinforcing is this hierarchy that already has existed with "We're from the first wave of the scene and you are just some stupid kid and you can't possible do anything as cool as we did because we were ultra fuckin' cool." And when kids do this we enforce and continue to have that hierarchy of this shit and I think that punk is one of the few genres of music that has this grotesque hierarchy of "I have been around, I am more valid than you are. You are some fuckin' poseur kid. Oh you are only this...I have been around since '79 and I have been around since '81." Fuck all that shit. You don't see that in jazz. Jazz is jazz. Jazz people love jazz whether it's new jazz, old jazz, whatever jazz. Why does punk do that? Hip-hop people, new people love the old, the old people love the new, too. Punk it's about hierarchy, it's bullshit, it's so trendy, the mentality. I hate it. It's like what is that. And I am one who has always been like "Fuck all that shit". The punkest thing a kid could tell an old punk who comes up with that mentality is "Fuck You." That's fuckin' punk. That is the biggest "shut 'em up" you can do. I'm doing my thing, your fuckin' washed up, you want to cling onto this past that you no longer have. Too bad, I feel sorry for you, later.

MRR: Could you tell about some of the things you're working on right now, that are on the verge of coming out.

I have a NEW GRENADA 7"—A Chicago band. They have one seven inch, that just came out on Council Records and I'm doing their other single. I have the LIMP WRIST LP.

MRR: Is the LIMP WRIST LP going to be out soon?

Really soon, it should be coming out soon. I have to take it to get mastered within the next week and a half.

MRR: How much material is on that?

I think it's like 18 songs.

MRR: ...and it's all new?

Oh yeah, it's all different from the seven inch. A couple of the songs are from the demo but for the most part it's all new material.

MRR: Are the demo songs re-recorded?

Yes they are.....and then I have a comp LP coming out. It's basically done in the vein of the old 'Really Fast' comps from Sweden, where each band does several songs. It's got DS-13, DEATHREAT, LIMP WRIST, SIN ORDEN, SEEIN' RED, LIFE'S HALT, MELEE from Boston, e-150, ESPERANZA...and then I have, the PUNCH IN THE FACE 7". They're a Chicago band.

MRR: Is it gonna be the demo, or is it gonna be new stuff?

I think they're going to try and re-record it. The demo is great, but I think they would like to try to record it again. So I dunno. Besides that, I have a seven inch by this band called TRAGATELO that I play drums in.

MRR: Oh wow, you're playing drums in a band?

Yeah out here in California, it's a couple friends of mine, we started this band. We have a demo out, a split demo and , we're gonna put out a seven inch, most likely.

MRR: What do you sound like?

Um.....that's really hard to say. It's powerful, it's got melody, lyrically, it's really charged politically with a lot of different things that we talk about, but I like it a lot. I like the demo a lot.

MRR: How can people get in touch with the label?

They can write to me at: 1010-1/2 Riverine Ave., Santa Ana, CA, 92701 or by e-mail at martincrudo@yahoo.com.

BREAKER BREAKER

by Dan Smitherham

MRR: First off, give me a run through of who is in the band, and who does what.

Jonah: I play bass.
Mark: I sing.
Ben: I play drums
Chris: I play guitar
Rusty: I play guitar also.

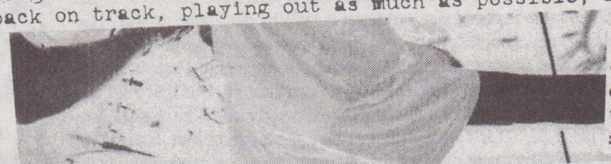
MRR: Tell me what Breaker Breaker is all about, and what your name means.

Jonah: Breaker Breaker is all about having fun and playing fast music.

Mark: Our name doesn't really mean anything in particular. We just wanted to have a name that was original, a name that you couldn't automatically know the style of music we played, just by hearing our name.

MRR: What has Breaker Breaker been up to lately?

Rusty: We have been looking for a new drummer for a while. Just recently my man Ben moved out here from Kansas to play drums. We're so glad he moved out here, because he's perfect for us. So now were back on track, playing out as much as possible, and having a lot fun.



MRR: So how would you describe the sound or style of music that you guys play?

Chris: Well I would say we play fast hardcore. I think everyone in the band brings different influences to the table, and as a band we are still developing our sound and style.

MRR: Being a San Francisco-based band, do you find it hard for your style of music to be accepted in the Bay Area, since there aren't many hardcore bands with a similar style?

Rusty: Yeah, of course. Everyone knows there isn't a big hardcore scene here at all. Most of our shows are out of town. Down in Southern California, there are a lot more kids and bands that are receptive to the type of music that we play. So I think that naturally we are going to play to the people that want to hear us, plus ninety-nine percent of the clubs in San Francisco are 21 and over. That crowd really isn't really our audience. I mean don't get me wrong, we will play anywhere, anytime, but it's hard for us to get on local shows because we don't exactly fit in.

MRR: How has the response been to the release of your demo 7" on Bridge Nine records?

Chris: As far as we know, it's doing well. We've been selling a lot of them at our shows, and kids have been singing along, so someone is buying them.

MRR: What do you like most about being in Breaker Breaker?

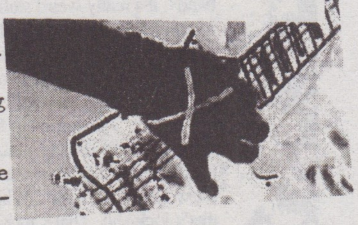
Jonah: Hanging out with friends and traveling to places.

Mark: When people sing along to something that I wrote, that is a really cool feeling.

Chris: Getting to write music with my friends, getting to travel, and not having to work.

Ben: It gave me the opportunity to get the hell out of Kansas.

Rusty: What I like most about Breaker Breaker is that because of this band, I have met some of the best friends I will ever have. On top of that, we get the opportunity to write awesome music together. It works for me.

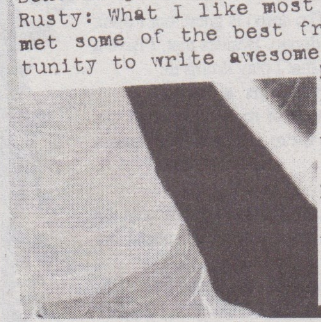


MRR: What seems to be the hardest thing to overcome being in this band?

Jonah: I think the hardest thing to overcome is the expectations of people. They want to put you into Category A or Category B because you are a straightedge hardcore band, and they think you should look and sound a certain way, instead of doing something that actually you really like.

MRR: What can we expect from Breaker Breaker in the future?

Chris: We will be playing as many shows as possible. Hopefully at some point, we will be in the position to do our band full-time. We will be recording again in November for a 7"/CD EP out on Bridge Nine records in early winter. We then plan to hit the road to support the EP.



MRR: Is there anything else you want to add, any closing comments?

Rusty: If you have computer access, check out our web site (www.breakerbreaker.net) for all of our current info. If you're interested in booking us, please email us at rustyxmunro@munrovia.com.

Ben: Keep it edge.

Mark: Support punk rock, and our hearts go out to all the victims of 9/11/2001.

Chris: Thanks for the interview Dan, and a big thanks to Chris Wrenn/Bridge Nine.

THREE YEARS DOWN

THREE YEARS DOWN are a kick ass East Bay punk rock and roll power that have been demolishing the ears and expectations of unsuspecting audiences for years. One of the best bands you've never heard of. Dave EC (drums), Joe Selby (bass, vocals), Matthew Seth Kilbourn (lead guitar), Jason (vocals, guitar). Interview by Jesse Luscious.

MRR: So, why am I talking to you? What's in it for me?

Jason: I have no idea. Joe told me we had an interview and I frankly didn't believe him until you showed up tonight. This is our third interview in seven years. Our first was for KALX. We just did our second for *Hit List*.

Dave: People have chosen not to talk to us.

Joe: That's probably wise.

MRR: Three Years Down has been around for awhile and done quite a few records, but Joe was saying something earlier about how you're always meeting people at shows who are surprised they've never heard of you before.

Jason: The first full-length came out in '97 [*Kill the Cool*; Wingnut Records], two seven-inches in '96, an EP [*Texas: Confidential*; Offtime Records] in 1998, a full-length last year [*Creepy Baby*; 11345 Records], and a bunch of compilation tracks, and a new full-length this year [*Snakes Bite*; 702 Records]. We've kind of been a secret band.

Joe: We've been gathering strength in the shadows.

MRR: Who did the KISS seven-inch that came out in December?

Joe: Pete Stickerguy; it's his label, 702 Records. He put out a seven-inch that came out in December 2000, and he put out the new full-length *Snakes Bite* in June. The first song on the seven inch is a song called "Sneakin' In" and it's about the first time we met Pete. We went up to Reno because Pete downloaded some of our songs off of MP3.com and e-mailed us and asked us to come up and play a show. A week before the show he e-mailed me and said that we had to move the show. I asked why, and he said that KISS was playing the Lawler Center, and that he's the biggest KISS fan in the world. He attached a photo of him when he was 5 or 6 years old under the Christmas tree with all of the KISS solo records to prove that he wasn't bullshitting me. I said "Dude, those tickets have to be 80 or 100 dollars, do you have your tickets already?" He writes back and says, "No, it's sold out but it's okay because it's at the Lawler Center and I'm just gonna sneak in." I'm like, you're full of it, and he says, "No, I do it all the time. I just pick the show I want to go to and just sneak in." So I said "Okay, have us play early on that night and we'll go to KISS with you." So we play and put all of our equipment back in the van and walk all the way across Reno, with Dave in the back saying, "We better get in because my feet hurt..."

Dave: Well, we had driven up to Reno, which isn't that far, but still it's far to go to hop some barbed wire fence just to get the shit beat out of us by security.

Joe: Then we go up this hill and Pete knocks on one door, and this guy standing there just shakes his head. So, Pete goes to another door and this time the guy looks both ways, pops the door open and we run in like idiots going "Yeah we're gonna see KISS!!!" and the first thing we see is the big KISS banner and they're rocking out. Dave and Pete run down to the floor and Jason wrote a song about it.

Jason: I remember walking in all "Yeah!... Oh, they suck!"

Dave: They were fine; they're old. If I was that old, wore that much makeup, done that many drugs—I wouldn't rock very hard either.

Jason: I can't fit into those spandex pants either and I'm only 30.

Joe: So, that was how we met Pete, and he wanted to put out a record.

Matthew: No contracts

Joe: Honor system.

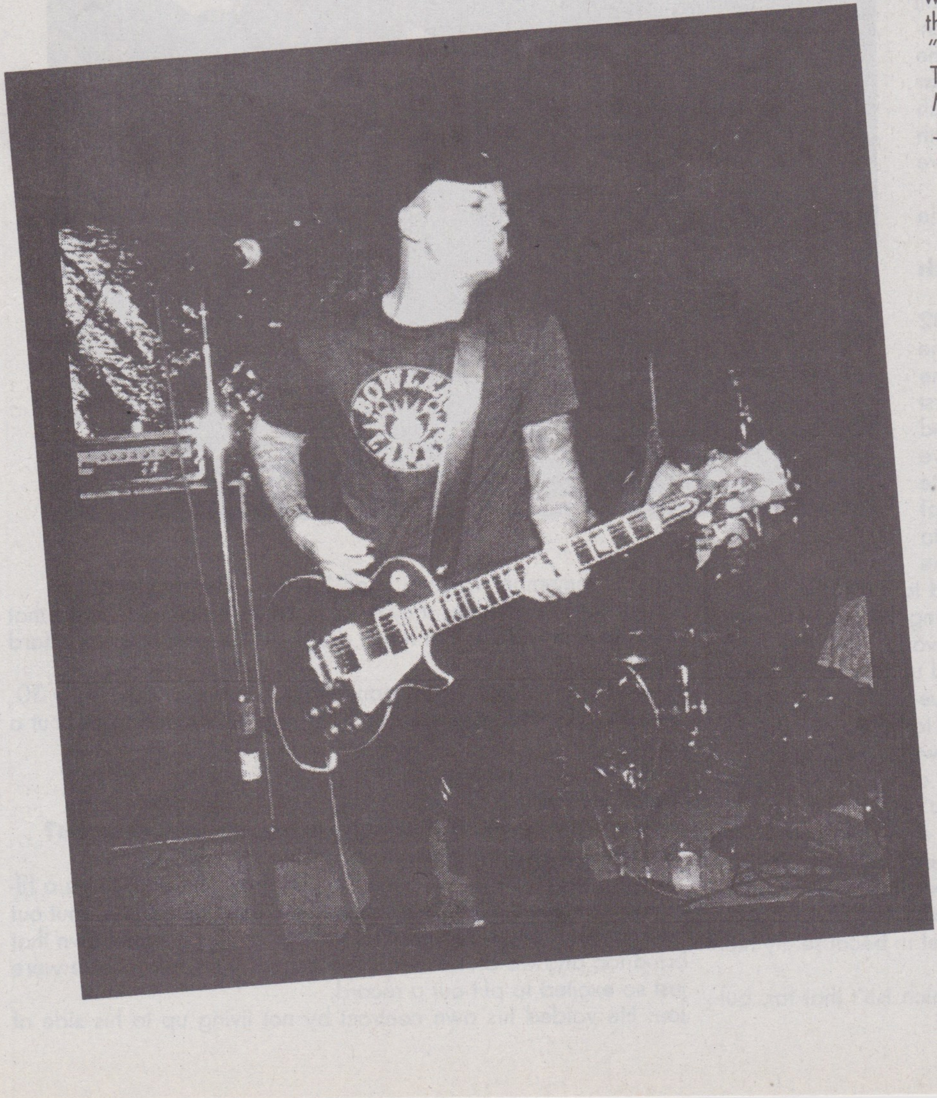
MRR: How does that compare to previous records?

Matthew: Every time we sign something it's just bullshit.

Jason: Josh Levine [owner of Wingnut Records] had us sign a fifteen-page contract where he owned the three records we put out with him and any side band we were ever in, he would own that band too and we didn't notice that part of the contract. We were just so excited to put out a record.

Joe: He voided his own contract by not living up to his side of

things. You see that shit a lot with indie labels. People in bands are always griping about major labels, but frankly you can get reamed by an indie just as easily as you can by a big corporation. The only difference is that at the indie it's one of your friends giving you the shaft instead of some faceless corporate dork.
Matthew: He never gave us statements and he's still selling our record over the Internet.
MRR: Are you going to rerelease that record?
Matthew: Yeah.
Joe: With a few exceptions everything we ever recorded is available over our MP3.com website either for free or you can subscribe for $2.50 a month and there's a channel with all of the songs. There's also DAM CDs where MP3.com makes CDs to order, and they give the band 50% of the sale price, and you can set the price and add artwork, so that's all available up there. I am getting a little uncomfortable with the direction MP3.com is going [they've recently been acquired by Vivendi/Universal], so I don't know how long that's going to last. There's also this guy in Scotland named Brian who runs TSB Records who wants to put something out from us and we've been kicking around the idea of doing a retrospective of good stuff from all of the records.
MRR: That'd be great. Going back to Wingnut, Josh is a long-time local on the punk scene, why do you think his label turned out how it did?
Joe: From what I hear, he had come into money and he was surprised by actually making money on his first two releases [AFI and SCREW 32's debut records], so he couldn't claim any losses as a tax shelter. Having a profit generated by putting out records really fucked him up, so he signed THREE YEARS DOWN. We're guaranteed money losers!
MRR: You got the 11345 record.
Joe: We put out the interim record, an EP called *Texas: Confidential* on Offtime Records. Brian from Offtime actually manages to make Josh Levine from Wingnut look cool. Josh didn't do what he was supposed to do, but he wasn't a flat-out asshole. Brian sat on the tape for eighteen months and owed me $200 bucks for mastering for a year. When he found out that I told someone that he was dragging his feet on releasing the record, he threatened to kick my ass.
Dave: Joe knows judo though.
Joe: I know Dave-O! Here Brian, kick Dave's ass! It was just a bad deal. A lot of the stuff he pulled was stuff you hear big labels doing, not being up front, not being fair, and turning around and blaming everything on the band. "It came out late because of you guys," as if we had done something other than mail him the tape on time and mail him the art on time. I think that's why we like dealing with Patrick from 11345 and Pete from 702, we know where they live and we can find out how things are going. In all seriousness, dealing with Patrick after so much label-fucking was a joy. He's a great guy. He's really mellow and relaxed and sensible. We were made for each other. He got fucked over by a few bands I won't mention, and we'd been screwed by a few labels. It was sort of a match made in heaven. And Pete's just been more of the same. We'd probably happily do a record with a bigger indie label now because I think we have some idea of how we'd want it to work for both us and the label. We're confident enough in what we do not to be desperately grasping for the chance to put out anything with anybody. But we're also just as likely to just keep working with our friends.
MRR: THREE YEARS DOWN's done a bit of touring out here in the West.
Jason: We've taken an inordinate amount of trips to Texas; I don't know why. The one big tour we had when we were on Wingnut, part of the record deal was that Josh bought us this great van–hey I think we got your van [THE CRIMINALS "Death Star" van from our 1996 US tour]. The Death Star.
Matthew: The Death Trap!
Jason: Yeah, he billed us some insane amount for it; we were too scared to drive it. You drove it, it's all drifting around. We got it to Birmingham before it blew up, we had to put everything in a U-Haul to get back. The one time we tried to do a full US tour the van blew up. We sold it to a guy in an eye-patch.
Matthew: We wrote a song about it "Jim Swindle's Death Star." [*Creepy Baby*; 11345 Records]
Jason: We tried to get more money for the van since we had just put $400 of new tires on it, he almost killed me, tried to fight me. He took our bottle of whiskey. He laughed at us.
MRR: Yep that sounds like the "Death Star" all right. Changing subjects, what's THREE YEARS DOWN's attitude towards Canada?
Jason: Canada, that was the most phenomenal place. Maybe we hit it on a good night. It was the best place we'd ever played. There were hundreds of people there.
Joe: There's this guy named Mike Roche up in Vancouver; you say you wanna come up and play and he sets up a show for you. He tries to make sure that you're playing with bands that people come out to see play, and he hooked us up with a show with the WET ONES. They're a bunch of guys



from the JAKS skate crew. So there's a bunch of guys in denim jackets.

Dave: That was a good 60% of the crowd, a bunch of young denim-vest, bandana-wearing skateboarders. We thought we might get our asses kicked that night, it seemed really bleak at first because we were tired. We were out of our minds because we'd gotten tanked the night before–

Joe: Thank you VALENTINE KILLERS!

Dave: –and people at the place were just doing lines and smoking pot freely. Kinda the same like down here except that there's such strong gun control up there it was really a pretty chill environment.

Jason: By the end of the night I was walking around in a daze hugging people and yelling, "Canada!" Every time I would yell "Canada" I would get swarmed by all these guys who would hug me and yell Canada and then they would go swarm around Dave and go, "Hey did you know this guy was in FILTH?"

Dave: That went over really well because right down the street ABUNCHOFUCKINGOOFS were playing and we stayed at the same house. Those guys are fucking *punk* man! I thought I was punk because I was in FILTH when I was a teenager but then I saw these guys and went, "Wow!" They're pretty rowdy, but they're sweet guys. I went up to the biggest motherfucker in that band and I was plastered and before he could squash me, I hugged him and explained, "Hi I'm Dave and I was in..." and he didn't fucking squash me and we partied all night.

MRR: What about horrible times?

Dave: The first five years were horrible.

Matthew: Well, the last couple of years have been really good.

Dave: Since I rejoined the band a little over a year ago after some time off, there hasn't been a time that's been horrible. Even the shows we've played that weren't good were fun for us. It used to be that when we didn't play well we used to make fun of ourselves and it makes these guys go out in the crowd more. Matt here is the king of standing on something really high and soloing like a real rock star. Things have been working out pretty well, but if things go a little bad at least we put on as big a show as we can without pyrotechnics and what-not.

Joe: But that's coming.

Dave: Coming soon.

MRR: What about makeup?

Dave: We were doing makeup for a little while. We've been having a lot more fun with our shows.

Jason:
I just looked like a sick junkie.

Dave: We've been doing a more of a rock thing with our sound, so we're putting on more of a rock show. We're not so serious and angry anymore.

Matthew: The first four years we would get bummed out about how we played, which is natural, but you have to go with the flow and have a good time too.

Dave: People go to see a band to see a show, they don't go to hear beautiful music. Sure, it helps when you rock and when you don't suck, or if you don't have any energy. People want to be yelled at and they want participation.

Joe: Since we sort of restarted the band when Dave came back, we decided that we were going to do this because we enjoy it and not for any other reason. We did a bunch of things that don't make any sense, like playing at a CHEAP TRICK tribute show and I dressed up like Rick Neilsen and then played an AC/DC song and pissed off the organizer of the show. And doing stuff like that, why the hell not? It's not so much work but it's just a good time for all of us.

Dave: We've all had a chance to take ourselves seriously (everyone laughs).

Jason: Other horrible times have been dealing with all of the personnel changes in the band. When it started out it was me and Matt and two other guys in the band.

Matthew: One turned out to be a sick druggie and the other wasn't motivated enough.

Jason: And then we had Dave and another guy and just bad personnel situations, that's the shitty part.

Joe: I used to be a fan and I'd go see these guys play and say "God these guys are great but I hate that bass player!" Bob, the guy I replaced is a great bass player, but his style was really over the top and didn't fit in with TYD at all.

Dave: Never have three out of four band members working at the same grocery store.

Jason: We used to go to work at the 6 AM shift then go to practice after work at two in the afternoon and just be at each other's

THREE YEARS DOWN

throats.

Dave: "You motherfucker!" That explains partially why I wasn't around for awhile.

Matthew: We all got separate jobs.

Jason: I don't think Dave and I even talked for two years after that!

MRR: Dave, you say that Tim Yohannon's still alive?

Dave: I don't really want to talk about it.

Joe: From my understanding he turned radioactive and vanished. Kind of like the Philadelphia Experiment.

Dave: Well, I just moved into a new apartment and there's a guy who lives below me and I swear he's Tim Yo. Apparently he's "in between jobs;" I'm not really sure what that means—and lots of books, old communist war posters...

MRR: But you've got your suspicions.

Dave: I yelled "Tim Yo!" and the door slammed, so I think it's him. I haven't seen him since.

MRR: If someone's never heard THREE YEARS DOWN, what record should they get?

Joe: *Snake's Bite*. It sounds corny, but the new record really is the best thing we've done, and it's a combination of all the stuff that's come before it. Besides, we look hot on the cover. (laughs)

Matthew: I like the first one *Kill the Cool* too.

Dave: If they're eighteen or younger they should buy *Kill the Cool*. If they're nineteen to twenty-one they should get *Creepy Baby*, and if they're a little older *Snake's Bite* will make sense. They're all pretty different sounding. The first one's real balls-out. They all rock. Heck, buy 'em all.

Jason: We recorded *Kill the Cool* in eleven hours, so you can feel that.

Joe: This new record was a big advance because we had four days to record it.

Dave: This is the first record that no one got in anybody else's face or got bummed out or got weird.

Joe: And no one should buy the *Texas: Confidential* EP from anyone but us or 11345 because we have no clue where that money is going. Same is true for *Kill the Cool*. Hopefully we'll have that squared away before the end of the year.

MRR: What else is coming up?

Joe: The new TURBONEGRO comp on Bitzcore. It's called *Alpha Motherfuckers* and we got slammed onto the end of the bonus disk. The best part about that was sending our song in and getting a personal e-mail from Happy Tom telling me he liked our cut. I can die happy now.

Dave: We're working on a low-budget $5 video of live clips, drunk clips, fun clips, whatever. Basically I got a camcorder for Christmas and I'm having fun with it. Make sure it's entertaining—videos are fun when they're funny. Videos are boring when they're shitty live footage. This'll be big shows, small shows, drunken occasions, a lot of road trips.

Joe: Jimi Cheetah is putting out a second volume of *This Ain't Rocket Science*, that we'll have a track on and he just asked us about doing a split 7" with BOTTLES AND SKULLS. They're my favorite bay area band right now—they're loud as hell and scary! They have that BLACK FLAG punk vibe going. Sort of like an unholy cross between them and BIG BLACK.

MRR: What about Gilman?

Joe: I think The Kids are getting more into the Rock Thing from the backpack—wearing emo thing. I'll miss yelling at the one kid with the backpack: "What is *in* there?"

MRR: You guys have played all kinds of venues. Is there any venue or situation you wouldn't put yourself into?

Dave: Not really. It's stupid to turn down a gig. You know when a show's going to be a bust, but we'll play everywhere, except maybe a steakhouse in Novato.

Matthew: We just love to play out live.

Joe: The first show we played when Dave came back we played at Lindee's in Concord [a bar where aging heshers hang out and bad cover bands play]. The sound man was asleep.

Dave: I think I was asleep!

Joe: This guy came up and asked me what kind of music we played and I said "Well, we're kind of punk—" And he didn't listen to the rest of the description, so when we played he was standing by the side of the stage yelling "This is not punk! When are you going to play some punk?" And then he left. I think even my wife left. So we played for an hour and twenty minutes.

Dave: Some of the best places to play in terms of the people booking and the people who show up are shitholes, I mean look at the East Bay. The clubs that are always supportive—the Stork Club, the Port Light, Gilman—are the venues that people always talk shit about. Playing the Bay Area's a weird deal, you get one tense end of the stick, like "Whoa, we're playing a shitty dive," but everybody's having a fucking great time. The Covered Wagon's a medium-killer place to play.

Joe: San Francisco's just a bad place to have a club right now. Last time we played the CoCo Club we got a great response, but some neighbor who lives in a nearby loft complained, and that's it. Bye-bye. On the one hand three-quarters of the clubs in SF are gone, and that sucks because there's fewer places to play, but on the other hand fewer clubs means the quality of the specific shows that are happening is going up. Downtown Rehearsal closing down and putting 500 bands out on the street and three-quarters of the small clubs closing may have been the best thing to happen to Bay Area music in decades. It'll weed out all the really dreadful bands that shouldn't exist in the first place.

MRR: Last words for MRR's readers?

Dave: Go out. I don't want to give the whole "support your scene" spiel, but go out. Especially kids in the East Bay, go to shows and don't just go to see your friend's bands.

Joe: The clubs in San Francisco are vanishing, and the only way that doesn't happen is if the people who care about it do something about it. Right now everyone just throws up their hands and says "There goes another club." At one point there were fourteen clubs in San Francisco, and now there's four.

MRR: And if you're under twenty-one, get a fake i.d.

Dave: Seriously, because if you're under twenty-one, you're screwed. You have Gilman and the Pound. All these bands are playing the clubs, they either are afraid to play Gilman or can't play Gilman, so get out and see these bands. Even a band like us that wants to play all ages shows, we can't get them often.

Jason: They're hard to get, we try to get them all the time.

Dave: Don't sit at home and download tunes and burn a CD. Go out and see the bands, talk to them and tell they rock, tell them they suck. We have kick-ass bands out here in the East Bay—we have to improve our situations. In the pit, stirring shit, snarling gobs, studs fly off. Those are my last words.

If you can get over the impossibly ridiculous band name, Florida's Scrotum Grinder are a band that are not only incredibly unique in the genre of thrash/grindcore, but demand a closer inspection of the lyric sheet. Each song reads like a well thought out rant or examination of a social/political issue. I e-mailed Steve Kosiba, bass player, vocalist, and primary lyric writer with some questions.

Scrotum Grinder

Interview by James Squeaky
(james@misterridiculous.com)

The Greatest Sonic Abomination Ever

MRR: Something that I was quickly drawn to in your album was the menacing portrait of Ronald Reagan on the backside of the booklet. This seemed interesting to me since it's been 13 years since Ronald Reagan was President, and so therefore seems to be a bit before our time. Tell me what Reagan means to you?

Steve: The Reagan imagery, and in fact, the Reagan concept that we are mobilizing is extremely profound, complex, and somewhat multi-faceted in its use. I painted the portrait of our 40th president that graces the folds of our CD and LP because I think that the image of Reagan is at once representative of various underlying, structural themes within our modern social predicament. Reagan became the epitome of the Scrotum Grinder anthem "untruth as master signifier." In this sense the album is a celebration of the idea of Reagan. It is not however, in any way in accord with the political and economic program espoused by Reagan and his cronies. The point that we are foregrounding is the use of Reagan- what Reagan does and did and how he did it, instead of what Reagan was, or what defined Reagan as such. This must sound very abstract. I'll try to explain further. Reagan, as constructed by Michael Deaver and an associated team of experts, became a human manifold, a caricature of himself that was always in flux. However, Reagan wore a sort of mask when presented to the public, a false mask of permanency that belied the mutable, subjective action that really was occurring at deeper levels. Reagan was thus flaunted through the media as such a paragon of "truth" and permanency, and ironically was incessantly shown in situations that contradicted the real policies that he was enacting and supporting, e.g. television news reports showed Reagan looking through binoculars at endangered species days after signing off on legislation that brought nothing but harm to the aforementioned species. So, in short, while publicly playing the part of an ardent supporter of such concepts as "knowable truth," "justice," and "universal morality," Reagan was doing the exact opposite. In reality thus becoming a sort of covert example of the ridiculousness of these concepts. I incorporated the Reagan imagery because of my personal disdain for such notions as "knowable truth," "justice," and "universal morality." I think that these are dangerous concepts, especially when the populace is duped into believing in them. They are dangerous because their meaning is altered depending who is mobilizing the concept and for what end it is mobilized. For instance "truth" changes constantly within our society as a result of the decisions laid forth in the judicial system. As a side note to this rant, it is quite ironic that punk rock, a movement born to oppose the self-imposed ignorance and befuddlement that caused such reliance upon and belief in such concepts as "knowable truth," "justice," and "universal morality," has been steeped in inertia and torpor for so long that now all that it has to offer is the same insistence on "knowable truth," "justice," and "universal morality" advocated by the right-wing folks and the people who really believed in the laboratory entity called Reagan. I'm not saying that, for instance, a song decrying human suffering is necessarily a bad thing just because it falls into the same category as the Christian's call for "universal justice and morality." However, it seems as though our "scene" has become so laconic and unimaginative that it has lost the ability to question why such "human sufferings" should be decried in the first place, and what sort of belief system based upon an universal morality or justice underlies the supposed rebellious angst of the music (especially when lyrics and people dogmatically push people to stand within a certain political sphere and ostracize those that do not, this is tyranny, not the open-minded inclusiveness that this movement is supposed to embrace). More importantly, our "scene" has lost the ability to question who decides what a justice, morality, or truth will be or should be, what shape it would take, how would it be deployed? Should a universal justice, morality, truth, exist at all? Can they? These are very, very important questions to me. I think that questions and the drive to question are the most important aspects of our "scene" and Scrotum Grinder's music. Anyway, this long-winded and typically verbose response sums up why the Reagan imagery was used, because it is symbolic of people being duped, it is a celebration of the duping in fact. The point is, "truth" as such does not exist, as a result, "morality," "justice," and "history" become completely subjective and can be thrown out. The mobilization of Reagan is thus a celebration of untruth. I wrote this response spontaneously, as I wrote most of the lyrics. Some of it is probably bullshit. I don't care. The point, as always with the lyrics and the record in general, is to make, hopefully, at least one person think. -

MRR: Your song lyrics are really fantastic, yet at the same time it would seem that many people would need a dictionary just to understand what you guys are saying; it certainly doesn't make for great sing-alongs. Do you think that your lyrics are more important to you than the music?

Steve: Thanks, I wrote most of the lyrics, and yes, they are too complicated at times, and definitely too abstract. This, in part, was intentional, an artifact of my writing style and my lifestyle as a grad student. I've always preferred lyrics that can be interpreted in many different ways, our lyrics aim for that sort of approach. The idea was to not be dogmatic, not try to tell people how to live. Each song was written with a specific purpose, issue, or notion in mind, and some are just plain silly. The way that the lyrics are interpreted, by the listener, varies considerably. This is good. Although I must admit that I chuckle to myself when someone approaches me and says that they like our "political" lyrics, or they like the "anti-religion" song, or the "call for unity" in such and such song. They've missed the point.

MRR: What would you like your audience to get from your lyrics?

Steve: I'd be happy enough if anyone, including myself, got our lyrics. I would like to think that our lyrics are a bit different than the norm, so if anything, I'd like "our audience" at least to get the idea that its possible to write something that isn't so trite and hackneyed, e.g. the "break it down" approach to song writing. However on the other hand, that approach makes for great sing-alongs, and I'll admit its much more natural to throw a bottle with "Victim in Pain" going through your head than one of our songs. But that approach has been done, and its been done much better than we could ever wish to do it, so we did something different, something that felt more comfortable, something that will hopefully make people think, and will not stop anyone from throwing bottles. In fact, people should throw more bottles. Maybe they could think while throwing the bottles. Anyway, I really hope that our entire delivery, the total package of our songs, represents that amalgamation of thought-provoking lyrics and chaos-inspiring/bottle-throwing music. The lyrics are in no way more important than the music, the artwork, or the new fashion sense that we have successfully implemented in the United States. It is all one gingerly wrapped waste of time.

MRR: Going back to the Reagan era and what inspired a lot of political thought in punk rock, what do you think will come of our Bush era? Particularly with the sudden shift of a supposed 85% approval of Bush rating from the American public, the impending war, openly rampant nationalism/racism... What do you think this all means for punk? What should we be thinking about/focused on for the near future?

Steve: No comparison, Bush just isn't as good of a photogenic puppet as Reagan was. I suppose that can be attributed to Reagan's long and acclaimed acting career, but Bush just will not become the icon of a counter-cultural movement such as "Project Reagan." This speaks to my statements above regarding Reagan's success at duping the people and being the archetype of untruth as a movement. Now Bush, he can't pull that off. He's trying to, especially with the rhetoric that is forging such statements as "this is an attack on freedom itself," or whatever. This political move is a quite clever ploy at covering up the baleful effects of US involvement in the Middle East, an involvement that stretches from the "mini-WWIII" staged with the Soviets and starring Israel, Egypt, Syria; to the modern cultural and physical decimation of Iraq. Unfortunately, these baleful effects have now hit home and killed many innocent people in order to make a misdirected statement regarding US policy. Retaliation seems inevitable. This is sad, I feel that this will last a very long time, and there will be more tragedies on both sides of the line.

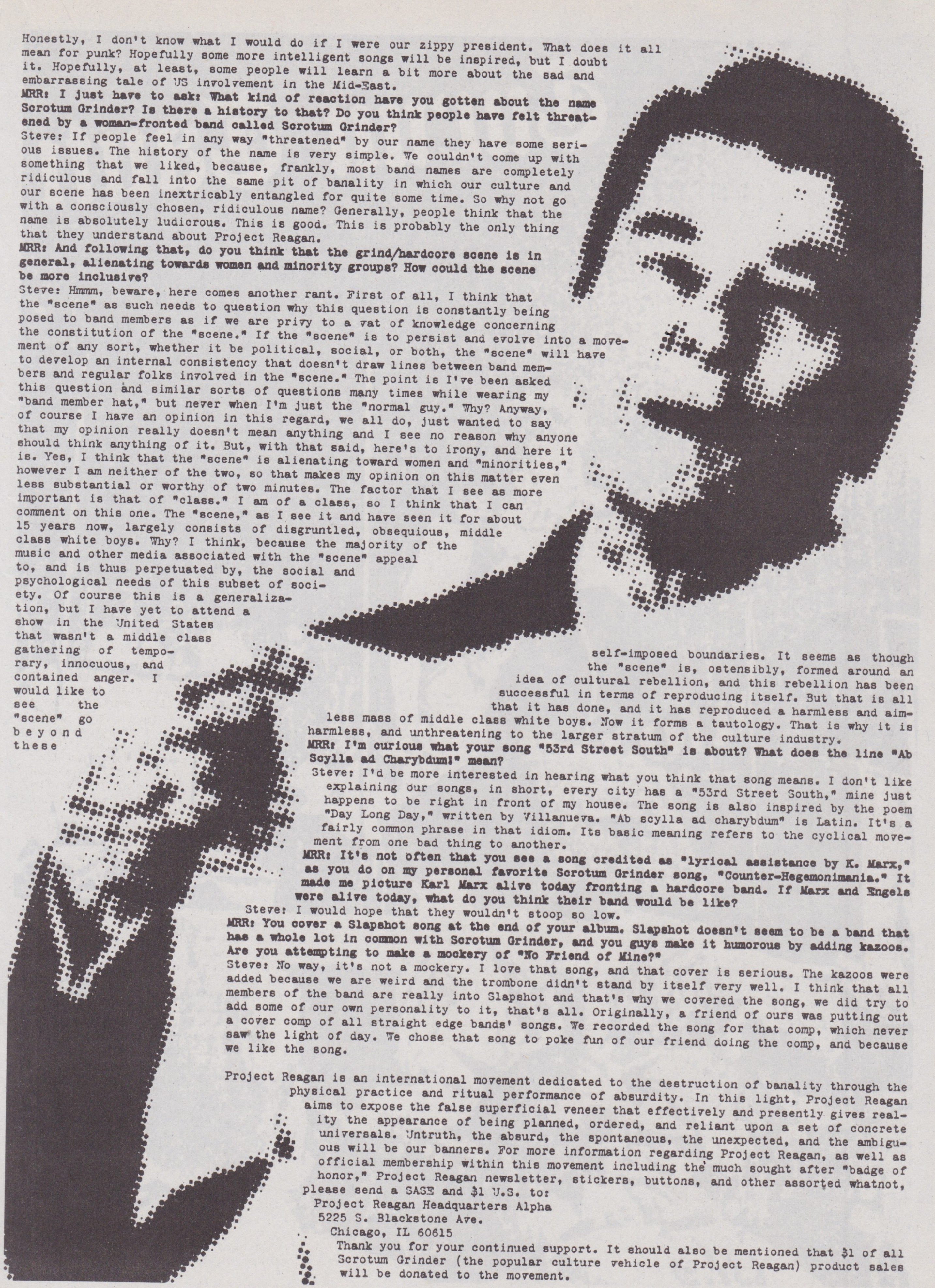
Honestly, I don't know what I would do if I were our zippy president. What does it all mean for punk? Hopefully some more intelligent songs will be inspired, but I doubt it. Hopefully, at least, some people will learn a bit more about the sad and embarrassing tale of US involvement in the Mid-East.

MRR: I just have to ask: What kind of reaction have you gotten about the name Scrotum Grinder? Is there a history to that? Do you think people have felt threatened by a woman-fronted band called Scrotum Grinder?

Steve: If people feel in any way "threatened" by our name they have some serious issues. The history of the name is very simple. We couldn't come up with something that we liked, because, frankly, most band names are completely ridiculous and fall into the same pit of banality in which our culture and our scene has been inextricably entangled for quite some time. So why not go with a consciously chosen, ridiculous name? Generally, people think that the name is absolutely ludicrous. This is good. This is probably the only thing that they understand about Project Reagan.

MRR: And following that, do you think that the grind/hardcore scene is in general, alienating towards women and minority groups? How could the scene be more inclusive?

Steve: Hmmm, beware, here comes another rant. First of all, I think that the "scene" as such needs to question why this question is constantly being posed to band members as if we are privy to a vat of knowledge concerning the constitution of the "scene." If the "scene" is to persist and evolve into a movement of any sort, whether it be political, social, or both, the "scene" will have to develop an internal consistency that doesn't draw lines between band members and regular folks involved in the "scene." The point is I've been asked this question and similar sorts of questions many times while wearing my "band member hat," but never when I'm just the "normal guy." Why? Anyway, of course I have an opinion in this regard, we all do, just wanted to say that my opinion really doesn't mean anything and I see no reason why anyone should think anything of it. But, with that said, here's to irony, and here it is. Yes, I think that the "scene" is alienating toward women and "minorities," however I am neither of the two, so that makes my opinion on this matter even less substantial or worthy of two minutes. The factor that I see as more important is that of "class." I am of a class, so I think that I can comment on this one. The "scene," as I see it and have seen it for about 15 years now, largely consists of disgruntled, obsequious, middle class white boys. Why? I think, because the majority of the music and other media associated with the "scene" appeal to, and is thus perpetuated by, the social and psychological needs of this subset of society. Of course this is a generalization, but I have yet to attend a show in the United States that wasn't a middle class gathering of temporary, innocuous, and contained anger. I would like to see the "scene" go beyond these self-imposed boundaries. It seems as though the "scene" is, ostensibly, formed around an idea of cultural rebellion, and this rebellion has been successful in terms of reproducing itself. But that is all that it has done, and it has reproduced a harmless and aimless mass of middle class white boys. Now it forms a tautology. That is why it is harmless, and unthreatening to the larger stratum of the culture industry.



MRR: I'm curious what your song "53rd Street South" is about? What does the line "Ab Scylla ad Charybdum!" mean?

Steve: I'd be more interested in hearing what you think that song means. I don't like explaining our songs, in short, every city has a "53rd Street South," mine just happens to be right in front of my house. The song is also inspired by the poem "Day Long Day," written by Villanueva. "Ab scylla ad charybdum" is Latin. It's a fairly common phrase in that idiom. Its basic meaning refers to the cyclical movement from one bad thing to another.

MRR: It's not often that you see a song credited as "lyrical assistance by K. Marx," as you do on my personal favorite Scrotum Grinder song, "Counter-Hegemonimania." It made me picture Karl Marx alive today fronting a hardcore band. If Marx and Engels were alive today, what do you think their band would be like?

Steve: I would hope that they wouldn't stoop so low.

MRR: You cover a Slapshot song at the end of your album. Slapshot doesn't seem to be a band that has a whole lot in common with Scrotum Grinder, and you guys make it humorous by adding kazoos. Are you attempting to make a mockery of "No Friend of Mine?"

Steve: No way, it's not a mockery. I love that song, and that cover is serious. The kazoos were added because we are weird and the trombone didn't stand by itself very well. I think that all members of the band are really into Slapshot and that's why we covered the song, we did try to add some of our own personality to it, that's all. Originally, a friend of ours was putting out a cover comp of all straight edge bands' songs. We recorded the song for that comp, which never saw the light of day. We chose that song to poke fun of our friend doing the comp, and because we like the song.

Project Reagan is an international movement dedicated to the destruction of banality through the physical practice and ritual performance of absurdity. In this light, Project Reagan aims to expose the false superficial veneer that effectively and presently gives reality the appearance of being planned, ordered, and reliant upon a set of concrete universals. Untruth, the absurd, the spontaneous, the unexpected, and the ambiguous will be our banners. For more information regarding Project Reagan, as well as official membership within this movement including the much sought after "badge of honor," Project Reagan newsletter, stickers, buttons, and other assorted whatnot, please send a SASE and $1 U.S. to:

Project Reagan Headquarters Alpha
5225 S. Blackstone Ave.
Chicago, IL 60615

Thank you for your continued support. It should also be mentioned that $1 of all Scrotum Grinder (the popular culture vehicle of Project Reagan) product sales will be donated to the movement.

Turun Tauti

MRR: First a short introduction, who plays and what?

Jukka: Jarza: Vocals, Jussila: Guitar, Teemu: Guitar, Raato: Bass and Jukka: Drums

MRR: Turun Tauti has been playing for a long time. Can I get a short history and the discography.

Jukka: Turun Tauti was formed 1988. Since then there has been 22 line-up's, probably a new one before this comes out, some members have played in the band more than once. The only member who has been playing all the time is Jarza. About the records, I'll just include a list:

1989 Turun Tauti EP   single (RM-Records)
1990 Lokki LP (RM-Records/Hätäapu Records)
1991 Huuto Vapaudelle LP (RM-Records)
1991 Ei Mua Vieläkään Kukaan Saa Kii 12" (RM-Records)
1992 130388 single (RM-Records)
1995 Neljä Palikkaa LP (Free Animals)
1997 Nähdään Helvetissä EP (The End Records)
2001 Laumasielut EP (Kämäset Levyt, Raato & Nice Lobotomy Records)
And many compilation tracks,

MRR: There's a mention of a Vesku playing guitar on the new EP, what happened with him?

Jukka: Yes, Vesku plays on the new EP, he just got kicked out of the band after passing out the third time at a gig. The first time it was kind of funny when he slept and the other members played the gig, but the second time, and the third, So, now there's Jussila playing the second guitar (or first? I don't know, I'm just a drummer,). These line-up changes are not so remarkable, there's been many during the years, and I think the band is more like a big family than a band. When I moved to Turku and joined the band, I became acquainted with almost every ex-member. It's a pretty small town and all of them are hanging at the same places, pubs, gigs, etc.

MRR: What else do you do than play on the band and do you have other bands/projects?

Jukka: I played in Diaspora (R.I.P.) and now I also play in Kansalaistottelemattomuus and Kiima. Also some other projects always, I also have a label called Kämäset Levyt and have released six EP's so far (and more to come,) from bands like: Pax Americana, Turun Tauti, Viimeinen Kolonna, I have been unemployed for few years now, but have lots of things to do all the time. At the moment I'm organizing maybe the biggest DIY.-punk festival in Finland, called Lousy Punk Festival. There's about 40 bands playing and other activities, maybe we can get a report of that one for MRR, also. Jarza has also been in Sätkynukke. At the moment he's working as a sound/light technician in one gig place. Sometimes organizing some gigs as well and he also has a label called Nice Lobotomy Records. Raato plays also in Kiima with me. Kiima passed out 1990 but was born again this year. He's working at the Salvation Army's flea market.Teemu plays also in other bands like: Whip Me Nicely and God's Lonely Men. He's working on some factory or something, Jussila is also playing in Siamese Aunt. He also works at some sound technician jobs every now and then.

MRR: How is Finnish punk scene and Finland in general?

Jukka: In my point of view Finnish scene is really nice! I haven't ever been outside Europe but have seen many places here. There's lots of young punks, so many new people are joining the scene (of course there are the old senile punks like us still going on,). You can't really see any fights on gigs or streets. No crusts/punks/ USHC-guys/(anti-nazi) skins fighting each other like somewhere else. Maybe the reason is because there aren't any big cities. Most of the people are friendly to everybody (even if he/she is not a punk and doesn't have a 20 inch mohawk). Of course there are some nazi-idiots and many rednecks on the streets, but they are not so big problem as in Eastern Europe for example (Warsaw! ugh,). One of the bad things is that we don't really have squats here. Every now and then there's some, but they will be closed after a short time. Maybe the cold winter is also one reason for that: if they just break the heating, it's impossible to squat at the winter time. And to be honest, I think people are too lazy to make it, it's pretty easy to get an apartment if it don't have to be somewhere in center of the town (and you also get quite good housing and unemployment benefits). At the moment I think there's two squats, one in Helsinki and one in Tampere. The one in Tampere has been squatted for a couple of months now, so it looks really good for the squat movement in Finland!!! So, hopefully, it's getting more usual here, and hopefully legal someday, So, it think people are pretty nice, nature is nice, maybe the geographic location is a problem also. Too expensive to go away or come here. You have to take the fuckin' ferry to Sweden or Estonia first. They cost a lot of money and they are the most horrible places I've ever been. That's the one reason many bands touring Europe don't come to Finland: and the other thing: there aren't enough good venues for bands, fuck that! Anyway, there's really many good Finnish bands playing shows and making records at the moment, what else? I also personally like it because there aren't that many drugs in here: yet. Ok, I know, alcohol is a drug too, it's too expensive here...

MRR: You sing in Finnish, what are your lyrics about?

Jukka: Some of them are more personal stories about life and some of them have more or less political message where this mother earth is going. On the new EP, there's songs about genetic manipulation, isolation of the people etc.

MRR: There's some guys from local reggae band playing some additional instruments on one track. Why's that and where did you get the idea for that?

Jukka: We don't want to make any musical (or any other) borders! It's always better to get influences from different kinds of things, cultures, people etc. than just to be narrow-minded. Well, cannot promise to make any soul or disco album anyway, and I think the song sounds much better with their help!

MRR: So, what are your future plans?

Jukka: I don't know, I even bought a new (old) van, so we could go on tour, but it seems that maybe we are too lazy for that, and there's always someone working or something, fuck that, we'll see what happens.

Some addresses:
Turun Tauti:
jukkeliukkeli@hotmail.com
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Turun Tauti records:
Kämäset Levyt
Jukka Nakari
Humalistonkatu 10 as.8
20100 Turku
FINLAND
http://www.drink.to/kamasetlevyt/

THE NAZIS FROM MARS

Interview
by
Darth
Vader

MRR: Who are the members of the Nazis from Mars?

Braindead: Branca - bass. Fuzzsaw - lead guitar. Vanya - vocal and guitar. and Braindead - beats.

MRR: Why 'Nazis from Mars?'

Vanya: 'Cos we are bunch of aliens who had some problems on their home planet—stupid war and shit like that. Anyway we must escape. So, we came to Earth (Holland— that's where our UFO crashed. Ha ha ha!). First few years we spent in refugee camps in the middle of nowhere. There we had pretty bad experience with alien police and local right wing assholes. We are not in alien (refugee) camps anymore, but they draw swastikas on our door and things like that. SO TO ALL FUCKING EARTH NAZIS: WATCH OUT—WE ARE THE NAZIS FROM MARS!!!

Braindead: Maybe it was a bit stupid to choose this name. But we think it's great name 'cos on the other side we are also hated by those stupid, brainwashed politically correct idiots. I really don't know how to call all those people who constantly ask us: Do you know who were the Nazis?

Fuck the DRUMS! In the beginning we called our music techno punk.

MRR: Do you have problems with such a name? How do kids react at your gigs?

Vanya: Kids are ok. We didn't have any troubles with them. We heard that on some of our posters in Amsterdam somebody wrote some really stupid things. But on our gigs we didn't have any strange situations—at least not with audience. Till now they were very positive.

Braindead: Yes—we have more problems with club owners and people who organize gigs. We sent so many tapes and CDs, but on many of them we didn't get any answer.

Vanya: Here in Holland many clubs get subsidy from government. It's very bad for bands 'cos nobody does nothing for them. You can play only on Saturday and you have to finish before midnight 'cos disco party is after that. At one of our gigs kids went crazy. DJ equipment and records were placed in the middle of hall. After few songs somebody was pushed and all DJ stuff fell down. DJs came on stage to blame us for everything. We are not allowed to play in that club anymore. There are also lot of places were we can't play anymore because of our punk attitude. It sounds unbelievable, but it looks like punk never happened here. Of course, that's not true. There were (maybe still are) great Dutch punk bands.

MRR: What kind of music do you like?

Braindead: We like punk and garage trash a lot. But we also listen to other kinds of music. You can't listen to same stuff all the time. You are not always in the same mood and taste also changes.

Vanya: Last time I listen mostly to Japanese bands like: Guitar Wolf, Teengenerate, Accel 4, but also bands like Dwarves, Spider Babies, Satelliters— we covered their song "1000 Ways" on our last seven inch. I also listen to '60s punk a lot. I really like the way they made songs. I think it had some influence on us. You know what I mean?

Braindead: I also like bands like Dwarves and Wildebeests, but also reggae like some Zion Train stuff or Asian Dub Foundation. I think that many new punk bands are pretty boring today. Their music is mostly pure retro. They try to sound like their idols from late '70s or '80s. It's better to give your vision of your favourite music—try to make something new. Today we have thousands of different punk styles, but it's nothing else but 100 bands which are copies of one famous band.

Vanya: Branca, our bass player likes mod and Brit pop stuff. We think it's terrible, but she likes it. Fuzzsaw (guitar) also likes noise. Sometimes he plays in jazzy noise band called Very Expensive Porno Movie, too. But that's totally different from what we play.

MRR: How did you come up with the idea to make such music and how do you describe it?

Braindead: When we were in the camp, we just had a few tapes (Ramones, Misfits, and some '60s punk). You can't listen to so few tapes for months, especially when you don't have anything to do and no money at all. So we listened to radio a lot, and in that time, especially on the weekends they had 24 hours of rave. In the beginning we really hated that cold computer sound. But after few beers and other stuff you start to like it. After some time we discovered some really great stuff like techno, jungle and gabba (hardcore house) beats. We still listened to our few punk tapes and we came to the idea to try to mix everything one day.

Vanya: A few years later, when we started the band we couldn't find a drummer. So we said, "Fuck the drums!" In the beginning we called our music techno punk.

Braindead: We still call it techno punk! Ha ha ha!

Vanya: Many people who heard our first demo told us that it's stupid to mix punk with techno. But in 1997 Atari Teenage Riot were quite often on radio and mixing punk/techno was not so unusual anymore. We are pretty different from ATR and DHC. Our music is not cut and paste—we make songs a bit old fashioned. Ha ha ha. We don't use computer and sampler at all.

MRR: How do you make techno part then?

Braindead: I program everything on Groovebox. It's a kind of drum machine with extra sounds. We also have one old analog synth, a very unpredictable thing. Most things and knobs don't work anymore, but we can get space sounds.

Vanya: All songs are first made on guitar. We like guitars.

MRR: How big was the influence of Atari Teenage Riot and Digital Hardcore on your music? They were the first to start this crossover, I mean techno/house and punk music.

Vanya: We were not influenced by Atari Teenage Riot or any digital hardcore band at all. When we saw them (ATR) for the first time at a festival in Amsterdam in 1996, we were nicely surprised that somebody was doing something similar to our ideas. There is still big difference between our sound and Digital Hardcore. Digital Hardcore is based on techno and house music and they mix it with punk—

they sample guitars, but disco bass kick is most important. The Nazis from Mars are punk band who use techno beats in stead of drums. Also our beats are more rockin' and much less dance.

Braindead: We like first Atari Teenage Riot album. We think it's really great record. But other records are pretty bad and boring. Songs are too long, there is no melody. Music is not catchy at all and all songs sound the same. Also their lyrics are all time the same - it's like some political meeting. Their ideas are ok-maybe too politically correct.

Vanya: Anyway, we think that punk has to be more open minded. Punk is not only music but attitude. It's very primitive and lo-fi way of making music, it's rebellion against everything and everybody and being like this it must change. Times are changing: computers, samplers, keyboards and other equipment are pretty cheap today - much cheaper than drums and even guitars. So it's not question of money or whatever. Using technology you can make music with less talent and skills. Something is wrong with punk today.

MRR: What's the main inspiration for your lyrics?

Vanya:It's just the world around us and everything we hate. We hate almost everything and everybody—ha ha ha!

Braindead: We are like hippies—only instead of loving we hate! Ha ha ha! We especially hate religion, multinational (multi Nazi) companies, army, TV, pop music...

Vanya: I hate football (soccer). It's nothing else than fucking Nazi sport. Sports suck. It's nothing else than nationalism and patriotism. People support their country (nation) and hate the other country (nation). I hate national anthems—that's the most stupid thing on this world, together with bible and other religious bestsellers.

Braindead: Sometimes we like to make songs which are about feelings (they call it emo techno punk—ha ha ha).

Vanya: Yes, like "Space Trip Cosmic Journey," which I don't like at all.

Braindead: I think it's great song. It should have been great hit like "Smells Like Teen Spirit," but we forgot to change the name of our band, so MTV didn't want to show our video a billion times a day—ha ha ha!

MRR: Are you satisfied with the Astral Anarchy label?

Vanya: That's our label! Ha ha ha!

Braindead: We sent demos to different labels: techno, punk, garage, alter labels... All reactions were negative—ha ha ha. Some of them liked our music, but techno labels didn't like too much guitar noise, punk labels didn't like techno beats, alternative labels didn't like anything—ha ha ha.

Vanya: Once one techno DJ contacted us. He made pretty alternative music. Somebody told him about us and he wanted to remix our stuff. We brought the tape with few songs to him. The last song on the tape was "Headbanga Rave" (it's from our first demo). Anyway when he heard me scream: "FUCK THE DJ, FUCK THE STROBE, FUCK YOU FUCKING SNOB!!!" he gave the tape back to us and that was the end of his remixing—ha ha ha. Astral Anarchy is great label—we don't have any distro, but we sell our records very well. Everything we've done is 100% DIY. We have good relations with Intensive Scare Records, Irritant Records, Dhyana Records, Incognito Records, and some mail orders.

We are like hippies—only instead of loving we HATE!

MRR: As a bunch of aliens, what would you change on this planet?

Vanya: Everything except animals and nature. We are space anarchists. We think democracy sucks or maybe we understood it all wrong. We can't understand how you can speak about freedom and forbid to many people to move wherever they want. Do you think that passports and visas mean freedom? Look at European Unity, or USA and Canada, or Australia. It is not democracy, it is apartheid—entrance not allowed to aliens.

Braindead: This planet is one big prison. Almost all people are prisoners of some stupid system, their minds and sick ideas.

MRR: So why don't you go to some other planet?

Braindead: We can't repair our UFO.

Vanya: We can't find some parts. Maybe NASA can help us, but we can't trust them. Quality of their stuff is very bad. We wouldn't get far using their parts.

MRR: What are your plans for the future?

Vanya: To take over the world. What else do aliens do? Ha ha ha!

Braindead: Our name says it all. We don't hide anything. Everybody who has our records is infected. We are like Body Snatchers, but we are doing that through music.

Vanya: But first we have to find good distro for our records and somebody who can manage some gigs, otherwise we can't spread the alien virus.

Braindead: At the moment we are working on our first LP. We have plenty of songs so it won't be difficult to choose the best ones.

Vanya: Of course it will be difficult—all our songs are great! Ha ha ha!

So if you want your ass to be kicked, try to find one of their 7"s or see them LIVE!

You can also CONTACT them:

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WEB SITE:
http://www.geocities.com/technopunk2000/

DISCOGRAPHY:
Cosmic Beat 7" EP (1999)
Tina Techno Punk Teen 7" EP (2000)

THE FLUX OF

If you've never heard of Bishop's Stortford, you're not alone. This town, only a half an hour's ride from London, seems pretty unheard of from even most English people I know. But Bishop's Stortford was the starting point for one of the most notorious and influential bands of the anarcho punk boom of the late '70s and early '80s: Flux Of Pink Indians.

Starting as the Epileptics, the band was formed by Colin Latter in 1978. Colin had been a fan of the first generation of punk bands and had been going to gigs since 1977 while he was still in school. Through their mutual interest in punk, he got to know schoolmate Derek Birkett who would later join the band on bass and remain through all of it's many incarnations.

Colin, "Derek had been at the 100 Club Sex Pistols gig in '76, and we didn't believe him when he told us what he had seen. I knew of him during school, and only Richard, Derek, and I were into punk, so he came knocking at my door to see if I was going to see the Jam playing in Cambridge (1977)."

Motivated by what he was reading about and the perception of the time that anyone could start a band (as well as a chance meeting with Paul McCullom of Puncture), Colin was soon moved to make his contribution. Without the benefit of owning proper musical equipment, much less the technical know how to play them, he formed the Epileptics, his first band ("..:that's if you ignore the previous four years I 'played' a tennis racquet to Deep Purple and Led Zeppelin," says Colin).

Colin, "We started as a three-piece: Clive Griffiths on guitar, me on vocals, and Richard Coveney on boxes (we couldn't afford a drum kit). Later I bought a bass but couldn't sing and play at the same time. We were writing songs and rehearsing in Clive's bedroom, then a friend from school, Derek Birkett, used to hang out with us and in the end (he wasn't too keen) started to play bass. Generally the whole thing was a bit of a racket; it was April 1978 and punk had been and gone (or so it seemed) and we were mucking about singing songs about knickers on washing lines, that sort of thing. When we bumped into Crass in August '78 we changed the songs to more p.c. kind of stuff!"

It was at a local gig that the members of the Epileptics first got in touch with the then relatively unknown Crass. Though they were initially repelled by the band's image, they soon got to know the members and through a chain of events typical of the communication in the DIY community, eventually became closely associated with the band.

Colin, "We bumped into Crass in 1978 when they were playing at a local club (Triad) that we always went to. At first we thought they looked like a bunch of Nazis so we blanked them. After the gig we chatted to them, liked what they were saying, and arranged a gig with them at the Basement in London. After that we lost touch until I bumped into Annie Anxiety (a friend of theirs) at an Adverts gig—I was wearing one of Crass badges and when she returned to the States she mentioned to them that she'd met me—so they then got back in contact with us."

Kev, "We first saw Crass at a local gig back in August 1978, when they played support to some band I can't remember; I wasn't a member of the Epileptics at the time, although I new Colin and Rich vaguely. When we saw their symbol on a huge backdrop we thought it was some kind of neo-Nazi sign, and when they came on all dressed in black, I was convinced that they must be a fascist group. However, after the first couple of songs I was absolutely blown away by them, and started chatting to a couple of the band after their set. They seemed like really friendly people, and they told us some of what they were about."

It was at this time that Clive decided to split the band in favor of college. With a shift in the line-up, Kevin Hunter (real last name Biscoe, though he says he possibly chose Hunter as a last name because of his admiration of Ian Hunter) was brought in on guitar.

Kev, "I'd had a guitar for a couple of years, but could only play chords and not solos, so I had thought that I didn't really stand a chance of being in a band. I was listening mostly to heavy rock stuff from the early '70s, especially Black Sabbath, and the Pink Fairies who were a biker band. One of their B-sides, 'The Snake,' really influenced my rhythmic chord style (check the record out!). After seeing the Pistols on TV, I thought that I could certainly handle playing just rhythm, and had my first rehearsal with the newly formed band in January 1977. My first band was called various things: Dead City at first, then the Antichrist—after the first line of 'Anarchy in the UK'—and finally the Darlex, a corrupt spelling of the arch-enemies of Dr. Who."

A relative virtuoso compared to the rest of the band at the time, Kevin had also made the leap from a '70s rock background to the still fresh punk scene. It was mere chance that his first record wasn't by the Sex Pistols, but by the MC5-influenced Damned instead.

Kev, "I had seen reviews of the Sex Pistols and Clash, etc., in the music papers of the time and didn't really know what to make of them—I wasn't particularly impressed by what I'd read, and didn't give them a lot of thought until I was watching a TV program called 'So It Goes' in August 1976. The Pistols performed 'Anarchy,' and while a few of my friends thought they were garbage, me and another friend thought they were great. We decided to form a band a month or so later. When I tried to buy 'Anarchy' in November '76, no shops were stocking it, so I bought the Damned's 'New Rose' instead."

With this line-up, the band quickly pulled together a tight set of material.[1] The band began gigging live, cutting their teeth with cacophonic performances that often resulted in happy accidents and triumphs of energy over professionalism.

Colin, "The early gigs were chaotic with mic stands and monitors falling off the stage. Our second ever gig was with Crass in London and we didn't know what a soundcheck was—after three songs, with only Crass in the club listening to us, and us thinking due to their lack of response that they hated it. Then they said, 'OK, that sounds fine, we'll open the doors at 8!' Our sound at the time was a mix of the Banshees and Wire."

Kev, "The early Epileptics gigs were pretty messy—it took us all a while to gel, but we seemed to get things together fairly rapidly once we got to rehearse every week. Personally, I didn't buy a lot of punk singles as I didn't want to end up copying any particular riffs or style, but I listened to John Peel's radio program whenever it was on. Things I really did like during late '77 and early '78 (and subsequently bought) included 'Shadow'/'Love Story' by The Lurkers, and certainly Richard Hell & the Voidoids *Blank Generation* album—it wasn't as predictable as a lot of the UK punk records. I always hated the commercial punk/new wave stuff by the Vibrators, Rezillos, etc., as it sounded like bastardized glam rock, or plastic rock 'n' roll to me."

By early 1979, the band was ready to make their first studio recording. A nine-song demo was recorded which was sent to various record labels though largely existed to satisfy the band members.[2]

Colin, "A demo was recorded at a Romford studio—really just for us to hear our own songs; it was great (looking back) in not even thinking for a minute that we'd send the tape to a record label, it just didn't exist in our minds then."

After a brief period where Derek left the band[3] and was replaced by Stan Stammers[4], the band reconvened to record their debut single for Stortbeat Records. The local label had initially dismissed the band. But by the middle of 1979 were sufficiently impressed enough to want the band on contract, a good move that would prove to be their best selling band.

Colin, "Stortbeat was a local label that absolutely hated us at first—they were a bit '1978 punk/new wave/pop'—we were just a bunch of no-hopers to them."

Kev, "Stortbeat Records were a small local label that had released a couple of singles and one album by a mod/beat band called the Gangsters, a single by the Sods, and some other things."

The result was the *1970s* EP. An effectively loose but energetic punk single, the band inadvertently captured the DIY spirit of garage punk. Again, it was a triumph of energy over professionalism and its raw energy still stands up to the test of time pretty successfully. The fact that it was recorded in a nice studio only helped to accurately document the band's innate raw energy.

Colin, "We went into the studio to record the *1970s* EP not knowing or agreeing what songs to do—so it just kind of happened. It was the first time in a proper studio so I'm afraid every knob got used on the tracks, especially the ADT (auto double tracking) button—it makes everything sound like there's fifty of everything. 'Less is more' wasn't so fashionable back then."

Kev, "The *1970s* EP was great fun to do, as it was only the second time we'd been into a proper recording studio (the demo was recorded at a very small studio in someone's wooden shed at the bottom of an urban garden). We had intended to make either 'I've Got a Target on My Back' or 'Can't Stand Sitting Down' as the A-side, or lead track, but the two guys from Stortbeat convinced us that '1970s' was the best one, and I suppose they were right."

The record, however, was initially released with the band name, the Licks. This was the end result of a controversy surrounding the band's name and the British Epilepsy Association.

Kev, "In early 1979 (we had already been banned from our local venue as Colin had kicked a monitor off the stage during their first gig) we were sent a letter (via Crass) from the British Epilepsy Association, accusing us of 'ill-conceited jocularity' so we shortened our name to Epi-X for a while. We also played an impromptu gig as the Acid Experience. We reverted back to the Epileptics, but once we'd signed the contract with Stortbeat and recorded the EP tracks, they said they wouldn't release the single under that name, which is why it came out originally as by the Licks—a name that was decided upon on the spur of the moment, and we all hated it. We never did any gigs as the Licks."

Colin, "We had become Epi-X earlier because we had realized that The Epileptics as a name might offend some peo-

PINK INDIANS

By Lance Hahn

ple—some people deserve to be offended, people suffering from epilepsy don't."

Stortbeat quickly sold through its first pressing of 1,000 copies of the single. The record would never be repressed as the label was on the verge of bankruptcy and in debt to its distributor. Compound that with the reality that punk in 1979 had moved away from the sound and style of its initiators. Even to Colin, the Epileptics record now seemed a little behind the times.

Colin, "…punk had basically finished by the time we came along—hence the song 'Two Years Too Late.'"

The band would spend the last part of their career gigging about whenever possible. Quite often the gigs would be with Crass who they were now growing quite close to. But there were a variety of punk and post-punk bands they found themselves sharing the stage with.

Colin, "We played with Crass mainly, which exposed us to London, etc. Other local bands we'd played with were the Sinyx, U-Samples, Urban Decay. A good scene was beginning to form in our area but it only ever seemed to exist for ourselves. Going beyond a ten-mile radius from our town to play gigs didn't really cross our minds."

Kev, "Apart from Crass and the Poison Girls, we had supported the Passions (a poppy sort of New Wave group who later had a UK hit with 'I'm in Love with a German Film Star'), the Klingons (whose vocalist Sarah Osborne subsequently sang with Repetition, then Allez Allez, and married Glen Gregory from Heaven 17!), and a few others, but mostly we played with local bands the Spelling Missteaks (who also had a single out on Stortbeat), the Spasms, the Eratics, and the U-Samples."

The band had been close enough to Crass that they had been offered to record a single for Crass Records. Unfortunately, the offer came literally the day after they had signed a two-year contract with Stortbeat.

In September, the band recorded one of their gigs, which would later be used for The Epileptics posthumous EP, *Last Train to Debden*. But the band was losing momentum and by December of '79, founding member Richard Coveney decided to split. Unhappy with some of the drumming options facing them at that point, Kevin followed suit leaving the band soon after.[5]

Colin, "Kev and Richard decided to leave; we were changing from a '77 kind of punk band of naughty, fun songs to a political machine influenced by Crass—not punk at all, looking back—Crass defined their own agenda, not one that I think was around in '76/'77. Me and Derek were then joined by Sid (from Rubella Ballet) and Neil and Andy (of the U-Samples); our whole sound changed to a chunky, heavy drum-based thing."

The influence of Crass' political ideas made a huge impact on the members of the Epileptics. This was especially true for Colin and Kevin who weren't at all familiar with anarchist politics at that point.

Colin, "Derek, I guess I might have been (aware of anarchist politics), but for me it was meeting Crass that opened up the whole thing. I'm sure they changed a lot of peoples' minds and lives, (Understatement!)"

Kev, "I didn't really have strong political feelings up until that time although I was kind of interested in socialist ideas. The awareness of anarchist politics came primarily from Crass and that whole scene."

With an overhauled band, it seemed time for the band to find a new name. Flux of Pink Indians was chosen for being both provocative and a move away from the type of band name (like the Epileptics) that typified a lot of the punk scene. It was also an indication of Colin's newfound interest in Native American culture and history.

Colin, "I thought of the name Flux of Pink Indians. Steve of Crass had got me into Native American Indian stuff and the name basically meant 'a group of pink-skinned Indian sympathizers.'"

At this point, Stortbeat officially went bankrupt. After lots of legal disputes and haggling, the label used the Epileptics single to pay off Spartan, their distributor, and the band were free from their contract.

Flabbergasted by the experience, Colin decided to form his own label long before the newly formed Flux of Pink Indians was ready to record. Spiderleg Records started life as a bedroom label to re-release the now long-gone *1970s* EP followed by the *Last Train To Debden* live EP.

Colin, "Spiderleg was started by myself; Stortbeat had disappeared and our EP had been the only record that had sold for them. Later one of their friends got me the metalwork for our EP, so I pressed up 1000 copies with a photocopied sleeve and sold them at other people's gigs and at the 'Boy' shop in London. John Peel played the EP loads of times, which was fun. *Last Bus to Debden* was just an excuse to release some Epileptics stuff after we'd become Flux of Pink Indians."

Kev, "The songs on *Last Bus To Debden* had been part of the Epileptics' set for nine or ten months when the gig was recorded, and they were all Colin's lyrics and ideas, and my riffs."

In the meantime, Flux of Pink Indians began gigging out. With the release of *The Feeding Of The 5000*, Crass was finding themselves playing to larger and larger audiences. As support act, Flux found they were in a similar position. The band's birth coincided with the start of the anarcho punk scene that they would quickly become consumed by.

Colin, "Early Flux gigs were good. A lot of them were in London and Crass' *Feeding of the 5000* had just come out, so a whole new punk scene was starting, totally unrelated to the old one."

The band's first line-up would eventually make it into the studio to record a long overdue EP for Crass. Having recorded an early demo in August[6], the EP was recorded with Penny Rimbaud at Southern Studios. Mixing new and old material, the record wouldn't be released until the following year, by which point the line-up was completely different. Soon after the recording, Andy left to form a new band with Eugene who had added some keyboards to the EP. Sid eventually left the band to put more focus on his work with Rubella Ballet.

The two were quickly replaced by Bambi on drums (who had previously been playing with Discharge and the Insane) and his sidekick Simon on guitar (who had also played with the Insane). It was at the earliest stages of this line-up that the band did their somewhat infamous interview for Mick Sinclair that resulted in two band fights captured on tape including this argument between Colin and Bambi over band finances:

Colin (who has regular gainful employment) discusses finance with the dole-bound Bambi:

"It's alright for you because you're working. It doesn't matter if we make a loss you've got work... money to cover yourself."

"But I don't want to play for two quid. Everyone always complains to me. Charge a quid, make a loss. Then it's me that gets it."

Colin, "Err—I suppose image did exist although you wouldn't admit it back then, but I guess you endlessly search for new issue to write/protest about. If you're not careful, finding an issue to complain about could become more important than finding a solution to the problem. The Mick Sinclair interview was done in a pub half an hour before doing our set, and included Bambi and Simon who had just joined us and, to their credit, had some of their own ideas, so the odd argument on/off camera took place—no problem!"

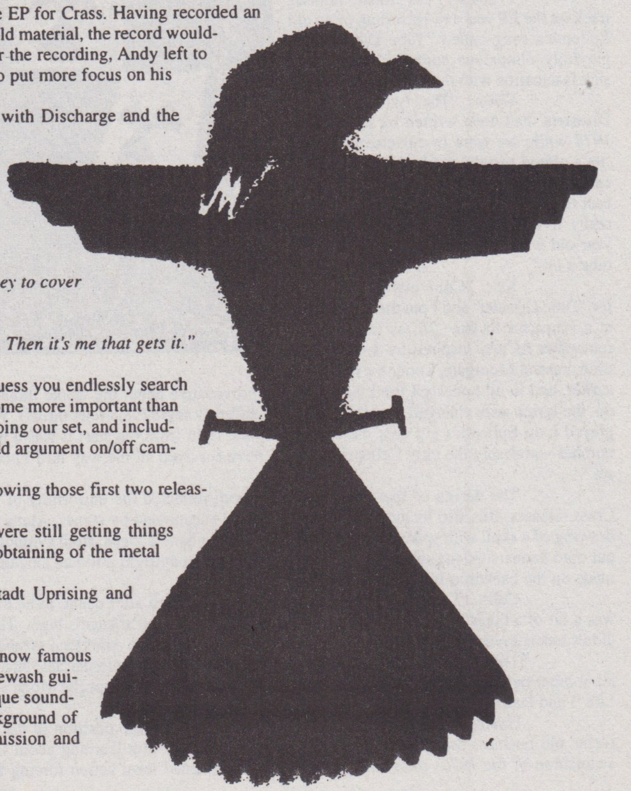
Colin's involvement with Spiderleg would be the focus of most of his time in 1980. Following those first two releases, he signed up the Subhumans and later the System and Amebix to the label.

Colin, "We had gigged with the Subhumans and they had stuff ready to release. We were still getting things together after Sid, Neil, and Andy had left. The label had come together partly by accident with the obtaining of the metal works for the *1970s* EP, it wasn't started just to release our own stuff, it was first come, first served."

The label would go on to release sixteen titles including the debut record for Kronstadt Uprising and Antisect's LP.

Early 1981 saw the release of their now very long-awaited vinyl debut on Crass Records.

Nue Smell is now known as one of the archetypal records of the time. Packaged in the now famous "look" of the Crass 7"s, the record was one of the defining moments in anarcho punk. Taking the whitewash guitar sound of Crass and Gang Of Four, they layered it over a variety of styles. The end result was a unique sounding EP that ranged from the garage punk of "Tube Disaster" to the virtually tribal approach of "Background of Malfunction". Between the skronk was a poem accentuated by a synthesizer's hum: a brief intermission and another side to the band's white noise.



Lyrically, the single took up some of the protest punk angle inspired by Crass as well as continued their brash punk attitude of the Epileptics. On the political side, the band wrote about animal rights issues with "Sick Butchers" and "Background of Malfunction". At the time, it was an issue Crass was hesitant to write about worrying that it might detract from other issues. But the songs worked in reverse for Flux. Rather than writing about an issue that affected their lives, Colin wrote the songs and that led to him eventually becoming a vegetarian.

Colin, "Derek was a veggie, so I got the idea from him. To be honest I wasn't one when I wrote 'Sick Butchers,' but does it matter? I remember playing a gig at the 100 Club and sneaking round the back with a beef burger. I was only seventeen; give me a break!"

Still, animal rights and vegetarianism became a real part of the band's identity though the inspiration may be from unlikely sources.

Kev, "I can't remember how I came across animal rights issues, although my girlfriend had been a vegetarian since she was eight years old, and as I didn't really like the taste of meat anyway (but had always had to eat it as a kid) it was easy for me to give it up totally, which I did in early 1979. I can't say anything about the inspiration for 'Sick Butchers' as I wasn't a member of Flux at the time, but I had always liked a track called 'Sheep' by the UK folk-rock band the Strawbs; it was on their 1971 album *From the Witchwood*, and is a really pro-animals song done over a menacing backing. Here are the lyrics:

THEY LIE
WE DIE
OF DEATH

July the fourth in the market town, farmers have come from miles around
Bringing their wives and children
A farmer stands with his youngest son watching the sheep driven from their pen
The Slaughterhouse is waiting
Look they're turning back, they're frightened, dogs are snapping at their heels,
Jumping on each others' backs, hear their squeals
The young boy stands looking quite dismayed—how can they know they're just animals?
"Pull yourself together!"—the farmer tells him to look inside
Row after row of raw carcasses, their blood runs in the gutter
Listen to their silly bleating, farmer beats them with his stick
Milling by the open door, don't be sick.
The young boy takes a look around, see people watching blankly
And he pities them, for they, too, look like sheep
And he tells himself when he grows up, when he becomes a farmer
He will just plant seeds of love and he will harvest peace.
© Dave Cousins 1971"

Probably the most famous track on the EP was a re-recording of an old Epileptics song called "Tube Disaster". A playfully obnoxious song reveling in the sick fascination with the title subject matter.

Colin, "The lyrics of 'Tube Disasters' had been written by me back in 1978 while we were in our cheeky punky 'let's offend people' mode; it has no political message at all. Derek has tried in the past to give it some big deep meaning, but really it was just the scribblings of a 16-year-old working in London and using the tube a lot."

Kev, "Colin wrote the lyrics for 'Tube Disaster' and I put the chords to it at a rehearsal in late '78; as far as I can remember he was inspired by a really bad train crash at Moorgate, London a few years earlier, and in all honesty I think he was being provocative about the whole thing. Later on, the lyrics were changed slightly to give it a different angle (vicarious thrills). We first played it an Epileptics gig near the end of '78, and right from the start it was a popular number—probably the only Epileptics song to have survived all the way thru Flux's live set."

The design of the records' artwork both reflected the uniformity of all the Crass releases. But also included the image of a bird surrounded by stones. Along with a drawing of a skull with spiked hair, it became one of the band's logos. Both symbols were put onto banners. Along with other banners carrying more outright political slogans, they made up the backdrop for the band's live performances.

Colin, "The skull symbolized (for me) punk, even after death; to be honest I was a bit of a biker at the time, so it looked a bit like some Hell's Angels logo. The bird didn't mean anything, it was just my own design based on Native American symbols."

The *Neu Smell* EP was released to both critical and "commercial" success. It hit number two on the independent charts (kept off the top spot by Depeche Mode's "New Life") and eventually sold over 40,000 copies.

Having suddenly found themselves in a more visible position in the music scene, old business associates started coming back around. After learning about Colin's acquisition of the *1970s* metal masters, Stortbeat threatened legal action forcing further pressings of the single to be ceased.

Colin decided to get the Epileptics back together for one last recording session to re-record the *1970s* EP for Spiderleg. However, with a recording session booked and the band set to go, Richard changed his mind and decided he didn't want to participate in the recording two days before they were set to go into the studio. Bambi was recruited to fill in.

To make matters worse, on the day of the recording at Chalk Farm Studio Bambi never showed up. After waiting around for four hours, the band made some phone calls and discovered that he and Simon had traveled down that day from St. Helens (where they lived at the time).

It turned out that on the day of the recording, the Rainbow Theatre was putting on a punk festival called "Woodstock Revisited". The rest of the band rushed across London to the venue to find that Bambi and Simon's other band, the Insane were set to play. Without having mentioned it to the rest of Flux, they had simply decided not to show up for the recording session. The two were fired on the spot.

Eventually, the EP was re-recorded with Penny Rimbaud from Crass sitting in on drums. The end result was that there wound up being three different versions of the Epileptics *1970s* EP.

It was at this time that Pax Records out of Sheffield began assembling the *Wargasm* benefit LP. Featuring bands like the Dead Kennedy's, Poison Girls, Angelic Upstarts and more, the record was a fundraiser for causes such as No Nukes, Friends of the Earth, CND and more. Flux, despite not having a stable line-up at the time, gladly accepted an invitation to be a part of the record. Kevin Hunter was once again brought in on guitar, as Neil wasn't available for the session. Spider from the System sat in on drums. They recorded "Life After Death", an early instrumental that was given lyrics and re-christened "Tapioca Sunrise".

Colin, "Marcus Featherby put the album out—a rather nice chap. The album was released to promote the idea of Anti-War, and to raise money for Anti-War groups and a donkey sanctuary."

Kev, "You'd have to ask Colin how Flux came to appear on *Wargasm* as I wasn't a member of Flux at the time; however, Spider (from The System) played drums on that version of "Tapioca Sunrise," as this was soon after Bambi had been kicked out, and I played guitar on it (a month or so before I rejoined), as I had recently done the re-recording of the *1970s* EP with Colin and Derek, and Neil (their then guitarist) couldn't—or wouldn't—get a day off from work, so they asked me to do it."

By December, Flux had finally secured a permanent drummer with martin Wilson, a long time friend of the band. Playing again with his old friends, Kev's interest in the band was renewed. It became logical for him to rejoin on guitar as he did at the very start of 1982. After a few rehearsals as a five-piece again, Neil Puncher decided to leave and the band continued on as a four-piece.

Kev, "When I rejoined the band in 1982 I was aware of their increasing popularity and status, but I didn't feel any pressure, as I had known them for a few years by that time."

This third version of Flux got right to work sorting out a new set of material so quick that they were ready to play their first gig the following month in Preston. By March, they were working on a demo for what would turn out to be their first full length. Working at Southern, the eight songs included raw versions of "Take Heed" and "Some of Us Scream, Some of Us Shout." Using the demo as a guide as to what they wanted to work on before the actual recording for the LP, the band tightened up the set with a series of gigs.

By May, they were ready to go back into the studio and properly record the LP. In less than a week they put together the twelve songs that would be *Strive to Survive Causing the Least Suffering Possible*. Packaged in an elaborate black and white gatefold sleeve, the record is a direct commentary on the world surrounding Flux. Not only in terms of politics, the record also addresses their audience and questions even their motives.

The gutter press said punks should spit and fight
And the puppet punks were fooled all right
They began to sniff aerosol and tubes of glue
Because the papers said that's what real punks do
Like spitting on bands—covering them in snot
Even though they knew if they were playing
They wouldn't like it

Rather than mirror the alienation a lot of people were feeling in '80s England, Flux took a different approach instead becoming angry. Channeling that anger into productive outlets and feeling convinced in their outrage, no targets were off limit. The anger, of course, became very contagious and the end result is a rallying cry somewhere between propaganda and poetry.

All through our lives we are shoved about
Some of us scream, some of us shout
Some of us complain, protest
While others smile in ecstasy

We as one are saying
We don't want their life no more
Fuck off

Musically, it's a happy merger of the raw garage punk of the Epileptics with the more "rhythmic" or "tribal" approach of what the first line-up were working on with *Neu Smell*. The result at times resembles Crass in its ongoing polemic style. But also brings to mind *Modern Dance*-era Pere Ubu or the Slits. The intense performances from the band are augmented by the exacting science of Penny Rimbaud's knowledge of Southern Studios. It's a great reflection of the band's state of mind during the session.

Colin, "The best five days of my life (up 'til then), everything about it was great—we knew the songs well and gave it 100% effort. It was recorded at Southern Studios in North London, where Crass ran their label from, and where Spiderleg was beginning to be based."

Kev, "I think we all enjoyed recording *Strive*—I certainly did! We spent four days (27th to 30th) in May 1982 recording the tracks that comprised the album—and most of the first day was spent by Penny setting up Martin's drums! We stayed at Southern where we were recording, and spent every waking hour on the tracks during those four days. We literally crashed out when we couldn't do any more, then got back to it once we'd woken up. We went back into the studio to put on some back vocals and do some overdubs on June 15th."

The energy of the recording, not to mention the constant guitar feedback between tracks, let many to believe it was a live recording or that it was done in one take. But the record was definitely an organized studio affair.

Colin, "No, no takes in one! Southern was a 24-track studio and as is the nature of these things, each instrument is recorded individually at a time—mainly for clarity (believe it or not!), but I guess you lose some spontaneity doing it that way. The album was exactly as we were live."

Kev, "It was Penny's idea to link the tracks with my guitar feedback, and I spent two fairly long periods just making my guitar howl and squeal (I completely fucked up my amp by doing this) and this was then edited into the final mix. Apart from the way I feel about making my guitar sound really thin and tinny I must say that he did a good job with the album as a whole. Incidentally, the guitar sound on the intro to 'They Lie We Die' was a compromise; I had originally wanted to do it on a twelve-string acoustic guitar, just to vary the sound, but we couldn't find anywhere to hire a guitar at the time that we needed to. The other members of Flux had been quite willing for me to use an acoustic on it, as we all felt to some degree that most anarcho bands were just making the same old sound and seemed scared of broadening the musical scope. I think that a couple of tracks were laid down in one take (I'm pretty sure that 'Progress' was one of them), but we then overdubbed more layers of guitars and vocals—even extra cymbal crashes on some. The record was an basically a large chunk of our live set at the time, but our stage sound was always a bit muddy—usually because we hired cheap PA systems. We were definitely very tight as a band, as were gigging frequently, and I think it showed. I don't think that any of us would have been happy putting any kind of message across if we'd felt that our playing wasn't as good as it could have been. There were more than enough sloppy punk bands around who didn't seem bothered much about playing well."

The album cover also included liner notes referring to incidents surrounding the collection of photos for the record cover. Along with the black and white image of leaves, there were photos taken with their banners at a fallout shelter in Essex and at an animal-testing laboratory in Beecham. On the first occasion, they were thrown off the land and searched while leaving by the police. After inspecting the band and the banners, it turned out that the police had been looking for Crass and the Poison Girls. They eventually took down everyone's names, addresses and personal characteristics.

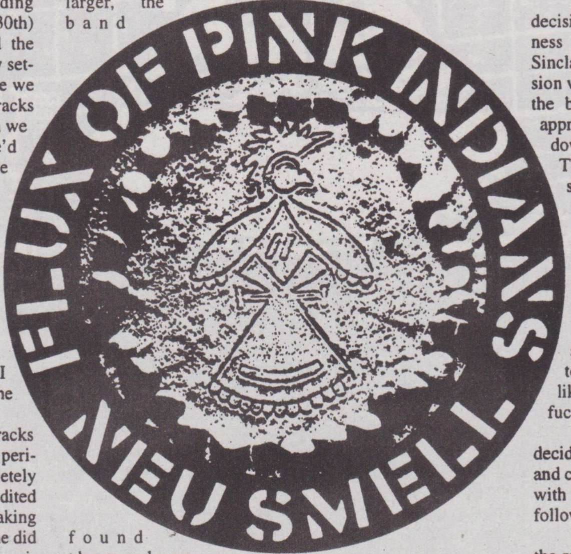
On the second occasion, they were taking photos when they noticed a commotion at the front gates. Not wanting a confrontation with the police over some photos, they decided to leave only to find out that they were being followed. Rather than try to lose their pursuer, they stopped and confronted him. He claimed to be exercising his right to drive on the road. They said they were exercising their right to take photos in a public place to which he responded by rolling up his windows and ignoring them. They decided to start taking photos of him. He immediately reacted by jumping out of the car to prevent them from further capturing his likeness. Deciding to leave, the band was stopped minutes later by the police and searched again.

It was after this time that they noticed that their mail was being tampered with and their phones were being tapped, which was not so uncommon in those days.

Colin, "Well we used to love pushing things too far, and in doing so often had the police sniffing around. Lots happened back then—mail going missing, phones being tapped—but I sometimes wonder if we made the whole thing up!

"...Most of the hassle on the album cover was through trespassing on private land, but in everyday life we weren't really troubled at all."

The record was released to great enthusiasm selling well over 20,000 copies in its first year. The anarcho punk scene was still thriving and the band was touring up and down the country with bands like the System, Amebix, Antisect, and Rudimentary Peni. But with their audience growing larger, the band found themselves more and more to be preaching to the converted.



Colin, "...The music was important but as an entity wasn't something we were trying to change. I guess we thought we were changing the attitude of the world, but influencing a few people's lives in a better direction was more like it, and looking back not a bad thing to have done."

Kev, "In '82 the scene was still thriving, but it did seem that a lot of the time we were preaching to the converted. There were also a lot of punks who professed to be into quite diametrically opposed bands, which always seemed strange to me. A punk came up to me after one gig, and asked me in some depth what we understood by anarchy as a belief and as a way of life—it was as if he was expecting a kind of verbal thesis on the subject, but I noticed that he had 'THE EXPLOITED' painted in large letters on his leather jacket, along with 'CRASS' and 'FLUX,' and as soon as I saw that, I basically told him to shove it."

But towards the end of the year, the band was getting frustrated. Partly because of the sameness of the anarcho scene and the desire to do something new, the band also found themselves getting along less and less.

Colin, "I'm not sure if we were disappointed with the anarcho scene—we just went looking for new ways to get our ideas across."

Kev, "By the end of 1982 I had got fed up with the anarcho scene in general and Flux in particular. I had sensed for some time that the rest of the band were getting more into the message and less into the music, so I was considering telling them that I felt like I was the one who was out of step with them, and that I should leave. I thought I might stay until the end of the year, as we had no gigs planned very far into the next, and I didn't want to let them down on gigs that were already organized.

"In fact I had no idea that I was going to leave until the gig in Nottingham in November '82 (the gig that was recorded and issued as the 'Live Statement' CD last year) when Antisect did their set before ours. Derek, Colin and Martin were really impressed with Antisect, and just before we got on stage, they were telling me that maybe we should be more like them—I thought they were dire, a fourth-rate Discharge, so I decided then and there that this was my last gig with Flux. I've heard many people say that they were inspired to form a band by seeing or hearing a particular band, but when I saw Antisect I was inspired to leave a band.

"Also, unknown to me, Derek, and Martin when we started playing 'Progress,' we soon discovered that Colin had arranged with Lou (from DIRT) to sing backing vocals with him (Colin was trying get off with her at the time). We weren't on very good form that night anyway—maybe I wasn't trying very hard as I'd decided that this was the end of the line as far as I was concerned—and Lou made us sound really shitty with her screechy off-key voice. Anyway, the next night I rang Colin and told him that I was chucking it in—I thought that he might have already guessed by my attitude that I wasn't happy about a lot of things—but he was completely surprised.

"We had a long talk about, and ended the conversation very amicably. We lost touch somehow, Flux shared a house together, and I didn't see or speak to Colin again until about 1989!"

The lack of democracy in some of the areas of decision making also extended to the bands political/business decisions. An issue since the days of the Mick Sinclair interview, this time it was Derek who made a decision without taking into account the opinions of the rest of the band. With the success of *Strive*, Island Records approached the band. The band had previously turned down advances from Virgin Records the previous year. This time Derek turned the label down without consulting the rest of the band.[8]

After Kev's departure, Lou from DIRT and her boyfriend, Timothy Luke, were recruited to play guitar in the band. They quickly threw together a set in time to play the Zig Zag festival at the end of the year. Playing the squatted gig convinced the band to relocate in London and get a house together.

Colin, "The 'gig' was great, one of the last squat gigs and after that we realized that we needed to be based in London and get more involved in things like that. Skinheads wrecked the place in the end—I fucking hated them at the time."

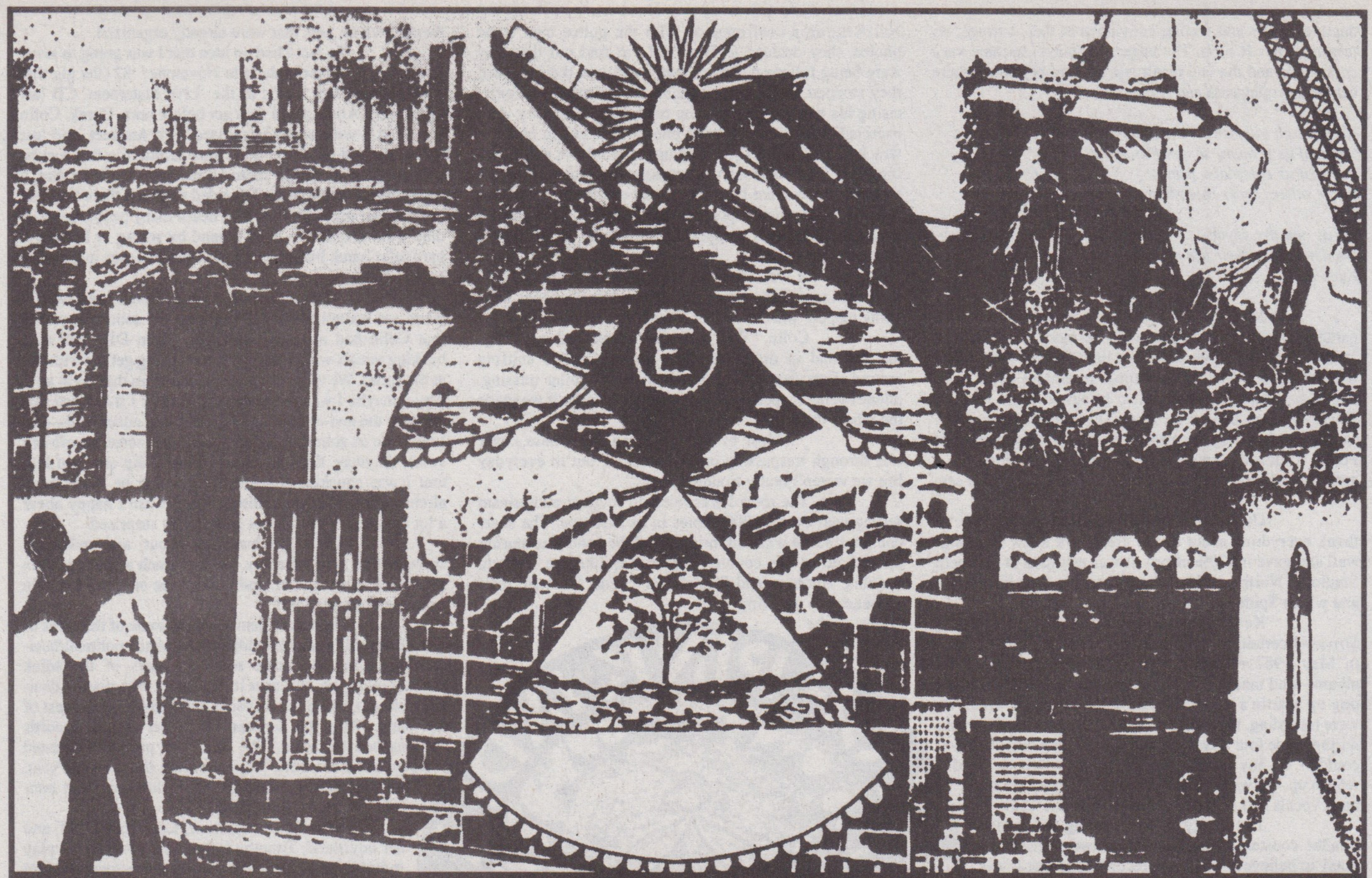
While still in it's formulating stages, the band decided to record a four-song EP. Intending to improvise and create something abstract, they soon found themselves with two LPs' worth of material. This would become their follow-up LP, *The Fucking Cunts Treat Us like Pricks*.

Certainly their most drastic stylistic change, the record is sort of their *Metal Machine Music*. A totally abstract collection of sounds, noise, and disconnected rhythms, the record at times is reminiscent of early SPK[9] or radical tape collage. But for the band, the end doesn't always justify the means.

Colin, "We went into the studio to record four songs, and came out with a double album of complete crap. Good fun at the time, but I can't imagine it's possible to listen to it all in one go. Derek had a bee in his bonnet about something, and we just followed his lead, but looking back I can honestly say that we'd lost the plot."

Derek had claimed that the idea was that by making the music unlistenable, the buyer would be forced to concentrate on the lyrical content. And lyrically, the record was a step further from *Strive*. Not only did they investigate further the sheep mentality of a lot of the anarcho punk scene, but also they addressed the issue of sexism and misogyny both in society and the punk scene.

It's so fucking easy to say you believe in anarchy and peace
To shout your mouth off to the system
We don't need your rules or your police
But it's so much harder to really believe and think it through
To try and live you life like you know you ought to do
Don't do to others what you don't want done to you
Do you support the Sun?
The paper that cums
The paper that supports out boys
And rapes our girls
The paper that licks Thatcher's arse
The paper that lies to class
The paper with the ten-inch prick
The paper that feeds you shit



Colin, "Sexism wasn't a good thing then and it isn't a good thing now."

Recorded at Southern, the entire record was conceived spontaneously. At moments, the protozoan elements of a song can be detected. But for the most part, it's adventures in atonality. The vocals exist as a unique element interacting with the music rather than as part of it. Additional non-traditional instrumentation was brought in. Metal as percussion was becoming popular especially with the London industrial scene thanks to Australian transplants, SPK.

Colin, "It was recorded at Southern Studios. The whole thing was made up on the spot. We went out and bought some scrap metal to bang. (Oh the heady wine of youth!)"

Releasing the record meant taking a huge chance. Despite the open-mindedness preached by the anarcho scene, the likeliness of anything short of another *Strive* to be successful was slim. While radical and risky, it was also done this way out of necessity.

Colin, "To be honest, when Kev left we replaced him with two guitarists, Lou and Timothy Luke, and neither could actually play, so a 'noise'/concept album was all we could do."

The fact that other bands like Crass were leaving the traditional "punk" format behind and experimenting with sound collages and industrial music probably also had some influence.

Colin, "God knows; Crass had done a noise album so we did one! It's a bit easier than writing 'proper' songs and makes you sound really angry—even if you're not."

But ultimately, the record was a piece of agit-prop like Derek had said. Even the title was selected entirely for it's provocative nature.

Colin, "The idea was to give it a title that might get us into trouble and get publicity to further the cause."

The one segment of the record that could be called pure beauty was the sketches making up the cover art. While the images are meant to be disturbing with their exaggerated phalluses and their splattered body parts, the overall affect is, especially in relation to the alienating affect of the music, the most "human" element of the record.

Colin, "Andy of Crass had doodled them on writing paper many years before. At this time he was feeling a little bit disillusioned with Crass and was helping us out a bit."

But the record's release was an all around disaster. Generally disliked by the anarcho punks, the record barely sold 5000 copies. There were virtually no reviews to speak of. Live gigs mostly ranged from bad to worse.

Colin, "Gigs went down badly when we started to play just the *Fucking Cunts* album. At one gig, after three 'songs' people started shouting so we just called a halt."

The negative reaction to the record even tainted the bands follow up seven-inch. This happened despite the press giving the band the benefit of the doubt.

Colin, "I can remember our next EP being made Single of the Week in NME before the guy had even heard or seen the record. Outrageous!"

That record was 1984's *Taking a Liberty*. The final release on Spiderleg, it was a small step backward in terms of a more structured approach musically. Yet, it still had the markings of what otherwise would be thought of as industrial. Still reminiscent of SPK or some Throbbing Gristle, Flux were experimenting with interesting tape collages and a contrasting tones and volumes with quick editorial splices. Perhaps it was mere imagery and style that kept them at arm's length from the industrial scene.

But there was still the lack of guidelines that defined the record. Wanting to do something original and caustically antagonistic to what was happening in the anarcho scene that they came from, the record was perceived by many as a series of hits and misses.

Colin, "Well it was *Fucking Cunts* with organization! The B-side was good but looking back we'd lost the plot (still)."

Lyrically, they were still hammering away at the notion of anarchist punk becoming more of a fashion paid lip service to rather than having any tangible meaning. Despite all the decrees made within the squatted walls of anarcho gigs, Thatcher was still destroying the country. Flabbergasted, the band took aim at what they saw as the heart of the inadequacy of the anarchist community.

I love so much but I still feel hate
I feel so brave but I still feel scared
I want to be an individual but I get so lonely
I know what is right but I still do wrong
I want peace but I still fight
I believe but I still doubt
I fought the system and discovered the system was me
I tried to escape the prison and discovered the prison was me
I tried to end oppression and discovered the oppressor was me
I tried to scale the wall and discovered the wall was me
I tried to ban the bomb and discovered the bomb was me
I tried to rid prejudice and discovered prejudice was me
I tried to find the answer and discovered the solution was me

The record itself was beautifully packaged with artwork that Colin drew up himself using Japanese brushes and minimal strokes to create esoteric images. The 24-page layout included a stream of conscious story written by Derek about a fictional encounter with a gunman on the Tube.

Colin, "Derek wrote the story slagging off a 'have-a-go' hero, which is strange because Derek was the No. 1 'have-a-go' hero!"

But the record was still too cerebral for the in-your-face fans of anarcho punk that were becoming more and more narrow with their scope of music. The EP sold close to 5000 copies and stalled. The future of the band seemed in limbo and the band wound up only playing one gig the following year. A spoof of themselves and people's reactions to their previous two releases, the band satirized the un-imaginative rock and roll that the audience seemed to want from them.

Colin, "We played at a squat venue in Camden, North London, called The Glasshouse, and foiled-up the whole stage—covered it with aluminum foil—came on like a big rock band, played solos, then did an encore (nearly naked), and I had the best night of my life! The message being, 'you hated *Fucking Cunts*, you want rock 'n' roll—here it is!' Everybody loved it—anyone who's got pictures or a tape of this gig contact me *now*!"

Despite the lack of activity during those years, this was would turn out to be the longest lasting and final line-up of the band. Officially shortening their name to Flux (which is what most people referred to them as anyway), the band went back into the studio in 1986 to produce their final LP, *The Uncarved Block*.

With the formalism of punk broken, the band reinvented themselves yet again this time utilizing elements of dance music and heavy rhythms to produce their most accessible record of all. The band's membership expanded to accommodate the new style. Rather than relying on samples, which were becoming more and more the norm of the time, the line-up took the form of a small orchestra with at times as many as seventeen members.

Colin, "Over the last few years we'd become friends with a whole new bunch of people, and the album was a mixture of twenty peoples' input."

On this record, the band also enlisted the aid of Adrian Sherwood. Lyrically, the band was also taking a different route going for introspection and metaphor. In some ways, this was the biggest change in the band's trajectory as all the previous efforts were connected by a lyrical attack that was part propagandist and part catharsis. This time around, the lyrics were somewhat subdued and poetic even.

Colin, "The lyrics are vague? You bet! I was singing stuff I had no idea of the meaning of, lots of long nice-sounding words—very poetic!"

Having said that, there are a couple arguments that could be made that the band was still as militant as ever if only using different tactics. They layout for the record cover was a collage of symbols representing the miasma of logos from multinational corporations with the symbols of political movements of the left and right.

Colin, "The inner sleeve was a collage of multi-national company logos, left/right political symbols, everything; the idea being that when all that power is all squeezed together on paper it just looks like wallpaper."

Also, the title of the album was taken from a Taoist principal made famous in the West by Benjamin Hoff's book "The Tao of Pooh". Like "The Hundredth Monkey," the book has become sort of a staple of the left-leaning or liberal American college student. But some of the main points of the book are sometimes considered to be anarchist in essence and even relational to many Situationist ideas.

Benjamin Hoff's passages on the Uncarved Block read as follows:

"When you discard arrogance, complexity and a few other things that get in the way, sooner or later you will discover that simple, childlike, and mysterious secret known to those of the Uncarved Block: Life is fun.

"From the state of the Uncarved Block comes the ability to enjoy the simple and the quiet, the natural and the plain. Along with that comes the ability to do things spontaneously and have them work, odd as that may appear to others at times. As Piglet put it in Winnie-the-Pooh, 'Pooh hasn't much Brain, but he never comes to any harm. He does silly things and they turn out right.'"

Colin, "I read it 15 years ago and remember really enjoying it and thinking that it all made sense."

Lyrically, the record was still a step into quasi-existential poetics. At times it hinted at their previous anger. But over all, the word play took the forefront.

And I cling desperately to my last two beliefs
Firstly, I believe nothing and in nothing
Secondly, I believe everything and in everything
Together I attempt to navigate my way
All around me refuse to change
But not the world
Every expression of my love
Seems to wound

Nature knows no divisions
One field runs into the next
Having erected fences
I am imprisoned inside my head
The dumb clock chimed
But it was too late
I hear your voice
It cries in the silence

With its release in 1987, the record was surprisingly successful despite the departure from punk. Much of this was due to the production work on the record of Adrian Sherwood. Known as an innovator in dub, at the age of 28, he had already worked with Creation Rebel, Carol Kalphat, and Prince Far I. He had also worked with bands as diverse as the Slits, Einsturzende Neubaten, Depeche Mode, and James Blood Ulmer. Adding to the already rhythmic arrangements, his production added a lushness that was layered and multi-angular.

If his production style somewhat took over the band to a certain degree, it was largely done out of his love for the music and not any Svengali-ism.

Sherwood, "Music is lovely because it stimulate people, superficial music doesn't. If you make something that you put your heart and soul into and really try to push it so it leaps out the fucking speakers at you, and if there's a good feel to it, then you've achieved something." (Obsolete, 1997)

The reaction, however, varied from city to city. Somehow, the band managed to tailor their set to the needs of the crowd.

Colin, "We did one gig in London only playing songs from *Uncarved Block* and the anarcho scene certainly wasn't there; we then played two gigs in Holland doing songs from all of the records. After the first gig we realized that the audience was only after the *Uncarved Block*/Adrian Sherwood stuff, so we made all the other songs sound like *Uncarved Block* tracks at the second gig. We then played Belgium, took one look at the gig poster —trés punk!—and made everything sound like the first album!"

But despite these live successes, the band was virtually finished by the time the record was released. Their inability to do a US tour when it was offered was the last straw for Colin.

Colin, "After these gigs we were approached to play in the USA and more gigs in Europe. I was the only one who was up for it, the others were becoming too involved with their careers so I upped and went and formed a new band, Hotalacio.

"...We hadn't gigged for two years and *Uncarved Block* was Derek's baby; after that I couldn't see where we could have gone with the band."

When Colin speaks of "careers", probably the most public was Derek's taking of One Little Indian from being a small indie label to a major force with the success from around that time with the Sugarcubes. But the rest of the band went off into other projects as well.

Colin, "Derek had the nerve to get involved with major record labels; Kev writes a lot of stuff for music magazines; Martin played with Pete of Crass in Judas II; I did an album and 12" in the band Hotalacio on my own label (Big Kiss) and later did a couple of dance 12"s under the name Influx. Now I do bugger-all and it's great! The music business is total wank."

Kev, "I played switched from guitar to bass in 1986 to play with a band called the Primebeats, a kind of Stooges-meet-Elvis punk outfit, who were more interested loud shirts, louder amps, drinking Budweiser, and playing supercharged psychedelic rock 'n' roll than preaching politics. A refreshing change for me certainly.

"After that I met up with Colin in late '89, and he asked me to join his new band, Hotalacio, but I declined as they were influenced by rap and dance music, which I hated. We kept in touch after that and got together occasionally (in particular to discuss the first of the Overground reissues); a couple of years ago I worked with Colin in North London, at his business—he'd started his own company, building wooden furniture—but I recently left as I moved further away. We're still friends though. I haven't seen or spoken to Derek since my last gig with Flux in '82—and I doubt that it bothers him since he's become a big shot in the music business.

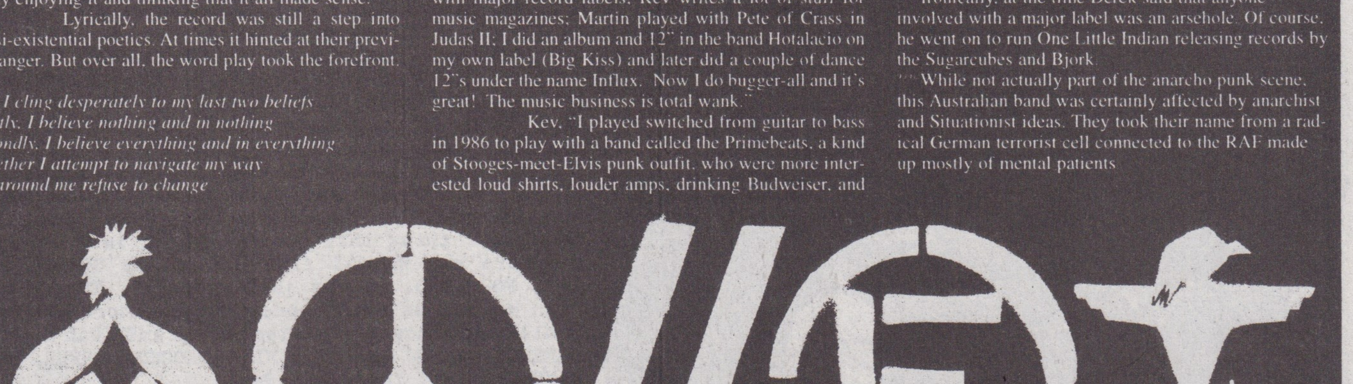
"I saw Martin about a year after I left Flux, and once about five years ago."

More recently, Overground Records has released three CDs of material including on entirely of Epileptics live and demo recordings.

Kev, "The recent CDs were a result of a good friend (and Epileptics/Flux fan from way back in '79), Mark Woodley, getting together with John Esplen (of Overground Record), and their enthusiasm for the band, coupled with continuing interest in the anarcho punk stuff, and our desire to put out some recordings that weren't issued at the time. We felt that we had done some good stuff, but there wasn't anything still available apart from the shoddy One Little Indian reissue of *Strive*. All the Overground CDs (*System Rejects* by the Epileptics/*Not So Brave* and *Live Statement* by Flux) were done with our full consultation and co-operation."

"Additionally I'd like to say that I think that the reason the whole anarcho punk thing died (as far as I'm concerned) is that 99% of the bands were (and most still are) just too unadventurous with their sound and arrangements. Maybe the blame lies with the audiences who were/are so single-minded—I thought that the original idea of punk was to have a vibrant, exciting, challenging sound, but most seemed/seem content to have the same, one dimensional sound—so fucking boring!"

Colin, "Instead of changing the world to your viewpoint, it's probably better to take your viewpoint/style of living and set up a thing of your own: why should everyone else change over to your point of view?"



Kev, "Incidentally, at this time Derek (Birkett) had fairly long hair, and wore cowboy boots - Colin always made him take them off when we were rehearsing!"

Several of the tracks from the demo would later be released on the "System Rejects" CD on Overground.

Kev, "...Derek went on holiday, and we wanted rid of him!"

Stammers would later join the Straps and eventually wind up playing for Theater of Hate and Spear of Destiny.

Kev, "Colin and Derek told me they were getting Sid Attion (Rubella Ballet) to play drums, and I wasn't impressed by what I knew of Sid, I left too."

This demo is included on "Not So Brave" (Overground Records).

These tracks would later appear on "Not So Brave" (Overground Records) along with "Tapioca Sunrise" from "Wargasm" and a live gig from Bishop's Stortford.

Ironically, at the time Derek said that anyone involved with a major label was an arsehole. Of course, he went on to run One Little Indian releasing records by the Sugarcubes and Bjork.

While not actually part of the anarcho punk scene, this Australian band was certainly affected by anarchist and Situationist ideas. They took their name from a radical German terrorist cell connected to the RAF made up mostly of mental patients.

SCARE TACTIC are a band formerly known as AS ONE. They released a four song CD that had a new school sXe sound, a few years back, on their own. In the last couple of months, they released a demo entitled "Sowhatifi'mafuckingdemo". It is fast, raw thrash incorporating elements of mosh and power violence. They sound like CITIZEN'S ARREST meets CROSSED OUT while listening to CHAIN OF STRENGTH. The band features Jesse on vocals, James on drums, Rob on bass, and Jonah on guitar. Jonah plays in CAREER SUICIDE, FUCKED UP, and BORED OF EDUCATION and Jesse is also in BORED OF EDUCATION. They are very active in the current scene.They played on Equalizing Distort on Sunday November 4th and here is some of what we talked about.

How did AS ONE form ? What made you all start a band with each other ?

Jonah: Well, Robert and Jesse are brothers, and James has known them both for more or less their entire lives. Jesse's uncle is James' godfather and they've always been close, so forming a band seemed natural when they all became interested in the same kind of music. The band that they originally formed was called BSE. During the year of either 1997 or 1998. I joined the band and it went from there. We changed the name (twice), changed the sound (twice) and here we are.

Describe your sound to folks. Jonah and I have had disagreements back and forth about the sound of your band. I think the fast parts are reminescent of CHARLES BRONSON and the breakdowns sound similar to that of SHARK ATTACK. Simon has stripped this down to "play fast, raw thrash that adds elements of mosh and power violence to a solid foundation of early '80's hardcore". What do you think you sound like ?

James: I think its hard to totally describe what we sound like just because we have so many different influences, we have fast thrashy parts then we will go to a breakdown.

Jonah: It's not so much that I disagree entirely with your comparisons, but I just think our sound doesn't sound quite enough like either CHARLES BRONSON or SHARK ATTACK to earn those comparisons. CHARLES BRONSON are known for their ultra-fast blast beats and snotty vocals -and although we have "blast parts", Jesse's vocals sound rather far from Mark McCoy's, and the fast parts are a little toned down in comparison. As for SHARK ATTACK, some of the breakdowns we've written sound very much akin to that style. However, SHARK ATTACK have a sound that's particularly traditional. I think I'd read somewhere the idea behind the seven inch or the demo was to sound *exactly* like the ANTIDOTE record. And it does sound really similar to early New York hardcore bands like CAUSE FOR ALARM, ANTIDOTE, or THE ABUSED. Our sound is much more 'modern' - to use that word in the most positive way when referring to hardcore. I'd say our sound is fast, chunky hardcore with its song writing based in early North American Hardcore, mixed with breakdowns.

Who are your influences ? Who do you listen to that most sounds like your sound ?

James: My influences started out with listening to pop punk when I was younger but over the years I started listening to more and more hardcore. The first thing that really got me into Toronto hardcore was when I first heard the SWARM, and LEFT FOR DEAD. It was just so angry. Those have been my biggest influences for hardcore in general, right now I'm listening to AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, CHARLES BRONSON, NINE SHOCKS TERROR, and HAYMAKER just to name a few.

Jonah: Well as far as I go, my influences mostly lie in North American Punk Rock and Hardcore from 1977-1985. Lately I've been listening to THE DESCENDENTS, JFA, ADRENALIN OD, CHANNEL 3, THE NIHILISTICS, THE FIX, THE ANGRY SAMOANS, VOM, NEON CHRIST, THE OFFENDERS, DEEP WOUND, THE VILE-

SCARE TACTIC

TONES, THE MODELS and the DEAD BOYS. As for the metal sound, I guess we try and emulate the sound of LEFT FOR DEAD, or the SWARM. Those bands were great, and we all really like them. As well, they seemed to be our first real exposure to 'real' hardcore. We'd all exhausted the victory records catalogue, and when we heard these bands it changed our perception of things - as in 'there's so much more out there!' And there is, and now I've heard it…I've heard it all, and I want even more!!!

Jesse: I'm really liking a lot of the stuff that's coming out of Boston right now. Bands like AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, PANIC (who we played with two weeks ago), and bands of that ilk. I'm a sucker for old school sXe hardcore, but I think a lot of bands are limited by trying to imitate that sound (and to a large extent AS ONE was limited by that as well). I'm really excited that bands are coming up nowadays that keep the integrity of old school hardcore, but mix it up a little. It keeps things interesting. As for our sound, I think we have such an eclectic blend of everything from power violence to mosh that there isn't a band that specifically sounds like us. But our influences are vast.

Jesse, I wanted to ask you about how you get your vocals to sound so raspy and distant. It sounds like you are singing through a megahorn but with some demented distortion. Do you have any effects on your mic or is that the way your voice sounds ?

Jesse: That's just the way my voice comes out. Without getting too technical about things, I sort of choke the scream as it's coming out to create the almost whispery effect

Do you have anyone in particular that you are influenced by from a vocal perspective ?

Jesse: I would say that Lou Koller of SOIA has been a big influence on my vocal stylings (particularly later albums). But certainly bands like CROSSED OUT and the H-100 s have also been pretty big influences.

On the CD you did this cover of "United Worldwide" and I assume that the name, AS ONE, was taken from the WARZONE song by the same name. Is WARZONE still a big influence in the band ?

James: No

Jesse: The WARZONE thing died rather quickly, at least the influence on the sound of the band. I think we were so influenced by WARZONE because they were one of the first HC bands we really got into (and I still listen to at least three WARZONE records on a relatively consistent basis). But as our influences grew, our sound evolved and we realised that there were a whole lot of bands out there that blow WARZONE out of the water.

With the CD, I noticed there was more of an emphasis on breakdowns. With the demo the songs seem more to the point, so there is some brevity to them and there is more hardcore youth crew parts as opposed to the crunchy chugs parts. Do you notice a sound change ? If so how do you account for it ?

James: I definitely noticed a sound change, when we recorded the AS ONE CD. I was really into STRIFE, and 25 TA LIFE, it was all about breakdowns.

Jonah: Basically we just matured musically. When the songs for the CD were written, our knowledge of Punk Rock and Hardcore was pretty limited. I started getting into old hardcore and particularly influential bands of the last decade and started writing all the songs, and the rest of the band followed suit and our sound changed. I guess you can still kind of hear our old ways creeping back every now and then. To quote the DICTATORS "we just wanted to play faster and louder."

Jesse: Again, it comes down to a variety of influences. When we wrote the CD we were listening to a lot of NYHC, and not just older stuff, but a lot of VICTORY RECORDS shit (and I use the word shit strongly). So when you have such a narrow range of influences, chances are your sound isn't going to be that great.

Can you tell us about the recording of your latest demo ? Where and how did you record it ?

James: It was recorded in Jesse and Rob's basement by their uncle. He has a reel-to-reel 8 track recorder and he spent a lot of time trying to get the sound we wanted. It was done in the winter of 2000-2001.

Jonah: Jesse's uncle has been playing in bands for quite some time (25 years!) and knows a ton about sound. He'd made a makeshift recording studio in Jesse's basement that he used to record small projects on with his band THE WHITE HOUSE, and he'd actually never done anything like our band before.

Jesse: By the grace of Lucifer (and our uncle's enthusiasm and perfectionism) the recording came out really well.

Up until a couple of weeks ago, you were AS ONE. Now you are called SCARE TACTIC. Why the name change ?

James: We were no longer such enthusiastic WARZONE fans. The name didn't really represent our music.

Jonah: The demo we released is being pressed to vinyl. After it's release, we'd heard from Simon Harvey, that there might be label interest as to pressing the demo. Knowing Simon and his prankster ways, we pawned it off as Simon pulling our legs. But as it turns out, Dave Partridge (aka Dave Last) offered to put out our demo on a seven inch as the first release on his new label, "The Solomon Method Records." Needless to say we jumped on the opportunity. We had thought about changing the name for some time before as well, and we figured once a record was out there's no turning back, so we might as well change it now.

Is there any significance behind the name SCARE TACTIC ?

James: Jonah has a whole story about how we got the name.

Jonah: I got the name from an AOD song, but it's not that that song has any particular significance (other than the fact that it was written by the almighty ADRENALIN OVERDRIVE-who have a song for almost every occasion). I think it's a good name, and is fitting for our sound.

On the demo you did a cover of "Jimmy Swaggart stuck his pee pee in my poo poo" by Sons of Ishmael. Tonight you were going to attempt a cover of "Small Town Mentality". What is it about Sons of Ishmael that appeals to you to be an unofficial tribute band ?

James: They were an awesome band that was from our area, and we were recording songs for a compilation called "Toronto not Ballet".

Jonah: The first time I ever heard the SONS OF ISHMAEL was on Equalizing Distort. I was visiting the show - probably about two years ago and in the midst of helping you file CD's, a fast snotty song the likes of which I hadn't heard much of came over the speakers. It immediately caught my interest, and I asked about the phantom song, to which you replied - "it's the SONS OF ISHMAEL, from Meaford, Ontario. This song is called the "Halloween Party" and you went on to explain the story behind the song. I just thought it was a really great song, and the fact that they were from so close to Toronto really intrigued me, as well. Soon after I found their record at Full Blast and loved it (it wasn't even their best record). When we went in to record it was originally for a Toronto hardcore compilation called 'This is Toronto, not ballet' and I thought it would be cool to cover a band from in and around Toronto. So we did…even though we tried learning 'Man and his Penis Scepter' we couldn't quite hack it on the spot, so "Jimmy Swaggart" it was. We had planned to cover 'Small Town Mentality' but the lyrics went AWOL at the crucial moment (when we were going to play it).

Jesse: I think it's safe to say that we sound very little like SOI, but that's what's so fun about covering their tunes. We always like it when bands throw a curve ball. For instance we've covered 'Children in Heat' live, and there's been some talk of a NEW BOMB TURKS cover.

Can you tell us about your songs. What do you sing about ?

Jesse: We have a wide variety of topics. Some of them are more direct, like "Our Voice Pro-Choice", while others are more introspective. I just write about what's on my mind, and I think that's important because if you don't feel what you're singing it's tough to be sincere.

What is your favourite song from a lyrical standpoint and why ?

James: Just recently I like the song "Sick of Fun" that Johah sings. I don't know all the words to all the songs except for the one that I sing, but I really like a few lines in "Sick of Fun".

Jonah: For me it's either "Step Right Up" or "Sick of Fun". The reason I like those is probably because I wrote the lyircs, but I they are personal stuff so that's why it's so easy to relate. "Step Right Up" is basically about me evaluating my peers when I was like 16. I went to this keg party and got drunk and watched all my friends do the same thing. I felt particularly shitty in the morning (without the hangover) and I just thought of how weird it was that all these kids rush to something so fake to change themselves from what they are, needless to say I didn't follow my own advice at all, but it's like the song says 'this is the beginning of the end…' Maybe one day. "Sick of Fun" is pretty self explanatory. I just started University, and the 'mad parties,' and blah blah bullshit gets on my nerves sometimes. It seems like I can't quite feel normal doing what they do, and it makes me wanna scream until my throat bleeds….so now I do.

Jesse: I really like 'The City Smells Like Garbage', which is a newer song. Without being all emo about things, that song really means a lot to me on a personal level, and it's really cathartic to sing those words.

What are the bands plans for recording, playing out, touring ?

James: We're always up for playing shows. We plan to record pretty much as soon as possible, and for touring it depends if my parents will let us borrow their truck to carry equipment.

Jonah: Put out records that someone might want some day, play out a lot, and get people to know about our band.

Jesse: We'll probably be recording again soon. We're going to be on a comp that Craig Caron is putting out, so we'll be recording for that. As for playing out/ touring there is some talk of doing a joint tour with BxOxEx and SCARE TACTIC this summer. Other than that, we'll play anywhere, essentially.

What else do you hope to do as a band ?

James: Play as many shows as possible and maybe sell a couple records in the process.

Jesse: We just want to get our record out to as many people as possible. I'd love to tour and meet new bands and scene kids. I'm really excited about the possibility of being in a serious band.

How can people get in touch with you ?

James: upyourasswithallyourgossip@hotmail.com

Jonah: They can take their gossip and put it up their ass…but only at hotmail.com. As well, it's likely that we'll be getting a P.O. Box, so look out for that….

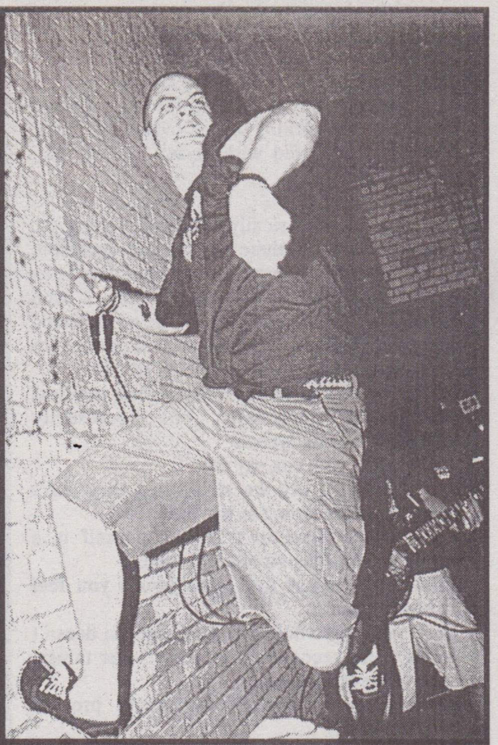
Are there any last comments ?

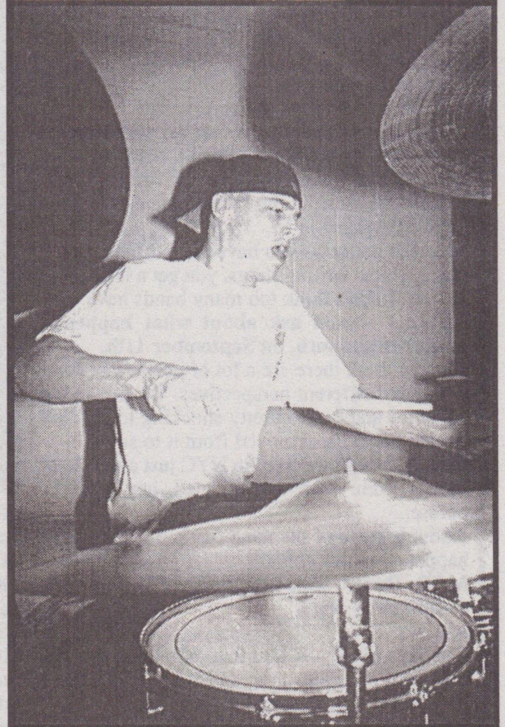
James: Thanks for the support.

Jonah: Thank you Stephe Perry - Faith Healer/Drug Dealer/Girl Stealer, and keep an eye out for the SCARE TACTIC s/t seven inch on Solomon Method Records!

Jesse: Jonah is ugly. Stephe is the shit! Thanks for everything.

HOLDING ON





interview: by Emil
(www.markt-for-livet.com)

Holding On are Andy (23) vocals, Karl (19) drums, Pete (24) guitar, and Sean (21) bass.

MRR: When did Holding On come about?

Pete: Early '99.

Andy: I'd have to go with early '99 as well.

MRR: What was the line up like back then?

Pete: It was similar to the current lineup, yet different (laughter). I was still on guitar and Karl played drums. Andy was on bass and our old friend Derek Horman was the singer.

Sean: And I moshed!

Pete: With this line up we recorded our demo, songs for the split 7" with the Real Enemy, and 2 songs for compilations—one was good and went on the *Memories of Tomorrow* comp, and one was terrible and is still unreleased to this day! We sent the song to be on some European comp, but I don't think that's ever coming out. Then in late '99, Derek decided he couldn't do the band anymore, so he quit. Sean filled in on bass for a while until our friend Mike Sonrode started playing bass. We recorded the s/t 7" with him. Then in early 2001 he quit, so we got Sean back on bass. That's a brief history of all our members, it looks like a lot of changes if you look at the records, but Andy, Karl, and myself have been pretty solid throughout the whole history of the band.

MRR: So what was your inspiration to start a band back then?

Karl: Minneapolis didn't have shit!

Andy: Derek and I just wanted to start a fast hardcore band, there weren't any from around here. The whole time I've known Derek he always wanted to start this band, so I was like OK, lets do it, and we did it. Then he quit 8 months later. He recently moved to California.

MRR: I remember reading on your website that you started as a mosh-metal alternative, that the scene was really dominated by that sound.

Andy: Yeah.

MRR: Do you still feel that way?

All: Yeah.

Andy: Yeah, there's still a lot of mosh-metal, mostly...

Pete: That doesn't mean we hate mosh-metal, it's just that's all the scene is here, I mean we wanted something different...

Sean: Something more punk!

MRR: OK. Andy and Sean were in The Real Enemy, Andy on bass and Sean on drums?

Andy: Correct.

Sean: Yes.

MRR: So I just wanted to ask a couple of questions about that because The Real Enemy was quite popular, as you might've not known or believed but why did you guys break up so abruptly as I and many other fans thought?

Andy: Let's see.

Sean: Uh, well...

Pete: Hey! *Who's interview is this?* (laughter)

Andy: OK, basically everyone in The Real Enemy are still friends. We all get along, but for some reason at the practices and doing things as a band it just didn't seem to work out right. It wasn't fun, we fought a lot, it took forever to write songs, it was really frustrating and after a while with both Holding On and The Real Enemy, it started to be more demanding. I was playing in both bands and it just got to the point, when The Real Enemy just wasn't fun, I ended up quitting the band. After that, the three of them said they would find another bass player, but they never bothered to do so, and ended up breaking up shortly after.

Karl: The funniest thing about that is they when they broke up their drummer Sean became our bass player. Then we went on a little nine show tour this past spring with their singer Jaysin as our roadie, so three of them were in the van anyway!

Andy: Bastards! Can't get rid of them! (laughter)

Karl: Like they never broke up!

MRR: Is there going to be a discography maybe?

Sean: Hell no!

MRR: Why hell no?

Sean: The band is dead! The last 7" was called *Too Little Too Late* and it was going to be called *The Real Enemy Is Dead*.

Andy: There have been talks about maybe doing a discography CD on 625 Records possibly, but there hasn't been too much work on that yet.

MRR: OK, moving off that, who writes the lyrics for Holding On?

Andy: Karl and I.

MRR: It seems your inspirations seem to be just everyday life type of stuff?

Andy: Yeah, I would agree with you on that one.

MRR: OK, what kind of everyday issues exactly motivate you to write songs about them?

Andy: Uh, my pure hatred for everyday life? (laughter)

MRR: Well that's a good reason.

Andy: Just a lot of things, you get frustrated, it's a good way to vent. Like many things I've done with myself, maybe getting into a little too much debt and fucking myself over a few times, just being frustrated with myself and my surroundings.

MRR: Karl?

Karl: Yeah, just basically stuff that's going on. On the new record there's lyrics that span from up to right before the record was recorded. Then there's stuff that I've written before I even joined the band. Stuff that we never intended using and then we were kind of hard pressed for lyrics and I realized that it wasn't that bad.

MRR: Do you guys have any strong political standpoints personally, not necessarily reflected in your lyrics?

Andy: Yeah, you can say that.

Pete: Yeah, I'd say we all do, but they don't come across as strong in the lyrics.

Karl: Dude! Hardcore's existence itself is a strong political standpoint! (laughter)

MRR: Well what are some issues you feel strongly about?

Karl: Well my whole pro-Bush agenda doesn't get as much recognition as some other things, but...whatever. (laughter)

Sean: I try to write songs about pro-life but...(laughter)

Andy: We all fall pretty left I think...

MRR: Not a right wing band I take it?

Andy: No.

Sean: Fuck that.

Karl: Dude, shut up! (laughter)

MRR: Who writes the music for the band?

Pete: Well, it's mainly Karl and I, but Sean helps out a lot and has written a couple of songs too.

Karl: Yeah, Sean is the "most musician" in the band! (laughter)

Pete: It's pretty cool to have three different people in a band writing songs, you get a little more variety. I don't think too many bands have that.

MRR: I should ask about what happened earlier this month, on September 11th.

Andy: I think there are a lot of people out there who have different perspectives. We live in the Midwest and it was pretty shocking to see, but we are pretty far removed from it to say.

Pete: Although we were in NYC just a couple of blocks from where it happened, just 2 weeks before.

Andy: It's one of the most tragic things to have happened in this country.

MRR: Do you support President Bush's decision to go to war?

All: No.

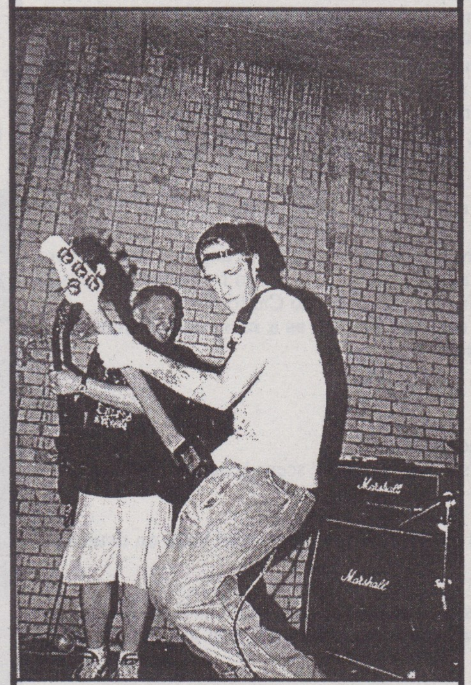
Pete: It's really sad that that they think that the only way to solve this, and react to all these innocent people getting killed is…

Andy: *To kill more!* Honestly, I'm just really confused as to what sort of action should be taken. I know there needs to be justice served to the people that did this, but at the same time I wouldn't want to see anymore people getting killed. They go on TV and say that we were attacked because we are the democratic leader of the free world, but that's a bunch of bullshit. That's not why we were attacked, we were attacked because all these other people are sick of us oppressing them, and they just have nothing to lose. No one looks at that.

Karl: I think a lot of it shows how faulty the US foreign policy has been towards the Middle East in the past 20 years or so, whether people want it to or not. Everything we've been doing has been completely reactionary. What did we do when Russia was invading Afghanistan? We helped Afghani rebels, and basically trained Bin Laden to be a terrorist against Russia. So once we got Russia out of there, we just kind of left, and went over to Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Then we trained Iraq's rebels to go against Iran in the 70s. So now we are fighting the same people we've built up, and they are using the same tactics and methods of organization that we taught them, against us.

Andy: There's all this patriotism now. I don't understand how people can think that all these people that are getting killed who just happen to be from the same area of the world we are from, is any different from when we attack other countries like Afghanistan, blowing it off the face of the Earth. Somehow these people are less important just because they are not from America.

Sean: It's ridiculous that it takes this many people to die for people here, who would have never though of doing it before, to start putting flags on their lawns and in their cars, being all patriotic. Well fuck that, I was in The Real Enemy!



Karl: You have a burning flag tattooed on your arm!

Sean: A thing that it reminds me of, even though it's the opposite effect, is say there's a sports team that someone is really into and they are doing well, but as soon as they start to suck the person turns their back on them. The opposite of that is happening with this country.

Andy: I feel pretty lucky that I live here. We do have it better then a lot of places, like Afghanistan, for instance. But I think if this country were the way it was meant to be when it was founded, it would have been great. But in practice, it turned out pretty much the complete opposite. People just forget that, and don't think about the bad things we do to other countries and ourselves even.

MRR: Good responses from everyone. Moving off that, there's a feeling that the Minneapolis scene is kind of at an all time low right now, would you agree?

Andy: It's hit and miss.

Sean: I don't know. I kind of disagree, there's a lot more people at shows then there were a year ago, but not as many as there were like 3 years ago. It kind of died and now it's starting back up again.

Karl: I think it reached its lowest point the summer that Harvest and Disembodied broke up, there were all these kids who just got into it, and they didn't know where to go.

Andy: The thing with Minneapolis is that it used to be cool with all these different kinds of kids going to all the shows. You just had shows like Man Afraid, D4, Assrash, and The Strike, but after awhile everything became much more separated. Everybody just sort of fell into their own little scenes. The problem is that there aren't really enough kids in town to support all the different scenes.

Sean: It's a bit more cliquey now.

Andy: *Way more cliquey!*

MRR: Yeah, there's a pretty huge sense of divisions.

Pete: We get a lot of that.

Sean: I get a lot of it because I'm friends with a lot of different people, and I go to crust shows, mosh shows, and just hardcore shows.

Karl: I hear a lot of people say shit about our band.

Andy: I think people think that we are elitist bastards

Pete: Well the funny thing is that the same people who say that are doing the same things they think we do. "Oh those guys are elitist assholes, they only listen to fast hardcore."

Andy: Which is far from the truth!

Pete: But all they listen to is metal-core or whatever.

Karl: Kids just like to bitch about stuff.

MRR: Well speaking of the scene, who are your local favorites?

Andy: Martyr AD, Rivethead.

Sean: I like this band called Nehemiah.

Pete: The Subversives, Season of Fire.

Andy: I like this band called American Monsters, Dillinger Four, of course!

All: Yeah!

Andy: They don't even feel like a local band anymore, they're so fucking huge!

Pete: Pretty solid hardcore bands like Won't Be Stopped, Black Brick Kiss. That's pretty much it.

MRR: You think those are the only hardcore bands close to your style here?

Pete: Yeah after The Real Enemy broke up that's pretty much it. There was this band Encroach, they were fast, but they were mainly going for the heavy/melodic thing. They broke up anyway, and their singer is in Black Brick Kiss now. Fast hardcore isn't really too big here, or in the Midwest in general. There hasn't been much of a scene for it here, before The Real Enemy started in 1998, the last bands playing that style in the Twin Cities were probably Blind Approach or Bloodline in the late 80s/early 90s. Metalcore is definitely the big thing in the Midwest, fast hardcore bands from here really have to work a lot harder to get noticed, compared to hardcore bands from the east or west coasts.

Andy: It really seems like Minneapolis has pretty good bands for pretty much every type of punk—pop punk, crust, emo, garage, basically everything, except hardcore.

MRR: How about some past Minneapolis favorites?

Sean: I really like State of Fear.

Pete: Code 13, Harvest.

Karl: I like Man Afraid.

Andy: Yeah, Man Afraid were awesome, also The Strike and Oswald Armageddon. (laughter)

MRR: Would you say that Holding On has

changed in style is due to lineup changes?
Andy: Yeah, after Derek quit we didn't think things were going to change that much, but the whole tone of the band sort of changed, it wasn't really intentional.

Pete: Derek wanted to be a positive band, which is kind of funny because I didn't really see him as a positive person in real life. I don't know, maybe these guys did.

All: No! (laughter)

Sean: He was an asshole! (chuckles)

Pete: We weren't like "oh let's become a hard band now." After Derek left it wasn't that it got more negative, but it just got more realistic. Whereas he was like…

Karl: "We are on the same team fighting for unity!"

Pete: Not that there's anything wrong with that its just that…

Karl: You can only have so many songs about unity, and tough guys before it starts to get boring.

Pete: Yeah.

MRR: So compared to influences of the past, what are some current influences? I hear a lot of Negative Approach in your sound.

Andy: That's what some people seem to say.

Sean: We're just a hardcore punk band.

Pete: I like to think that we mix it up a little, but with some punk sounding stuff, maybe some melodic stuff here and there, then something fast and thrashy.

Sean: Some mosh!

Pete: Some moshy stuff.

Andy: We like to mix it up.

MRR: I know Holding On is not a straight-edge band, but how many members are straight-edge?

Sean: All of us.

Andy: Four. (chuckles)

Sean: Well I turn 21 in a few weeks so, I don't know, I'm going to have to get a couple tattoos covered up or something.

Karl: I turn 21 in a year and a half, so I still have some time.

Pete: I've been 21 for three years!

Sean: Yeah! I love sellouts!

MRR: Is anyone vegan?

Andy: We are all vegetarian.

Pete: No vegans.

MRR: You think that's too silly?

Andy: No, no.

Pete: Well, yeah definitely, if you're going to ask. Ha ha.

Karl: Absolutely! Those fucking hippies!

Sean: I'm too militant to be vegan.

Andy: I am level 6 vegan!

Karl: I don't eat anything with a shadow! (laughter)

Andy: I knew someone was going to take that one!

MRR: You recently went on tour with Tear It Up. How did that go?

Sean: Fucking awesome.

Pete: We did a two and a half week tour, only the last week of it was with Tear It Up.

Andy: The first half was with Coalition, the first few shows.

Sean: Yeah, they fucking ruled!

Andy: Both of those bands are really awesome. They are a lot of fun to be out with.

MRR: Funny/memorable tour stories? I hear Tear It Up are pretty crazy kids.

Sean: I actually played drums with them one night.

Karl: Their singer lost his voice, because the night before in Boston, we played with Last In Line in this warehouse. They lit up these fireworks, and the smoke got to the singer's voice, so he lost it. Matt, their drummer, sings on a lot of the songs anyway, so they asked me to play, because I play drums, and I'm like "no, I can't do that." Sean played drums in The Real Enemy, so I figured he'd be up for it, and I nominated him over me. So he played drums and Matt sang.

Sean: But it never happened!

Karl: Oh yeah, that's right, we're not supposed to tell anyone it happened, oops.

Sean: Yeah, shit.

Pete: The punk rock summer camp show was fun. In Missouri, we show up to this show in the middle of nowhere…

Karl: Some naked hippie guy is swimming. We pull up and there's this house, a lake, a dock, a volleyball court, a basketball court, and there's just all these kids running around, playing and stuff.

Andy: Totally like punk rock summer camp!

Sean: All the guys from Soophie Nun Squad were there, there were a lot of them, they were all hanging out.

Andy: Karl jumped a bike into the lake. That was kind of funny.

Pete: Yeah, that was pretty funny. The show wasn't at all our type of show, but it ended up being kind of fun anyway.

MRR: Who else played?

Pete: Us, Coalition, Soophie Nun Squad.

Andy: Some crazy fucking weird guy.

Karl: That sucked.

Sean: He had two keyboards and I don't know, some leather?

Pete: Then some acoustic hippie band.

Andy: In Buffalo, NY, we went to see *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* and when Bon Jovi's "Bad Medicine" came on, we all had a huge pile-on in the movie theater. Someone got coffee spilled all over their face, this can of pop got busted open and was spraying everywhere, we all got soaked with that.

Karl: We fucked that place up!

MRR: Did you get in trouble?

Andy: Nah, there was no one there. For some reason, movies weren't popular in Buffalo, NY that day.

Pete: It was also three in the afternoon, on a weekday.

Karl: And then I went and lost 70 bucks at the casino.

Andy: I didn't have 70 bucks, so I didn't go to the casino.

Karl: I paid for Tear It Up to go gambling, they paid me back, and I lost it all.

Sean: I got another hilarious story. We were throwing shit back and forth at the Tear It Up van, and we had these paper towels. I took my shaving cream and put it on the paper towels. I went to throw it and it all came back, got all over me and the van, and none of it got on the Tear It Up van. It was really funny.

Pete: That was funny, however…

Andy: There was a time where Karl was throwing shit at the Coalition van, he got a little carried away, stuck his head out the window, lost his hat, and started crying! (laughter)

Karl: Wasn't crying!

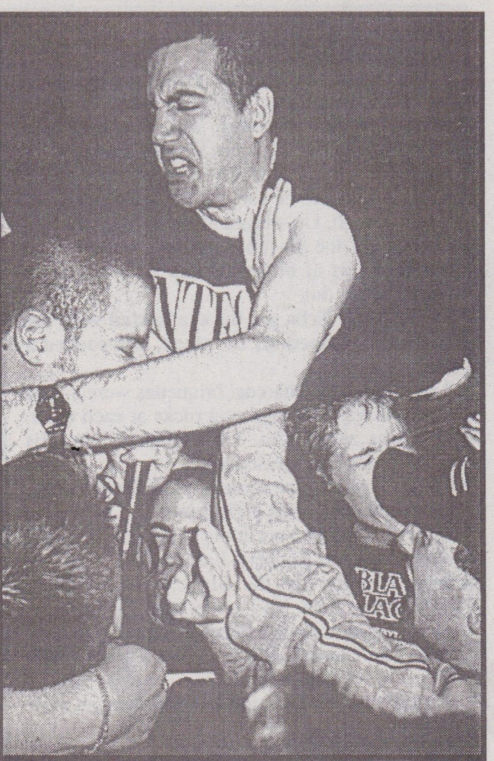
Pete: Oh yes you were!

Karl: My eyes hurt! It was a good hat! I had that hat for two years. It was a Twins hat!

MRR: Speaking of shows what did you think of this year's Thrashfest? Better then last year?

Andy: Awesome.

Sean: I thought it was sweet! We broke the



…you can only have so many songs about unity, and tough guys before it starts to get boring…

stage.

Andy: Yeah, ha ha.

Pete: It wasn't the craziest show ever, but still a lot of fun, better then I had expected.

MRR: What did you think about the shenanigans during Nine Shocks Terror?

Sean: I loved it. I was part of the shenanigans.

Karl: I wanted to be part of the shenanigans, but when Tear It Up played their roadie, Swank, jumped off the 10-foot high PA speakers, and my head sort of broke his fall. So I had to sit Nine Shocks out.

MRR: Tony Erba got his eye busted with the charcoal, jumped off the stage, and socked a kid.

Andy: Yeah, the charcoal briquettes were a little much. It was like throwing rocks at each other. That was a bad idea. I can't blame him. His fucking eye was messed up!

MRR: So what are some of your favorite bigger hardcore bands right now?

Andy: I like Kill Your Idols a lot, Tear It Up.

Karl: Cops and Robbers, Last In Line.

Sean: I really like the Black Hand, Tragedy, From Ashes Rise, No Parade; stuff like that.

Andy: Gordon Solie Motherfuckers!

Pete: The Control, DS-13, Life's Halt, WHN?, Down In Flames.

Sean: I've been listening to a lot of mosh stuff lately.

MRR: Mosh!

Karl: Strike Anywhere.

Pete: Then there's all the Boston stuff that's pretty good, Bane, The Hope Conspiracy, American Nightmare, Panic.

MRR: OK, judging from the title song from the LP, it seems to be about wage slave jobs and how much that routine sucks. What does everyone do for a job?

Andy: I work at the government center, write emails, push papers all day, and go on the internet and waste time, it's really miserable. (Note: After this interview, Andy was reprimanded at work for spending excessive amounts of time on the internet.) I really hate it. The job and most of the people I work with are just terrible. I really should quit. The problem is that since I've made some terrible decisions in my life, so far, I need the money from there, which is more than I could get from most other places. My boss is cool so he lets me take time off for tour. Playing in a band, I need that flexibility too. That place just feels like it sucks the life out of me though.

Sean: I slave at Guitar Center for $6.50 an hour, selling drums.

Karl: I work at Radio Shack.

Pete: I break my back at a shitty warehouse everyday.

MRR: So you guys seem to be in jobs you don't really like.

Sean: Hey! I like my job!

MRR: Ok Sean likes his job. (Note: Sean quit 2 weeks after this interview because he hated it so much)

MRR: So is anyone attending or have graduated from an institution of higher education?

Andy: Never went to college, waste of time.

Sean: Neither did I. Waste of money.

Pete: I dropped out.

Karl: I do actually go to the U of M.

MRR: You don't think it's important then?

Sean: Not to be in a hardcore band. You don't need to be in college to play in a hardcore band. (laughter)

Andy: Well for me, there are definitely things I'd like to learn and educate myself on, but the price you have to pay really isn't worth it. As far as going just to get a better job, I don't even know what I'd go for. I don't know what I want to do with myself.

Sean: I agree with Andy, my mom still gives me shit for not being in school, but I don't know what I'd go for, and I think it's ridiculous to go, just to go

Pete: I'm still paying off school loans, and I dropped out five years ago!

MRR: So what is Karl studying since he's the only one?

Karl: I'm kind of torn between some things right now.

MRR: Like?

Karl: Many things.

Andy: He has no fucking idea what he wants to do!

MRR: So I take it the song "I Hate You And I Don't Care" is also job related?

Andy: Yeah, there are all these people that I see there who think they are doing the most important thing in the world. They don't understand that I'm there just to get my paycheck and make ends meet, so I can do what I want to do, like play in a band and go on tour. It's like their meaningless job is their entire life. I just don't want to end up being a person like that. But what the song is really about is the fact that I just want to go there and mind my own business, get my work done, and get on with my life, but some people, for some reason, feel it is their duty to make things even more miserable for me while I'm there. They like to watch my every move, and report every little thing that I do wrong, as if they're fucking perfect anyways. Shit, it's bad enough there without them. It just makes me sick that people will waste that much time and energy trying to ruin someone's day, and that's what makes them feel good, and what gets them through. They're just jealous that I have things besides that place to live for.

Karl: Don't you think it's hypocritical to be a punk and be working for the system?

MRR: Yeah, what's up with working for the government?

Karl: The funny thing is that he works for the government but he really doesn't *do* anything, so he's actually hurting it!

Andy: It's your typical; government job, its your tax dollars going to waste. No one in that office does a damn thing. But I have a pretty cool boss, that's pretty much what keeps me there. I kind of screwed up with my life, got myself in a lot of debt, so I need to stay there to keep my bills paid.

MRR: Another song that caught my attention is "The Joke Is On Us." Would you elaborate on it's meaning?

Karl: There are some bands in this country that pretend to be down for the cause.

Pete: Not any one band in particular.

Andy: Well, there are bands that I feel are compromising hardcore. The worst part about it is that we, all of us included, just fall for it because it's catchy or cool, and we don't support bands that actually deserve it. We are ruining it for ourselves. It's just going to come back and bite us in the ass.

MRR: What is your favorite song to do live? "I'm A Dick?"

Andy: "I'm A Dick" is awesome, it's not my favorite to song to do live, its not even one of ours, but it's a lot of fun! I really love to do "Just Another Day," "I Hate You And I Don't Care," "The Joke Is On Us," "I'll Tell You Tomorrow."

Pete: I really like that one the best. When I can remember it.

Karl: I like playing "I'll Tell You Tomorrow" too, it's a good way to start the set.

Sean: I really like playing "Oh Shit We're Dead" and "The Forgotten Ones," the ones with mosh parts.

Pete: Which is pretty much every one!

MRR: Mosh!

Karl: You're going to hear that word coming out of Sean a lot.

MRR: We are in Andy and Pete's house, and I was admiring Pete's huge *Simpsons* collection.

Pete: Absolutely!

MRR: So I guess it's safe to say that its Pete's favorite cartoon?

All: Everybody's!

Karl: Favorite everything! To be into hardcore, I think you have to like *The Simpsons*!

Sean: Karl is a bit nuts about it, he knows every single line from it.

Andy: Actually, it's a bit scary.

Sean: I can't sleep sometimes.

Andy: Yeah, I have nightmares with Karl quoting *The Simpsons*.

MRR: How about a favorite movie?

Pete: *Back To The Future*.

Sean: I love the *Predator* and Indiana Jones movies.

Andy: *Major League*.

Pete: You could say *Star Wars* but everybody says that.

MRR: Kevin Smith?

Andy: Yeah, Kevin Smith rules. *Clerks* and *Mall Rats* were the best of those.

Pete: *UHF*, that's another one of my favorites.

Andy: *Caddyshack*.

Sean: I like *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*.

Andy: Yeah, that's solid.

Sean: There's another one that's shown on Comedy Central a bit too much, *PCU*!

MRR: *PCU*! All right!

Karl: I think *Dumb and Dumber* is one of the funniest movies.

Andy: I thought it sucked.

Sean: I just watched *Tommy Boy* again the other night.

Pete: I stole *PCU* and *Tommy Boy* from Blockbuster years ago! Don't print that in there though!

Andy: I have a similar story about *Gleaming The Cube*.

MRR: How about literature?

Andy: I just read that *Dance Of Days* book!

Pete: I'm currently reading that.

Sean: I read *Maxim* magazine! (laughter) But, I also just read Harry Potter and *Night*, a book about the holocaust.

Karl: I always bring my Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn books on tour, but never get to finish them.

Andy: Actually, the last book I read was *Ham on Rye*.

MRR: Ok that's it, any last words; information?

Pete: Nope, that's pretty much it!
www.holding-on.com

Holding On discography:
Demo, self released tape, 1999
Demo 7" version, Looking Back Records, 1999
Split 7" with the Real Enemy, Havoc and 1% Records, 1999
Memories of Tomorrow LP/CD compilation, Youngblood Records, 1999
Self-titled 7", 1% Records, 2000
Self-titled CD (all the songs from the 7", split, and demo), 1% Records, 2000
Just Another Day LP/CD, Havoc, THD, and 1% Records, 2001

In September 2001 the Russicn punk-rock bond THE PAUKI (The Spiders) celebrated it's 10 year anniversary. Considering this we would like to provide you with some information about this band. It's all started 10 years ago, when one evening a friend came to visit Alexander Tankovich and offered to do a concert. By that time in Russia there were no legal clubs at all and that's why the concert was held in the hall of some so-called House of Culture. That was when Alexander for the first time saw such bands as Meantraitors, Swindlers and Bukva O (known now as Messer fur Frau Muller). That concert was nothing like all the other stuff he's seen before and it gave him the strongest push to make his own project. And that was just what he's done.

MRR: Now guys, can you recollect which bands or singers influenced your music.

Alexander: In the middle '80s I.ve been listening mostly to heavy metal, such bands Metallica, Accept, Running Wild, Grave Digger, Motorhead, and some more. But after I'd finished the obligatory service in the army force all this to be stopped at once. I started to improve my music taste and began listening to such bands as Sex Pistols, Dead Kennedys, Exploited, Meteors, Pixies, Batmobile, Cramps, Einsturzende Neubauten, Pogues, Nick Cave and a lot of others. It's just became possible in Russia to find their records freely.

Slava: I've learned how to play drums by listening to such drummers as Amar Hokim, Jan Pace, Mike Portnoy, Dave Wakle. I also admire the rhythm section of Slayer.

Sergey: At first I listened to Exploited, than things went better.

THE PAUKI were organized in 1991 and the first place for rehearsals was in House of Culture, "Neva". That was a place where Alexander Tankovich (vocals) and Andrew Masloff (guitar) worked. In a short time they were joined by Alexander "Malish" Yakovlev (bass) and Andrew ``Merzik'' Fomin (drums) ond also by Vladimir "Prosha" Prohorov (screams, messing around and almost contrabass). The name of the style "Prohabilly" originally comes from Prosha. That guy was worthy of special attention. He would come only when he felt like it, the same with going away. He was absolutely independent. By that time practically no one of them could play his instrument fairly well, that's why they've decided to start with good old traditional rock'n'roll.

MRR: Please tell as about the style Prohabilly?

Alexander: The style is called by the name of our old pal Vladimir "Prosha" Prohorov. He influenced me a lot in the early goth, he was pretty much in charge of creating the style of the music we play. All the time he was bringing me the records of some foreign bands that I didn't know but which were very interesting to me. He was the one who introduced to me such music style as Psycho, such bands as Einsturzende Neubauten, Nick Cave and others. Sometimes Prosha consumed alcohol and that was something crazy. At this moments everything would throw things of the window—tapes, recorders, sofas. He could easily get naked on the street and start to yelland scream. Respecting the peculiarities of his behavior we in turn immediately decided to call our music style Prohabilly! To our great sorrow Prosha has left this world already, but the style called by his name lives.

The very first rehearsal turned into a mini-concert and was finished with a big drunkenl party. They played some home-made things which ore still played on the concerts: "That World," "Give me a candle!", "An Old Castle," "I'm a Pirate" and some others. It was a big luck that the work manager didn't

My lyrics are based on fantasy-literature, pirate stories, Viking's quests and by all meons true lite tales. And all this is pretty much soaked with the alcoholic drink BEER!

notice anything in the morning—the guys managed ta clean up everything before the boss came. Things were hard with the instruments at the beginning, some of them were found at the club's basement so at first they managed to play on what they had. But sure enough all this hardships didn't let guys down and in no way did it influence the great spirit of holiday and musical chaos. Once the guys got an offer to play on a party in their native town Metallostroy. That was their first serious concert. It turned out to be very successful and later on they gave a row of concerts in the local House of Culture. But unfortunately, the administration didn't like the funny mess created by the public during the concert and the concerts were cut. The same year they recorded their first album in the attic of Merzik's house, it's called *The Celebration In The Asylum* and was later re-recorded in Antrop-studios and issued in 1998. Then something happened with the next album *Arachnophobia*.

MRR: What is in your opinion the biggest difference between the western punk-music and the Russian one?

Sergey: Now only the language is different. 10-15 years before there were some crucial differences, because the western culture was way ahead of Russian. But now there're a lot of bands in Russia that are just like western.

Approximately a year later a friend told the guys that there is a place in Saint-Petersburg where they could play and would even be given a box of beer (and it's 20 bottles). That was a SHOCK! It was just too good to be true. But anyway, there was such a place and it was called the TaMtam-club. It took them about half a year to persuade the club-manager Seva Gakkel to let them play there. And finely on September the first out-of-town concert of THE PAUKI wes held. They were in one concert with such TaMtAm monsters such as Messer Fur Frau Muller (that time still in a brutal project) and the then unknown Barabasi (later known as Hooligans, Skazi Lesa (Tales of the Forest) and Nord Folks) and Markscheider Kunst. The concert was very successful and Seva Gakkel gave to THE PAUKI an additional box of beer and offered to let them play in this club at any time they would like to. That's how the concert activity of the band started.

MRR: What are your songs about and what message do you want to bring to your audience?

Andrew: We put as much positive energy in our music as we can.

Alexander: I feel myself as a teacher of history in a way. My Iyrics are based on fantasy-literature, pirate stories, Viking's quests and by all meons true lite tales. And all this is pretty much soaked with the alcoholic drink BEER! People on our concerts drink beer and get rid of all the negative energy and we are ghd to help them with it Our music is a mix of very different styles: Punk, Folk, Grunge and of course Rock N Roll. The mix is somewhat explosive.

Not everything was so easy and after some time Merzik left the band. His place was taken by Max Mokhov, who played before in the band Panica. Malish soon followed Merzik, Alexonder "Valinich" Yalaev took his place. Then Max was token to the army, THE PAUKI needed a new drummer and they found Slava Ivanov, who previously played in Vtoroe Dikhanie (The Second Breath) and in a bunch of other projects with this crew THE PAUKI recorded their first official album *Flag Na Rei* (*Flag On The Yard*) (1996). After recording sessions were finished Yalinich has left the band and Max came back from the army and started playing bass guitar. Four following albums were recorded with this finally settled crew. After recording of the album *C'ikie Plyoski Doklih Sobak* (The Wild Dances of the Dead Dogs) the band gained one more guitar-player Sergey "Sniper" Ivanovski, for the more advanced guitor sound. Now the bond performs in the some complement.

MRR: What do yov think about the last events that happened in the world?

Slava: Everything thot happens is due to the very strong influence of the planets to our Earth.

Andrew: I'd rather die and stay calm than live and be worried!

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interview by Adrienne Droogas

MRR: I already asked you guys the first question, but I'll say it again: Try to explain to non-New Yorkers the effect that Mayor Giuliani has had on this city. Whoever wants to go first, bring it on!

Marina: Everything that used to make New York good, which was diversity, isn't allowed anymore. Everything has to be approved by this one person. He takes some very personal crusades, whether he likes a certain type of art or not, or whether he likes a certain type of people or not, and targets certain constituents, and that's all his own personal crusade. New York is a city composed of eight million people and it used to be a good environment for eight million people, and I don't think that it is anymore.

Chris: I'm glad that I'm 31 now because of his lockdown of the city. I remember going into the city when I was 16 or 17 and being able to sit in the park with a bottle of beer and just relax. I didn't see any problems. It was a mellower vibe and you could just go sit in a park and now, you can't do that. That whole style and life where you used to be able to go down to Tompkins Square Park with 20 or 30 people and not have a plan, and just hang out. I didn't see fights happening because of people just hanging out. All of his quality-of-life stuff, and yet the city still smells like piss most of the time and people are just as wrecked and hammered, but now you just have to go into a bar now to do that. I'm glad at least I saw it before Giuliani. I wouldn't want to be 21 right now.

Kendal: Rudy holds campaigns against people who can't adequately defend themselves. Marginalized people, like the homeless, panhandlers, squatters, cabbies, sidewalk vendors, artists, jaywalkers, for crying out loud! These people don't have the time or resources to dedicate to fighting for their civil liberties. He counts on that and then brags of all the victories and changes he's brought to New York. As if those battles were relevant! Meanwhile, serious issues like child abuse and welfare are ignored and he's wasted loads of city tax dollars. His "quality of life" catchphrase appeals to the upper class public; they don't associate with the reality of New York life, which frightens them. Giuliani is not interested in assisting or empathizing with people that aren't upper middle class. How about improving the quality of life in homeless shelters? Low income neighborhoods? He once said community gardeners were a bunch of hippies that should move out to the country. If you want to live in the city, don't expect to garden things—along that vein. But community gardens improve living conditions. They offer a forum and gathering center as well as beauty and pride. Concrete jungles give no escape. I'm sure he finds that offensive and threatening, all these liberal and independently minded people getting together, demonstrating DIY ethics. He's waged a war, and we've lost many gardens, squats, personal liberties.

Kelea: The way that he's portrayed himself is as if he's brought down crime and everything else, and it's all statistics, and all of the statistics are completely manipulated. None of it's real. It's all bullshit. He makes me livid.

Zero: Giuliani is shit. I have a personal thing against him. I remember when I was younger, he was the DA responsible for putting my Mom in prison when I was a kid, so I hated him for that bullshit. He's only for the rich. He doesn't give a shit about any of the minorities or the poor people at all. He's just pushing everybody out and if it stays the way that he's running things, eventually all of New York City will be rich, middle class and upper class white people. Honestly, that's all I see this city turning into if things keep going the way that they're going, because that's all he's looking out for.

Marina: There are statistics about cities like Chicago and New York, about why people who are Hispanic or other minorities are becoming increasingly uncomfortable in the cities and they move out of the cities and everybody is being thrown away into the suburbs.

MRR: Do you see what's happening in New York City as a reflection of what's happening at large in the United States? Do you think that what Giuliani is doing here is seeping out into the rest of the US?

Chris: I don't think that we get out of the city enough to comment! Now, I've noticed that the sense of community, how Kendal was talking about the gardens and quality of life, where you could go into the park to relax and meet whole bunch of people where are you going to do that now? He has such a lockdown and his

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

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storm troopers patrolling the parks and he's shutting down the gardens, which means you can't even walk out of your apartment and dig in some dirt with other people. That's a positive thing and he's trying to shut that down.

Zero: No graffiti, you can't even dance at a bar anymore. He's got laws against everything that's fun!

MRR: You can't dance in bars in New York City anymore?

Zero: He made it so that if you don't have a cabaret license, you can't have people dance and you can get shut down if you do.

Chris: You have to have a cabaret license to dance. Nothing spontaneous anymore! He's a fuckin' nazi.

Kendal: I definitely think urban local governments monitor Giuliani's actions and leadership style. His personal vendettas and intimidation. The way he's paved the road for gentrification regardless of who gets displaced. And I know gentrification is taking over cities across the country. New Haven, Philly, Pittsburgh, Oakland—steamrollered. His support of a brutal and unrestrained police force goes unchallenged and he continues to ignore legal processes. A scary role model for politicians.

MRR: Overall, what we're seeing in New York City is the actual forefront of what's going to start happening even more in the United States in other cities. I don't think that what Giuliani is doing here is just an isolated thing. Especially with George W. Bush in office.

Kendal: A lot of people say Giuliani should run for president. People like what he's done, the average upper class think he's really cleaned up the city. They don't consider that because of the economy, crime has gone down. That more people have jobs. They just think it's because Giuliani is god.

MRR: I also wanted to ask how you all felt about the police in New York City and how they've been getting away with murder, literally. And if any of you have had any personal experiences with New York City police officers.

Marina: I'm afraid of cops because I do have a business and I know I can be shut down at any time. To be honest with you, I would be much more afraid if I were a black man. I am a white girl and I can get away with a lot more stuff then a person who is of a minority group. Amadou Diallo got shot with 41 bullets because he was reaching into his pocket and getting his documents out, and so there is a real danger of being out on the street. Somebody else got shot because the cops asked him if he had any drugs and he said "no, I don't," and they shot him. One of the biggest problems in this country is apathy. It takes a lot to move people and there's not enough people who feel a certain way and are willing to act on it.

MRR: There's also a problem with the fact that this whole neighborhood your business is in is becoming completely gentrified.

Marina: Yes, we're definitely a target.

(Marina is part owner of Sweetwaters Tavern, the coolest punk bar in all of New York City).

Marina: What's been happening in this neighborhood is being definitely driven by New York University. NYU just bought all of the waterfront properties to build a gym on it. There's also going to be another power station opening which is already a done deal, so everybody who was out doing demonstrations that were anti-power station, you've already lost. I'm sorry to say that. People used to move to Brooklyn because it was cheaper. The plan has been to move people out of Manhattan. People who have money to move out of Manhattan and can which goes back to the point I was making about Hispanic people being a majority in the city because everybody who can afford to move to the suburbs is and we're going to go back to an escape from New York scenario. Where Manhattan is going to be an island with all of the people who can't afford to move out. And what's been happening here in Brooklyn is that there's been gentrification and Starbucks is going to be opening in a month and all the people who moved here because they didn't have enough money to live in Manhattan are going to pay the same rent money here and it just doesn't make sense anymore.

MRR: They keep pushing people further and further out into other areas and eventually, where are low income families and people who don't have any money going to go?

Marina: When you have something that is easy to control and manage, and you can just push in some tanks, or boats for that matter, and everybody who is on the lower income side is on an island or in a squat, it becomes just that much easier to control for the police force.

Kelea: We were talking about Giuliani earlier and he's allowed it, he's defended it, he's encouraged it. He is the enabler for the police force and he defends the rights of the cops that killed Amadou Diallo and Patrick Dorsman and all of the stuff that happened last year and the year before. The police are getting acquitted and they're getting his full support. He supports them in all of these situations. When the cops know they can get away with it, then they're not really worried about it.

MRR: There are no repercussions for their actions.

Chris: They have the mayor to back them up. I don't know it it's because he's in office, but the recruits that they're bringing in are people that with this example and thinking that they're safe and immune, that they can go shoot some guy pulling out a wallet. That they might as well go and be a cop because they can get away with murder. I can go shoot black people up and not have a problem. Where are these recruits coming from and I'll tell ya', a lot of them are from where I grew up in Long Island. I don't remember there being any public apologies from anybody and so it's this mentality that the new recruits come in and it's even scarier because it's going to germinate. It's going to be a whole other force that in tour or five years, you can't even touch. It's sick.

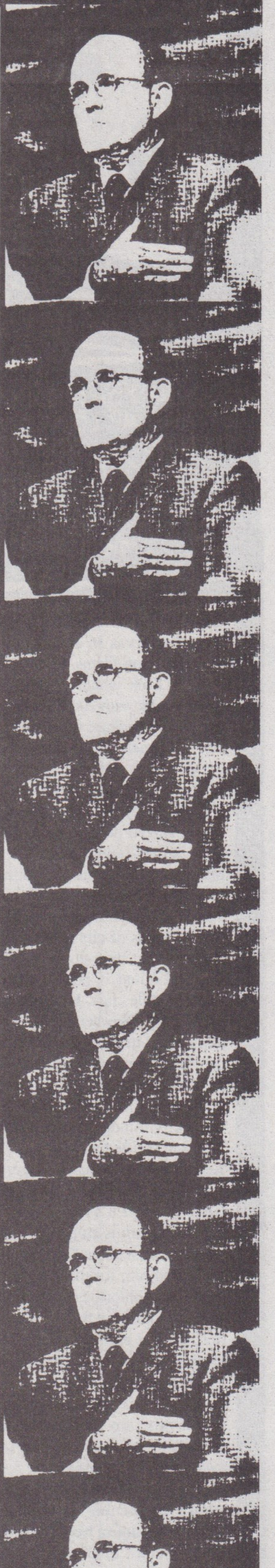
Zero: What's even sicker is that in the press all you see is that the new graduating class of the police force is mostly made up of minorities and women. Wochoo! They're lying to the public, and people just eat this up and they don't even think about it. It doesn't mean anything. These cops are out there fucking people up for no real reason, really. Killing people and getting away with it and they think they can brag that there's a whole bunch more minorities in the police force, but what does that mean? It doesn't mean a god damn thing, honestly. It's just people sitting there being asleep listening to other people rule their lives. There's no thought at all.

Chris: They're absolutely brazen now, absolutely brazen. What is that saying? Absolute power corrupts absolutely. They are absolutely more brazen. Something like what happened to Amadou, if that had been Dinkins, there would be more outrage. He was the mayor before Giuliani.

Marina: The ex-mayor of New York City, Dinkins, got arrested trying to bring attention to the fact that the people who shot Amadou Diallo should not be acquitted. And that's what a mayor should stand up for, his people, not his police force.

Kelea: I can't remember whose funeral it was, I think it may have been Diallo, but they had a huge police presence there, which made the people mourning for this person more outraged. It was just so in their face as if they were expecting this confrontation to happen and yet they made it happen just by being there. Not allowing these people to grieve for this man. Instead, they were antagonizing the situation and making it worse just by their presence.

MRR: It's also used as a way of giving people that reminder that the cops are here and they're in your face and we're going to be there for any situation where you might try to gather. It's total



intimidation.

Marina: And to say we've got more power then you people do. We've got guns. It's the bottom line.

Zero: To kill someone's son, or someone's daughter, or someone's father or brother and then to just say "Yeah, I'm doing my job. People shoot at me all day so why can't I shoot at the?" and ya know, you're a police officer and you've been given this power, and you don't use it by just shooting away at people because they don't have money and you think they're a threat because you're fucking ignorant.

Kelea: The poor are expendable. Like you said, there aren't really any repercussions. There's not really a thought about "Am I going to be able to sleep at night?" These cops, I don't really think that it's on their conscience.

Marina: It all starts in shows like *Cops* where they're showing cops being violent towards people and that being accepted because you're just watching TV and you just take it for granted. And you say oh, that is so cool, that cop just got on that person who was being so drunk and unlawful. That's where this mentality by the people is created.

MRR: Once we start looking at that stuff and seeing it as entertainment, then it becomes a non-issue.

Kelea: In Ohio, the cops killed that kid a couple of months ago and they shut down the whole city. For around a week. It just seems that I don't know if it's us and the apathy, or just the idea of trying to shut down this city, cuz you can't shut down New York City!

Marina: They shut down the Brooklyn Bridge. I don't know if any of you remember, but when Giuliani was a DA, he organized a cop demonstration for whatever reason, and protesters actually occupied the Brooklyn Bridge! Nobody could move them.

MRR: What do you think people can do in NYC or in the punk scene or in their community to counterbalance all of these things we're talking about?

Kelea: I think you really have to educate young people about police brutality and educate the younger coming generation about police brutality and their rights. They need to know their rights. As citizens, as human beings.

Kendall: It's very disheartening. I think that you have to make an effort to not become complacent. It's easy to slip into that. Which is what I'm fighting! I don't have any answers besides educate yourself and expand your mind—that's going to give you a stronger desire for what is your right.

Zero: Honestly, I don't have an answer. It would be nice if I could just say that people need to just wake up and mobilize, but it doesn't seem like it's ever going to happen. Here, or probably anywhere. But I think that if people were to wake up and realize and be aware of what's going on, the real deal, not just what they see on their news station every night. Which is all bullshit anyway. The media is ridiculous. The control that they have over people. People really need to start waking up and looking past what they see on their TV. And really take a look at what is going on in the streets.

MRR: That's a really good point, that what you're seeing on the news isn't necessarily what is happening or it might only be a quarter of what is actually happening.

Marina: What I was taught in punk rock about trying to change society is that I'm always going to try to create something really alternative. Another way of life, another way of thinking, another way of earning money. Something where who you are and what you do can show people that there is another way. That you shouldn't just accept things. I'm not saying that I'm doing perfect, I'm just doing the best that I can. I'm trying to show by my actions that you can have other kinds of relationships with people and you can have another kind of awareness and that's really all you can do. To change the world, you just have to show that something else has possibilities.

Kelea: You can really affect people's lives by the way you live. You might not see it or feel it, but I know you can have an influence. Personally, for me, I try not to turn that anger into hatred. Turn it into hope! That hope keeps you going when it's really hard—you try to tell people that are getting racially profiled that and they say bullshit, but even though you understand where they're coming from and you understand their anger, and even though it isn't something I've had to deal with because of my color, as a woman I've been harassed. But you've still got to keep going. That's what keeps me going is having that hope. And educating. And surrounding yourself with positive people and positive things.

MRR: It's also a good idea for people to know that if you get in a situation with cops, look for things like badge numbers and names and things like that. Things that you can remember if the situation starts to escalate so that you're not a victim.

Chris: Back when ACT UP was a lot more outrageous, they would say "This is what's going to happen: you're going to get arrested" and they'd have a flyer, a little handout about how to act. Like you were saying, take the badge number down. I've never experienced an action with punks where you'd sit down and do it more rationally. I think it's a good idea that if you're really outraged by something, to sit down in a group and say that this is what you do when you get arrested. How to react.

MRR: We've talked some about educating children and Zero, you actually have a daughter. How old is she?

Zero: She's six. Six six six. Her name is Kayla and I had her when I was 17, and wow. Right before I had her, just the year before, I had come out of rehab cuz I'd been doing a lot of drugs. She totally changed my life for the better. It's a hard balance that I have to make between being a Mom and being just me. It's weird and it's hard, but it's possible. When I first had her, I thought that I had to just be this Mom and I had to leave punk rock behind and I didn't call any of my friends for like two or three years. I just lost touch with every part of that part of my life. I was miserable. I was so unhappy being that way and finally a friend of mine from Oakland, Nikki, she had come to visit me in New York and she just snapped me back into reality. She said you're a Mom, but you're not dead. After that, I said oh yeah, there's still life here! I realized I could be me and be a Mom at the same time and show my daughter this side of my life and that there's nothing to hide and nothing to be ashamed of as a parent. If anything, it's better! She totally enjoys it and loves all of my friends. She loves shows, she loves the music, and she'll sing along to our songs which is hysterical. She sings to our songs and she has her favorite which is "Black Label Blackout." For any other young punk rock Moms out there, I don't think you need to give up that part of your life to raise your kid the right way. If anything, incorporate it, because I think it makes it much better.

MRR: It's good for Kayla to experience this and watch you being yourself and doing what you need to do and balancing all of that with being a good mother. Though it makes me sad to see punk rockers with their newborn babies down at ABC No Rio drinking in the back courtyard while their kids get handed around. That takes it to another level that's not so cool. That's kind of scary. Do any of you see yourselves having children, and would you try to raise your child alternatively?

(everyone's quite for a moment and then we all start giggling and laughing)

Chris: I like it that my friends have kids. I like adopting their kids and they're good to have for a short while and hang out and have them have their little break from Mommy. It's tough to say. Probably, I'd have those urges, but it's a tough call for me with being gay, because it would put such hardship on the kid. You'd have to have a completely different environment for the kid, and I'd have to be ten times stronger than the person I am, so I've held off, because it would be hard for a kid to grow up having two Mommys. It wouldn't be my problem. I could have a kid, but this society and the way it is makes it so tough, and I don't think I'm strong enough yet. Hopefully, one day, I'll find an environment where I would feel the kid was safe. And I'd feel strong. But at this point, unfortunately, it's a long, long way off. I would love to, but it would have to be another world.

Kellea: I would raise my kid alternatively. Absolutely. You can incorporate it. If you have the love and the passion for who you are and what you do and it's healthy for you and not destructive or destructive for the child, and as long as you're giving the love and showing the love and a kid sees that and feeds off of it, and will look back when they're older and say wow, that was really cool that my Mom did her own thing. To be different and diverse. You don't get stuck in just that one pattern.

Zero: I know that for Kayla, she's such an open minded kid and there's nothing that she's against at all—she's not close minded at all and everything is open to her. I think that's in part because of who I am and just being in the scene and what have you. That's the way it should be for all kids. No one should be bound by these constrictions that society says do this, be like this, be like that. She's six and she wants to be a skateboarder and it's great because she is her own person. That's exactly what I wanted it to be like. I could never leave New York. New York is my home, born and raised here, I'll live and die here. My daughter's granddad is a cop and her Dad's family is either cops or firemen. I hate cops and she's well aware of that so whenever we see cops she'll say "Y'know, you don't like cops, but granddad is a cop and it's OK. I understand why you don't like them because sometimes, they're really wrong." The fact that she can see that at her age is so cool! That's so rad! It's important for kids to know what it's like out there. Even though most kids in New York don't have to deal with any of that, as long as they're aware, it's important because then they can fight it either way.

MRR: Chris, you mentioned earlier about being gay. How has it been being involved in the punk scene and being open about your sexuality?

Chris: It wasn't easy, I'll tell you that much. Even though in the history of punk, in the late seventies a big chunk of kids going to shows were gay. When I was a teenager, back in the day, it was the hardcore matinees at CBGB's. That was when I was 17 or 18 and it was tough. It was really tough. There's supposed to be this whole philosophy of being alternative and being out there fighting the system and you'd go to these shows and there's all these little kids who act like their Dads. My first girlfriend was a skinhead girl and that was tough being completely repressed at CBGB's. Hiding, hiding who we were and we couldn't hold hands. It was years and years of those matinees. It wasn't until the early 90s that you started seeing mohawks again, but when I went to CB's I didn't see anything like that. I saw Ralphie and that was about it! (for those of you who don't know, Ralphie is a punk who's been actively involved in the NYC scene for years and years). So during those formative times when you're trying to work out who you are, and seeing any punks, it was very tough. One time, I was with another girlfriend, not a skinhead—she was a little punk girl. I was excited to be with another gay little punk girl since I'd felt as if I were the only one. We were over in the East Village and we were holding hands and I was around 18 and it was the hugest thing. We heard boots coming up from behind and we got thrown down on the ground and it's kind of tough to talk about. It was around ten guys. I was on the ground and all I saw were oxbloods and white laces and the hardest part about it—I'm still pretty messed up about it, I still have a cracked rib from it which is not completely healed. The worst part of it is that they held my head down on the sidewalk and they were trying to rip my girlfriend's clothes off. And beating her. The complete powerlessness. When you're 18 and you're in one of your first relationships, you are mad, crazy in love with that person. Seeing that it went on for a big chunk of time and eventually it got broken up by a shop owner who said he was going to call the cops. They said "Yeah, you do that," and they kept beating us. I dropped out of the scene for awhile. I just thought everyone was full of shit. I didn't listen to punk for a while and hid out. Listened to a lot of Rolling Stones, drank a lot of Jack Daniels and stayed to myself, but that anger, that is something that will always stay with me. You step out of the scene and you heal, and then you come back into it and you decide that you're just going to be in people's faces and I'm ready now. I'm ready for a fight. I am not going to be in that position of helplessness again. When I started coming back into the scene, I was pretty annoying, with just being so out and in people's faces and wearing the t-shirts and being dyke, dyke, dyke. Every conversation was dyke, yeah, I'm a dyke, and you got a problem with that? The punks I started hanging out with were like that's nice, I'm just here to get drunk! So I was like oh, OK, we've got it! Where's the beer? You wanna hear some music? You wanna talk about something else? It helped me get over that whole in your face thing and just relax and have a good time. They didn't give a shit! It was about the music and having a good time! That had a lot of healing power.

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Zero: This is a bit off subject, but I have to say that there are friends of ours and I won't name names, but male friends of ours that you would imagine in this scene would be supportive of a female band, but the shit that we get sometimes when we do shows shit like "Oh, that stupid girl band who can't play their instruments and they're going to break ours so we don't really want to lend them our equipment," that kind of thing is really discouraging. You're a punk rocker and we're all supposed to be for each other and this alternative lifestyle and be aware and be conscious, and what's with the attitude? I will never understand how some people are just so full of shit.

Kendal: I think a lot of punks don't realize how narrow their viewpoints are or have become. Sexism and ignorance creeps into the scene and grows the more mainstream punk gets. Values and ideals aren't really there and punk becomes just another clique, which it always had the capacity to be. That's disappointing.

Marina:I think the riot grrl movement didn't help at all. I think it ended up separating the sexes in the scene. I think they were trying to do something good, but chose the wrong approach to it. Women in punk are just a microcosm of what is in society and so to that extent, punk is not really changing. Women are looked down on and women are just the girlfriends and women also put themselves in that position. The punk scene's biggest shortcoming is that it never attracted any other races besides white Caucasian. The different racial groups involved are in the minority. The punk rock scene, to a certain extent, was a failure. Kids have their certain stereotypes about women and say oh, it's an all girl band, so musically, they're not worth anything. It's like oh, they're just an all girl band, so we'll just let them play.

Kelea: We, as a group of friends, have surrounded ourselves with so many different factions of people. Different races, different sexualities, and that's healthy for us. But when you see it and you're exposed to it and you have to deal with it in your own scene, people that aren't necessarily your friend but that you have higher expectations of and they just let you down. On the other hand, as of late, we've had good support from other male bands. It's the exception, but it's nice to hear that. But you also don't want people to be like, "even though you suck, we're still going to love you because you're all women." That's not what you want, obviously.

Kendal: When we were trying to come up with a name, I didn't want to have any female reference and I didn't want to be known as a fucking girl band. It's not a fashion thing. We're just having fun, but it is also really important to me to get together with a bunch of women and jam. The more women that are playing, the better because stereotypes thrive and if there are so many women in the scene, then why are there so few playing instruments? Voicing their opinions?

Zero: We're not trying to say oh, poor us, we're a girl band and we don't get respect. It's not even really like that. We're totally surprised by the reactions that we get from our friends. It's more a point of saying we're in the same scene, we love the music, we're passionate about what we do, we have a lot to say, and everybody plays their own instruments! It's discouraging to be treated like oh, these stupid little girls' novelty act. Condescending is the perfect fucking word for it. I think we're a really good band. I'm not saying we're better than whoever, but I think we're good and we just want some more respect and not just for being a girl band. But just for being a band. Being a good band that has a lot to say.

Kelea: We're having a good time. People that aren't giving a certain amount of respect, they're not friends, because I've gotten full support from my friends. Whether we've had a shitty show and people are like yeah! Cool! We're not expecting to get paid, we're just doing what we do.

MRR: By the way, what's the band history?

Kendall: We started in late 1983. '93! Did I say '83? (everyone starts laughing and making jokes about what they were all like back in 1983). Okay, okay! 1993! Tameka and Laura came back from tour and their Summer's Eve kind of dissolved. They talked to me about playing guitar because I had been playing with the Swill Sisters.

Chris: I had met Laura and had actually tried out for Summer's Eve before they went on tour and that's how I met Laura. The try-out didn't go that well—there was one particular person who wasn't down with me playing, and that's fine. They went on tour and they came back and pretty much broke up, but Laura was like "let's jam!" and I went to her house—she was living in a basement. She said she had a drum kit and the drum set was a milk crate, a snare, and a cymbal. So we ended up jamming and we came up with Medical Fraud. Well, Laura came up with it and I just banged on that snare!

Kendal: So we had our first practice without a bass player. Some place in midtown. Coming back we decided to get a cab.

Chris: So that was our first practice and we had a great time and we thought we had something that could actually work and we went to go hail a cab. So it was me, Kendal, Laura, and Tameka, and the yuppies came on the other side of the cab that we were ready to get in and the yuppies stole it and we all just collectively freaked out.

Kendal: These goddamn businessmen in fucking suit and ties, we go "hey, that's our fucking cab!" and they just smiled and shot us the finger as they were pulling away that was it. Tameka grabbed the window which was half rolled down and pulled it right out and it exploded. We dragged one guy through it and the other guy took off running out the other side. Then the cabbie jumped out and started—meanwhile, Laura's watching all the equipment and bags. I remember running away across Broadway and this fucking guy in a car was all "Hey, it's The Beatles!" and someone started shouting "band on the run" and we knew we had something. Great first practice! We played our first show at Ninth Street Squat without a bass player just for the hell of it. It was the middle of winter, freezing, and Kelea had just gotten back from England and she moved here from Minneapolis.

Kelea: All I remember is coming back from England after having been there three months and being asked to play bass and I had no bass and I had no idea how to play and the singer Tameka had given me a bass. She gave it to me and I paid 75 bucks. Oh, hold on, Chris paid for it! See, it's been so long ago I can't even remember. So Chris got me the bass and I started playing and practicing, and I said OK, I'm in a band!

Kendal: Tameka left the band we had a show at ABC No Rio lined up, so I filled in singing and really liked it. When our favorite lady Laura moved to England, Shingo moved onto guitar. Shingocore! He rocked out. Awesome. Then he left us and eventually went back to Japan and Steve Distraught filled in a bit. This past year, Rachel joined the band and recorded with us, but moved on to more rock n rolly type music since. So I'm back on guitar and it's worked out well. I forgot how many changes we've been through! Every configuration of this band has been so much fun.

Zero: It would work out better if Kendal was still singing with me. It's a temporary situation! We're still looking for a guitarist.

Marina: I don't know. I really don't know how it all started! I think I was just organizing the shows and this band is about being really good friends. They are my best girl friends, these are the people I hang out with so it follows logic that if they want me to come out and sing a couple of songs, it's not even an issue. To me, being a part of the band is just the way it is. That's what makes 86'd really cool. It's about what band should be about. About being friends and not just trying to go somewhere or trying to do something. It's about people who like to hang out.

Look for the new 86'd 7" coming out soon on Communichaos Media
Read the book *Illusion Of Order (The False Promise Of Broken Windows Policing)* by Bernard Harcourt printed by Harvard University Press
Or go to http://www.infoshop.org/ for more information about Mayor Rudy Giuliani

MRR: The usual beginning: When did the band form? Who were the original members, and who's in it now? Please tell me a short background of SEE YOU IN HELL.

SYIH: Boring story—we started back in June '99, when me and our drummer, Martin, decided to jam together and to look for other band members to form some new band, different from the bands we used to play in back then (he played in GAS CHAMBER and I played in MRTVA BUDOUCNOST). It took us quite long time to find the other two guys, but in the end of the year we were finally complete. I knew Jozka, who is singing now, for a long time already and we found Tomas, our bass player, through an ad in a local music store. We played our first gig in August '00 at the VRAH club in Roznov pod Radhostem—we supported LUMEN there. The line-up is still the same. We would like to add a second guitar player, but it is almost impossible to find anyone in this city interested in that kind of music.

MRR: What other bands have you guys played in besides SEE YOU IN HELL? For example, you are an ex-member of MRTVA BUDOUCNOST. Didn't they split up because you left?

SYIH: I used to play in MRTVA BUDOUCNOST, between '94 and '00. In the end we realized that we hadn't progressed anywhere, so we decided it would be better to stop. We did a couple of last gigs during spring '00 with GRIDE, PANGS OF REMORSE, and DREAD 101, the bands we used to play with the most, and probably the bands who used to be most close to us. Then we split up in April. Now we've released *The Best Shots '97-'99*, which is something like the second part of our discography, it includes all our studio stuff from this period (2 split LPs, 1 split EP, and some comp tracks). I am glad that we split up peacefully and on good terms.

Martin used to play in GAS CHAMBER (and Tomas for a short while too), I guess they split up sometime in autumn '00. They used to play heavy HC/metal, they did one studio tape. Right now only Martin has a side band—again some metal/HC stuff, but you should ask him about it.

MRR: I want to hear about the complete discography of SYIH. Please tell me something about every release.

SYIH: No big discography—there is only an 8-song tape and a split 7" EP with MINDLOCK, both recorded during one recording session. As of now, we've spread about 400 copies of the tape and it is distributed by some other people in different parts of the world. We pressed 1,400 copies of the EP, and it was benefit for the above-mentioned VRAH club—we earned around $200 for them, which is cool. It is definitely the best gig place in The Czech Republic, run on DIY principles, and they always need money to survive. I guess that the record is also almost sold out, it was a cooperative release by 17 European labels, and as far as I know, most of them already don't have any copies of it left. We will have three songs on a new comp CD and EP on 625 Prod too. And recently we also made some T-shirts.

MRR: What do you think about your releases? Are you satisfied with them? Please tell me something about each of them.

SYIH: I am really satisfied with some of the songs on the tape, but the sound on the split 7" is a bit weaker due to the pressing plant. But in general, I am satisfied with both of them. Recently we changed our sound a bit, we are now more down-tuned and also the new songs are faster and more raw, so I am really looking forward to hearing them recorded. Next time we also plan to record in another studio, to get a heavier and more aggressive sound.

MRR: What was the audience's reaction to the last release?

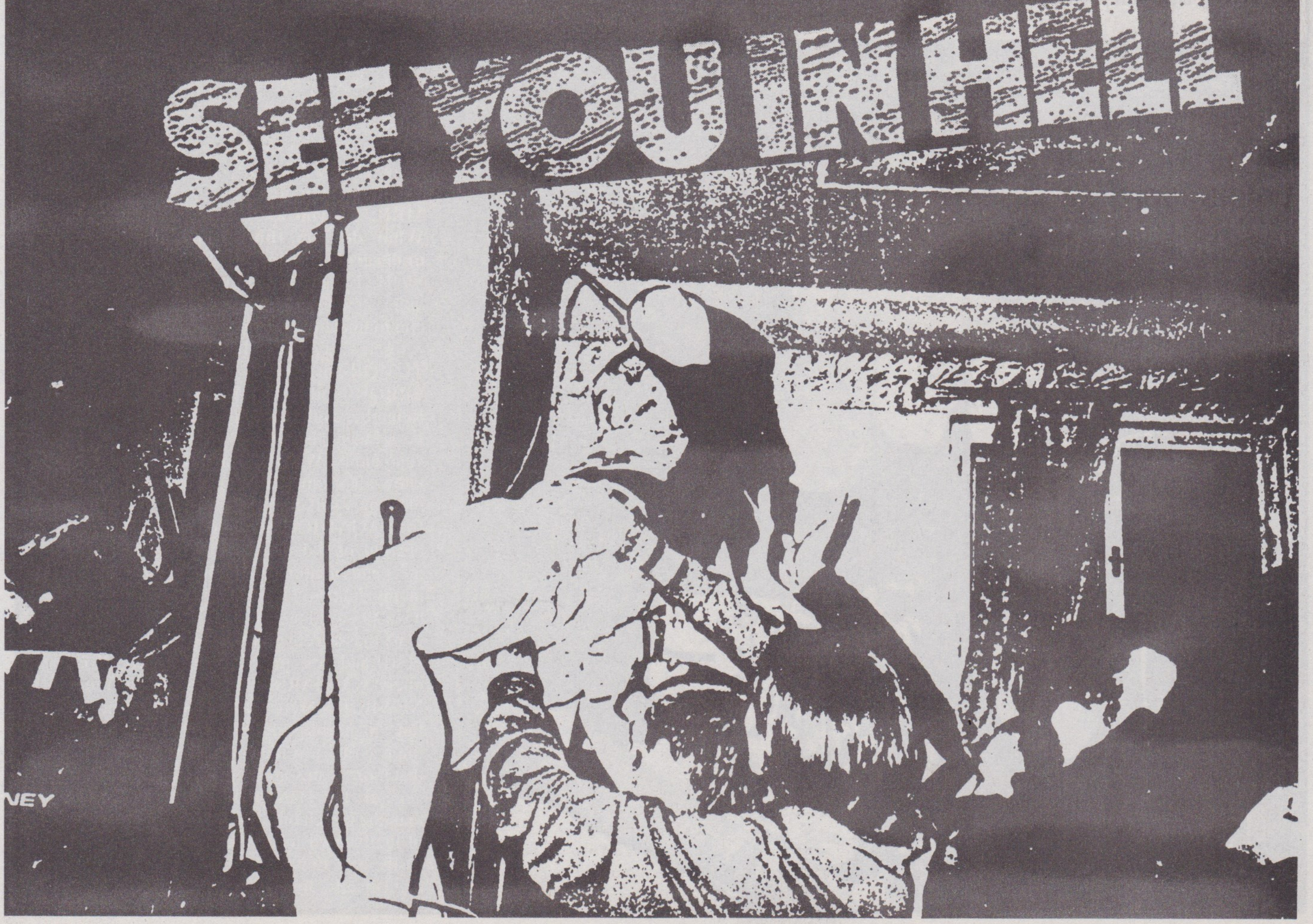
SYIH: Some people liked it, some didn't. Some people used to compare it too much to MRTVA BUDOUCNOST, which is stupid, we are not the same band! But, to be honest, I don't care too much about the audience's reaction, I play the music I like and that's all.

MRR: How well known are you in your country, and in Europe an the rest of the world?

SYIH: I don't know! We are probably known well over here in The Czech Republic and Slovakia, but that is also due to our other activities, like doing the zine or organizing gigs in our hometown, or because of my previous band. Again, I don't care about issues like this too much, it doesn't matter to me too much.

MRR: What do you think about the scene in your country, about the Czech punk scene? What're your favorite Czech bands?

SEE YOU IN HELL are a dark & heavy hardcore band from the Czech republic. The following interview was originally printed in Hungarian zine called NonKonform.



SYIH: I would say we have quite good scene over here. Of course it goes in circles—sometimes it sucks, sometimes it is OK. There are certain areas where is the scene really great and active, and some areas where it almost doesn't exist at all. I would say that the best area is the southeast, small cities like Napajedla or Kojetin (you will hardly find them on the map) with many active people and some great bands like MINDLOCK (you know them—earpiercing grind!), FULL BLADDER (DROPDEAD reincarnation with crazy female vocals), CRUCIFY YOURSELF (emo violence insanity), and OLD TESTAMENT (HC/metal). The gigs in this part of the country are always very crazy and the people over there also take part in activities like animal rights, nature protection, etc. I have many friends there and I usually feel at home. Another great area is the Roznov pod Radhostem/Vsetin, with clubs like VRAH and KEBAB and many bands like CO-CA (the best Czech punk rock), AD CALENDAS GRAECAS (like LOS CRUDOS!), INNOXIA CORPORA (again, great punk, in the vein of old Czech punk bands), PSI (new band with ex-TELEFON and CO-CA people). Also Malarie Records, the oldest active HC label in The Czech Republic, is now located in Roznov. VRAH is the place of many gigs, usually with great atmosphere. If you like grindcore, then Ostrava (the northeast part of Czech) is the place to find some of the best bands of that genre: MALIGNANT TUMOR (used to be goregrind, now for several years they've played mincecore/punk influenced by AGATHOCLES), CEREBRL TURBULENCY (the best NASUM rip off! Killer band—new CD out now), HIBAKUSHA (AG and DISRUPT influenced), CARNAL DIAFRAGMA (goregrind), P.T.A.O. (noisecore), and DISFIGURED CORPSE (very powerful HC/grind). And then there is of course Prague with lots of different bands like LUMEN (you know them), DUSSANDER (they split up recently—sXe metal), DREAD 101 (best Czech crust band), PANGS OF REMORSE (the first Czech extreme HC/power violence band—ex-MRTVA BUDOUCNOST drummer plays guitar now). And of course there's some good places to play like Papirna (legalized squat), Milada squat and 007 Club (which was recently destroyed by fire, I hope it will be rebuilt soon, as this was the base of Czech HC/punk for many years). But the best Czech bands now are, in my opinion, GRIDE and BALACLAVA. GRIDE plays ultrafast HC/grind and should finally release some new stuff (but they are extremely unlucky with their releases—only one split LP and one split EP in five years!) and BALACLAVA plays powerful old school sXe HC. Both bands are good friends of ours, we like them a lot! Right now I write a big Czech scene report, really long, with a great part dedicated to the history of punk/HC in our part of the world, so if there is any zines interested or if you want to read it yourself, then let me know. I hope to get it printed in several zines all over the world. Also check out THE PUBLIC from Slovakia—crazy extreme HC with some quite original parts, they have new LP out, one of the best bands in this part of the world for sure!

MRR: Please tell me something about Czech Republic. Not about the music life, rather about the country.

SYIH: What do you want to hear? The usual punk ranting like politicians suck, cops suck, the system sucks? Many times it's too big of a cliché to talk about political issues in punk zines. OK, I will try to tell you something about The Czech Republic, you know, we used to be a so-called "communist" state 'till '89, like Hungary. Then came the change to capitalist democracy with all the usual consequences. I think that in the last 10 years we have been living in something like "wild capitalism"—I mean, I don't have any illusions about capitalist systems in the West, but at least they have some protection against its worst forms, the people are usually a bit more persistent; but over here they swallow everything without any resistance (except some ranting in the pub). If you look at countries like France or Italy—the people over there don't have any problem with going on strike if they have their social standards under danger, over here there are almost no strikes at all, they are seen as something evil, the same goes with demonstrations. Politicians and capitalists can do whatever they want, they are quite arrogant and don't care about anything. Especially this last government—the social democratic one—is the meanest bunch of assholes we ever had, probably. Another scary thing is the rise of police state. After the September '00 demos and riots against the IMF and World Bank meetings in Prague , the cops have asked for more power, they want to make stricter rules concerning demonstrations (like they want to ban masking), also they want plastic bullets. Secret cops are infiltrating and monitoring radical left-wing and anarchist activities, its the same like before 1989. Also with continuing racist attacks in our country (just last month a 30-year-old Gypsy, the father of a family, was killed by a nazi skinhead) the cops monitor and usually stop skinhead's gigs, which is just an easy tactic for them to show that they do something important, but it surely won't stop the attacks, and maybe soon we can see them doing the same with our gigs. I don't think that people should be prosecuted by the state for the lyrics they shout, even they are racist, because then you must have someone checking out your lyrics to say what is OK and what is not. And that's exactly the same thing we used to have over here before 1989—state censorship of culture.

Well, it looks probably too pessimistic, but I guess there is always some hope left, and that we should just work harder and be more clever than our enemies. Then we will accomplish our goals.

MRR: Do you know any Hungarian bands? What do you think about the Hungarian underground scene?

SYIH: I know very few Hungarian bands. It's quite strange that we live so close, and yet the communication between our scenes is almost zero. It's great that Bilos from MALIGNANT TUMOR organized the tour for HUMAN ERROR and DIN ADDICT in The Czech Republic, and that both bands played Obscene Fest. I have also seen DAWNCORE in Pilsen last year and NEWBORN this year at the same fest. I know also some old Hungarian punk bands from old times—like ANARCHIA or AURORA (Jan from AGATHOCLES recorded then for me, he is big fan of old eastern European punkrock like me!) and of course TROTTEL, who used to play in my hometown several times in early 90s. I have to say that I like HUMAN ERROR (total crust massacre, you ruled on this year's Obscene Fest!) and new material of DAWNCORE (definitely CATHARSIS influenced) the most, also NEWBORN were quite good. I am not too big fan of noise/grind, so DIN ADDICT didn't impress me too much, but I still like noise like that more than some pop punk shit. I think that, in general, the Hungarian scene is much smaller than the Czech one, but I hope it will grow. Some of the bands I listed are definitely great and can easily beat down many US/Western often overrated bands. It is huge handicap to be from an

eastern European country, I hope you can overcome it. It is, like with everything, only about one thing—being really active and honest.

MRR: Back to the band. Who writes the ly

SYIH: I write both, but the way Martin plays his drums often changes the original music a lot.

MRR: Something about the lyrics? Important question, please tell me a lot of things about the lyrics!

SYIH: They usually deal with the relationship between humans and modern society. The way this system oppresses you and wants to reduce you to being only one obedient number in the crowd—or better, like a part of the machine who works exactly within the norms. Most of the lyrics are about issues like control, the technology of control, obedience, passivity, etc. We have all the lyrics written in Czech; this is the best way for our full expression. I find most of the English lyrics of bands who are not native English speakers quite boring and cliché. We try to provide translations of our lyrics in English, so feel free to ask about them.

By the way, why don't you sing in Hungarian with HUMAN ERROR? I am sure it would be more interesting and original than in English! Many bands sing in their native language, it sounds fucking great—check out ANTICHRIST or JUDE from Poland; LOS CRUDOS, HUASIPUNGO, and SIN ORDEN singing in Spanish; YACOPSAE and CLUSTER BOMB UNIT from Germany; or the tons of Swedish/Finnish crust bands!

MRR: Please tell me something about your concerts and live gigs! (Where, when, with which bands, etc.)

SYIH: 'Till now, we've played around 25 gigs. Some of the best were the tour with ANTICHRIST from Poland (6 gigs in The Czech Republic, 1 in Poland. ANTICHRIST rule, if you like heavy dark HC like the stuff on Prank Records, don't miss them!) and another tour with GRIDE (3 gigs in Germany) who used exclusively, for this tour, MINDLOCK's singer, Ales. We also played with MINDLOCK in Poland and in Budapest (one of our best gigs—quite crazy, exactly the way we like it!). We supported ZEGOTA in Prague at the 007 club too, but some of our wildest shows (nonstop stage diving, people rolling on the floor, complete craziness) were the recent ones organized by MINDLOCK people this summer with FULL BLADDER, MINDLOCK and ILL/SOCIETY and another one with GRIDE, MINDLOCK and HIGHSCORE—great line-up for an insane show! In a few days we leave for a Slovakian tour, we will play 4 gigs there; I hope it will be great again. We would definitely like to play Budapest again. We also got more offers to play in Germany, but there are no exact plans yet, right now we want to concentrate our efforts on our new record.

MRR: What are you doing other than music? (Work? School? Hobbies and other stuff?)

SYIH: Our singer, Jozka, has a family, so he is taking care of his daughter. He works in railway company and reads a lot. Record collecting and endlessly long discussions about records are his big hobbies, same as me. Our drummer, Martin, plays in another band, he goes to University (studying political science and journalism), and he also sometimes organizes gigs here in Brno. Our bass player, Tomas, works in a laboratory, which takes most of his time as the work is out of Brno. I guess he has no special hobbies; maybe drinking? And I am officially unemployed, but unofficially, I work in a socio-ecological organization called NESEHNUTI. We've organized several campaigns against shit like big shopping malls, highways, and animal abuse. I've done a zine called HLUBOKA ORBA since '93, and I am a crazy music collector. I also like to watch baseball; live only, I don't have a fucking TV. And also, my girlfriend and I have a small garden, which we planted with potatoes, tomatoes, strawberries, etc.—definitely an experience!

MRR: What do you think about these things: Drugs? Politics? Women? Music? Nature? Fanzines? Vegetarian lifestyle?

SYIH: Drugs. I don't use them, but I am for the legalization of soft drugs immediately, hard drugs later. The "War on Drugs" gives too much power to cops and the system and cannot solve the problem at all. I think it is everybody's own business what s/he does with her/his own body and nobody should fucking interfere into it.

Politics. That's too complex to answer, but I think everybody should care about politics. And I don't mean only by watching news, but by participating in some actions, especially on the local level, where you can change something.

Women. What do you mean? I am pissed that this society often treats women like second-class citizens, who're good only for cooking, raising children, or fucking. How many women are in the Hungarian government? Over here in The Czech Republic, none! And they make up more than half of society! It is almost the same in the HC/punk scene, you hardly see any girls playing in bands, doing zines, etc. It is a big shame.

Straight Edge. I've been sXe for many years already, it is my personal choice. I find drinking and taking drugs to be a waste of time, I always have some other more important things to do than to sit in the pub. Alcohol and drugs are just an easy escape from this society and the shitty life we are living. I also hate the peer pressure; I mean, many people don't accept you if you are different, and to drink is something like society's norm over here—and I am against norms, that's why I got in the punk!

Anarchy. It can mean so many things to different people, so much so that I am not too much into discussing it here. I am definitely influenced by some anarchist principles and ideas, but I don't like the current existent anarchist organizations here in The Czech Republic. They are quite dogmatic and sometimes promote senseless violence; I don't like it.

Friendship. A word sXe bands use quite often.

Nature. Hippies like to use that word! No, seriously, we should protect it, not poison it by chemicals and pave it with concrete, but you know that already.

Music. Please don't make me to list even 10% of bands I like to listen to, it would easily fill up half of your zine!

Fanzines. I love them—MRR, HeartAttaCk, Hell and Damnation, Engine, No Sanctuary (R.I.P.), Ripping Thrash, Poser Punk (R.I.P.), Short Fast and Loud, and Monkeybite (R.I.P.). Also, some good Czech ones are: E.Y.F., P.V.O.S., Komunikace, Impregnate, Defender, Reskator. And Ya Basta!, Samba, Levantane, and K.A.Z. , which are Slovakian, rule!

Vegetarian lifestyle. I've been vegetarian since '91, and the other guys are vegetarians too, so I guess that speaks for itself. If you still eat meat, then try to get more information about the way dead animal corpses end up on your plate, and maybe you will change your opinion. It is absolutely unnecessary to eat meat. Vegetarian food is quite easy to cook and tastes great, so stop the slaughter.

Direct action. In some urgent cases it's OK, but sometimes not. I agree with many A.L.F. actions (especially when they liberate animals) and with Sea Shepherd (who destroy the ships of whale fishers), but I don't like stupid violence against people, and some property destruction is also not always OK. It can be fun to see McDonald's restaurants destroyed during some riots (and I have seen it several times), but I am afraid that it has no positive results at all and makes us more isolated and seen as mindless thugs in the eyes of the public. And I am sure that if we want to change things for the better, then we just have to gain the support of at least some part of the public—the only alternative is either to give up or to establish dictatorship.

MRR: Most important future plans?

As I already said—to make the new full 7" EP this winter. And I hope that we will play more gigs abroad in '02. It would be nice to see our shitty hometown, Brno, more active with new bands, zines, or gigs, but it seems like it will always suck over here.

MRR: Some message to the readers of MRR?

I hope to see more cooperation between the Hungarian and Czech scenes, don't just look at US bands as some sort of gods; fuck it, there are great bands everywhere on this planet! And another thing: keep in mind that DIY is the basic rule of real and honest HC/punk—it means that we will get just as much as we create. So if you complain that your scene sucks and that there are no cool bands, zines, distros, or gigs, then get of your ass and start some! OK, enough of my preaching, thanx a lot to you, Zoltan, and all the other great people in Budapest who helped us with our gig in your city. Take care and all the best in your activities! Eastern-European HC solidarity!

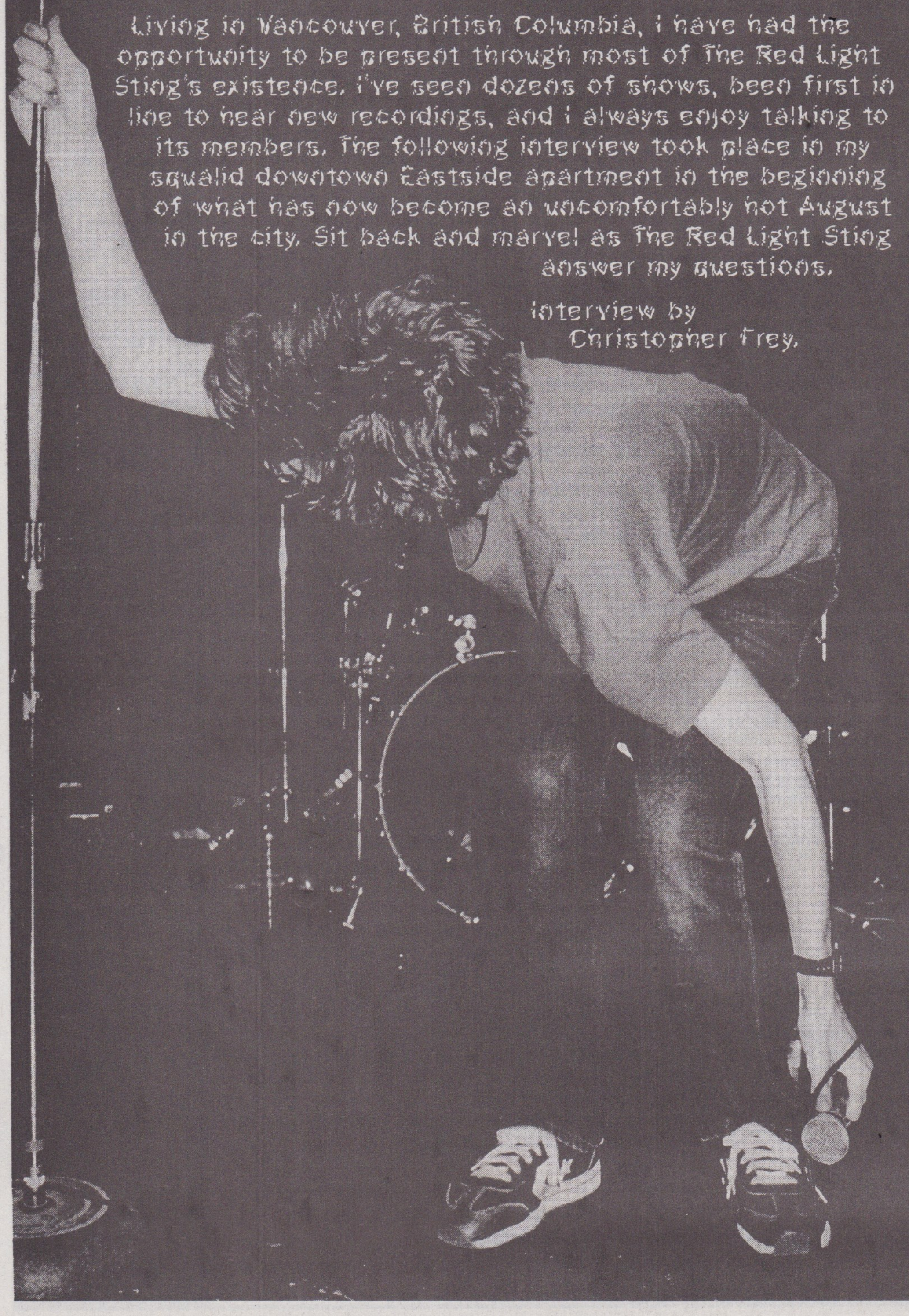
Contact: SYIH c/o Filip Fuchs, Grohova 39, 602 00 Brno, Czech Rep. e-mail: gaschamber@email.cz, www.seeyouinhell.kgb.cz

SEE YOU IN HELL

THE RED LIGHT STING

Living in Vancouver, British Columbia, I have had the opportunity to be present through most of The Red Light Sting's existence. I've seen dozens of shows, been first in line to hear new recordings, and I always enjoy talking to its members. The following interview took place in my squalid downtown Eastside apartment in the beginning of what has now become an uncomfortably hot August in the city. Sit back and marvel as The Red Light Sting answer my questions.

interview by
Christopher Frey.



MRR: You've all been in bands for years now. It's only natural that to keep yourselves stimulated at this point, the music has to be as odd, quirky, and challenging as it is. What are some things that pushed The Red Light Sting to what it is today?

Andy: I like playing it because it's different than anything I've ever done. I think it's got a lot of room to get away with a lot of things. We can experiment more than a three-chord punk rock band who can only do so much before they're not a three-chord punk rock band. It's got so much room to expand and do whatever you want it to do.

Matt: I agree that there aren't any limitations to what we can do. We can goof around and try many new ideas; there's nothing that we expect out of each other, so we can get away with anything.

MRR: You have so many different influences; you probably write so many different kinds of songs. You have a moody piano piece on this album, and it fits well in the album even though it's different than any of the other instrumentation. It seems like you're having a lot of fun and are willing to try all kinds of things.

Andy: Exactly. I think that since this style, whatever you want to call it, is so new and uncharted that we can experiment and do basically whatever we want because we're not really in any particular style. If we feel like doing five minutes of piano at the end of a song, then goddamn, we'll do it!

Paul: I like to keep it challenging and interesting, more for myself and the rest of the band than the listener. We're always trying new things, and if something sounds so fucked that the listener won't understand it, we don't give a shit.

Andy: If it's fun to play and challenging to our brains, it's like being in math class all the time.

Paul: But we don't keep ourselves limited to things that are just crazy and "mathy," we like to do simple stuff that has a groove too.

MRR: I'm sure that your audience appreciates that as well, and that's probably why you have a lot of dedicated fans (laughter).

Zö: I was going to say that I like the energy of the music because I'll just get bored if we're doing something that's boring. I think that we thrive off of the energy we get when we write the songs or when we play live, and if there wasn't that energy, we probably wouldn't be writing the songs, because we'd be bored.

MRR: Greg, I've heard your lyrics live, recorded, and even read them from the liner notes of your new record. I like the freaky poetics. What's going on between those ears?

Greg: The lyrics are usually loosely tied together. One song isn't necessarily about just one thing. I guess I culminate half of them from personal experiences, and at the same the other half are pop culture references. Perhaps quotes from movies, from books, or whatnot.

Andy: Or from certain popular R&B songs (laughter).

Greg: I happened to base one lyric from our new record on an OutKast record. That's not a bad thing, that's just what felt right at the time. I don't know if that really answered your question.

MRR: I'm still wondering about those ears, though. Zö and Andy, you are two of the most organized DIY kids I know. You put on great shows in Vancouver all the time, your label, Ache Records, releases quality bands and the packages are always lovely. Vancouver appreciates the momentum you've created in the scene. Why don't you tell us about the projects you have on the go, and what you have planned for the future.

Zö: Well, what we have on the go right now is that we make lots and lots of buttons for Vancouver bands, Vancouver businesses, and lots of bands across Canada and the US. Ache Records' next two releases are the Radio Berlin LP, which should be out by September at the latest, and The Epidemic CD, Andy's solo project, which should be out in the middle of August. That's what we're working on right now. I don't know, Andy, anything else?

Andy: We're preparing for The Red Light Sting tour as well; we can only do so much in the month of August, which is when we're gone.

Zö: If we're not doing buttons, or sending out ads, or practicing, we're sleeping (laughter). That's about all we really do, I guess.

MRR: Matt, I've seen you pull some gnarly tricks on your BMX bike. If you had your way would you have Greg sing more songs about bicycles?

Matt: I don't know if I'd have Greg sing anything about bikes; I think there would just be more bikes involved with us. There would be a portable trailer that we'd pull behind the van with a portable spine ramp and a mini ramp, and room for my bike and all my tools. Everywhere we go, we'd bring it with us, and before and after the show when we aren't hanging out or playing, I'd probably be riding. But obviously, due to space limitations, my bike tends to get left out. But it's fine.

MRR: Have you considered bringing one of those finger bikes with the little vert ramp?

Matt: Actually, right now I'm working on a 3x3 street course that is going to be brought with us. It's going to be rather elaborate, but to keep it out of the way, I'll attach it to the ceiling of the van; so when I'm not using it, it'll just be above us and not get in the way. But I do have a collection of finger bikes and skateboards that I will be bringing all over the place, and I'm hoping that people with similar interests in different towns will talk to me about this.

Zö: We didn't know this about him either.

MRR: Your new record, Rub 'Em Out, Rub 'Em Down, was just released on the California label, Sound Virus. How has your experience been with this label to date?

Andy: I only met Mike from Sound Virus once. We were down in California playing a show at Gilman and we had never met him, we didn't know what he looked like, and he just came up said, "Hey, I'm Mike. Your new record is coming out in about a month."

Matt: And he was like, "Great set, here are your test presses."

Andy: "I gotta go!" And that's basically all we've ever seen of him. I talk to him over the phone sometimes, or via e-mail, and he seems like a great guy, and he did a great job on the record.

Matt: We're all totally happy with the job he's done.

Andy: I'm excited about the weight of the vinyl. It's perfect.

MRR: I imagine that with Paul and Andy being ex-members of the punk legend DBS, who toured extensively, you are quite connected when it comes to booking tours. The Red Light Sting is so drastically different than DBS; do you sometimes run into people that feel alienated by this new freaky direction where you're using—gasp—keyboards?

Zö: Well as Paul put it—we just played across Canada, out to Winnipeg—and he stated that we probably blew some minds, and I think that that was a true statement. We played all these towns that DBS had played umpteen times, and we recognized tons of kids from coming out to DBS shows. But they all rocked out and loved it. I think a lot of kids in the small towns had no idea what it was we were doing; they were used to the big Fat Wreck Chords bands coming through, and their local high school bands. We had a really successful eleven-day trip across the west coast of Canada.

Andy: I think as far as people who have come to see us in small towns who are only going because they heard we were ex-members of Ö, they seem to be quite shocked, but in a good way. Nobody has said that it's different and it stinks. It seems to be that it's so different that it intrigues people. It's been all positive.

Matt: I think that some of them come as DBS fans, but they definitely leave as The Red Light Sting fans (laughter). We frequently receive catcalls from the audience requesting DBS songs.

Zö: And, frequently, we take care of that out back.

Matt: Frequently, we kick heads in out back (laughter). But I mean, if all of us were in DBS, and it was just the same band with a different name, maybe we could comply with those requests. But, unfortunately, 3 of 5 of us don't know those songs, so too bad.

Andy: I'm not trying to say we're connected to that band. It's completely different.

MRR: I only brought it up because I imagine that some people would bring it up.

Andy: And they have. But this is just a completely different band, with new people and a different vibe.

Matt: It's sort of like Ö.

Greg: Like they were Black Sabbath, and we're solo Ozzy.

MRR: Do you feel that being a Canadian band, you have limited opportunities as far as the US goes? Are you ever under the impression that if you were from the States, things would be easier for you, as a band?

Zö: They'd definitely be different, because you can play all the main cities in Canada in about three weeks, and hundreds of kids see you. But you can play three weeks of cities in California and have just as many kids see you. The States has way more people, way more places to play, so it's harder for us to get our name out to that many people. I don't know if it would be easier, because I know bands from The States are working just as hard as we are, but maybe don't have the recognition we have in Canada, or vice versa. There are fewer places to play in Canada, so if you work hard at it people know you. But there, there are 50 states with 50 cities within 500 miles of each other, so it's quite a large place to play.

Matt: It's so saturated with so many bands, though. We've been talking about how this American tour is going to go. Are we just going to get lost in the shuffle, or are people going to notice?

Andy: I wouldn't say that being from Canada is a limitation; we have just as much a chance to play in The States as a band from The States does. It's not like we're handicapped by it. We can go down whenever.

Paul: It does make it quite intimidating because the scenes are so much larger and denser in the US. Like Zö said, Andy and I have experience with breaking into different scenes, and Canada was pretty easy. For The Red Light Sting, as a new band from Canada, we'll obviously be playing less of the US and—where am I going here—we're from Canada...I think that within the community of bands and musicians throughout the world, basically, there are lots of people who have similar mindsets, who are up on this kind of music. People who put out records of this sort of music will approach you if you fall under their guidelines.

Zö: Well, we've already met people from Florida who have the same ideas as us, as a label, and they want to help us out and we want to help them out. And then you meet people from Halifax, or Phoenix. It's just, because of the size difference, there's more territory to cover.

Paul: But Canada is a bigger country.

Zö: Canada is a larger country, but it doesn't take as long a time. We're less populated.

MRR: Why do you think that is?

Zö: It's the igloos and the polar bears. They take up a lot of space and it's hard to fight them off sometimes, so we do have a lot of deaths due to polar bears. But we don't like to talk about that, we have lost many of our people to polar bears.

MRR: I've actually heard that they're starting to build igloo high-rises to take up less space, and they're a lot safer around polar bears—

Zö: —because they cannot get up that high. They cannot climb.

Matt: I'd like to say that our tour of Nunavut starts real soon, so...

MRR: I've heard rumors that The Red Light Sting are working towards a twoonie edition, is that true?

Zö: It is true, because I like to cover my face with various things while we play, and we have been taking pictures, sending them to the government of Canada, and the mint. They're really impressed, and I think in '02, it'll be coming out.

Andy: I heard it's a five-dollar coin.

Matt: Zö is going to be the first head on the five-dollar coin.

Zö: They're going to be calling me Elroy, but that's OK.

MRR: It's good that you've brought the monetary system to its knees. I've heard rumors that members of Slayer practice in the same building you do, did you ever have the occasion to walk down the hall and hear slashing metal riffs?

Andy: We heard some crazy dude soloing once, and rumor had it that it was Kerry King, but no one saw for sure, so nobody was able to verify. Zö was going to knock on the door, because we were too embarrassed.

Zö: These guys who grew up listening to Slayer were that close to their god and they didn't do anything, and I thought that was lame. But I do understand, because they didn't want to interrupt his practice; but how long can the damn solo go on for?

MRR: Do you have a "most bizarre show" fiasco you want to share with the readers of MRR?

Andy: We played this show in Lumbsden, Saskatchewan, which is in downtown Canada, and the turnout wasn't that great. There was this big stage that we didn't want to play on. The guy who put on the show was in this band who was also playing, called Filmmaker, and we were like, "Who wants to go last?" and then, "Why don't we both go on at the same time?" So we set up in this big "v"-formation, where the audience was sort of in the middle, and we were just facing each other. We had this big rock battle, taking turns playing songs, and it made the show so much fun. The best part is that we could play a song, and then they'd start playing, leaving us time to have a group huddle to organize some antics for the next song.

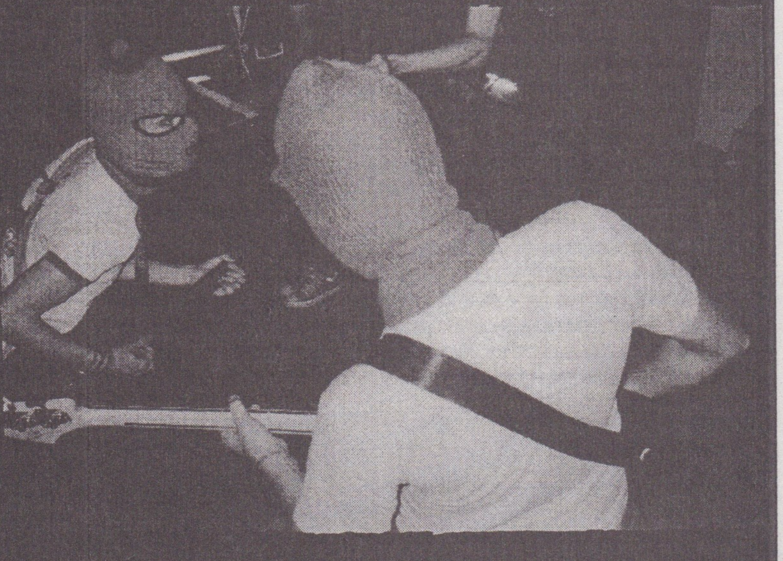
Matt: We played this intro before every new song we played.

Andy: Each song started out exactly the same. It was pretty sweet. There's nothing better than being able to play one song, then go to the bathroom, or tune a guitar, get some water, take a nap!

Paul: It could have turned out heinously if Filmmaker turned out to be a shitty band, but luckily they were really good. I'm glad, because if they weren't good, we would've felt guilty for kicking their asses.

Matt: It came out to a draw, though. No winner could possibly be decided in that night's Rock Olympics. It totally made the show.

Andy: We had another rock-off later that night: seeing who could load up their van faster, but they won.



MRR: That's a lame contest though, that just means they play too much Tetris.

Matt: Actually, another weird show thing was that one night, I got slapped and told to put my shirt back on.

Greg: But that's because you have man boobies.

MRR: Are they not called moobies?

Zö: I'm also banned from a bar in Vancouver, because we played there once and a friend of ours was drunk. He was being escorted out of the club, and the bartender punched him, and I told him not to, because that hurts, and our friend was leaving. After everything died down, he told me I was a fucking bitch and that he didn't hit him, and that I shouldn't have said he hit him, and to leave and never come back. I told him I wasn't going to leave because we were loading out, but he said he was going to call the police if I didn't. And now I cannot go back there.

MRR: What releases have The Red Light Sting and Ache put out to date?

Andy: We have a split LP with a band from Victoria called Hot Hot Heat, which is on Ache records, so that answers both questions at once. And our second release is the 4-song EP on Sound Virus. As for Ache records, we've done a Hot Hot Heat 7", the split LP, the last DBS EP, the radio Berlin LP, and the Epidemic CD.

MRR: What are your favorite bands to date?

Zö: That's really hard. Right now I'd say I've been quite amazed by Bjork, I think she's doing some amazing things, The Psychedelic Furs, who I've enjoyed since I was young, and another person who has inspired me in the last little while is Kahimi Kari.

Andy: The Cure is on my list of top five all-time favorite bands. Joan of Arc, the first two records—I mean let's not get ridiculous here. I'd have to say Jawbreaker, even though they're not a band I listen to much anymore, they had a serious impact on my life at the time.

Matt: For years I've consistently enjoyed Superchunk, as well as Sloan, as far as newer bands go. As far as other stuff, there is a special place in my heart for The Smiths and Joy Division. There are tons of others that I could bring up, but those four I would take to a desert island for sure.

Greg: I guess the mainstays in my record collection have been Iron Maiden and Morrissey. As far as new bands go, right now I'm listening to a lot of the Blood Brothers.

Paul: Old favorites: you got Iron Maiden, Faith No More, Jawbreaker, those have been the mainstays. Stuff I've been into more recently: No Means No, Neurosis, Mr. Bungle, The Olivia Tremor Control, Disaster Radio; that's about it.

MRR: Could you please state the origins of what is now The Red Light Sting?

Andy: The very beginning, if I remember correctly, was when me and Greg were talking about how he wanted to start a band in a similar style to we are doing now, but I was going away on tour right when said band had been conceived. So I sort of left and kept calling people to touch base, and seriously got a different line-up every time I called. That's as far as I can take it.

Greg: I guess when I was putting this band together, I definitely had Andy in mind, because I respected him more than most musicians in Vancouver.

MRR: Is it because he's such a shredding guitarist (laughter)?

Greg: He's quite possibly the most rippingest guitarist I've ever met, and I have met Yngwie Malmsteem (laughter). I guess I wanted to put together a more aggressive band, as the bands I had been in in the past were a bit softer. Actually, at the time that I wanted to start this band, the drummer in both of the bands I had been in left town on a whim, leaving me bandless, along with Matt, who was in one of the bands, and Andy and Zö, who were in the other. So I had a lot of time to myself, just writing a bunch of songs, and by the time Andy got back, I approached Matt about joining us. There were a couple of other kids who were there in the beginning, but the line-up just kept changing and changing, and then Paul came into the equation. Originally, the concept had been that I'd sing and play keyboards, but we realized that I couldn't play keyboards, so we talked to Zö.

Zö: I remember Andy would be writing riffs and different parts, and he'd get me to play along with him on the keyboards to see if the parts worked. And eventually he was like, "Oh, you're already playing the keyboards, so maybe you should just play with us." So I was just playing them to help him, that's how I started playing the keyboards, except for piano lessons when I was six.

Matt: Like Greg said, there were different people involved with this band, playing different instruments. I'm sure I've had more than one position in this band already; some never happened.)

Andy: All of them never happened (laughter)!

Matt: In fact, before I was in this band, I had never played bass at all. It just evolved that way. Like, "Why don't I just play bass?" And here I am.

Greg: Rocking like a hurricane.

Matt: Rocking like a hurricane! This whole thing was a long time in the making. So many different ideas and people, but one night it finally just came together, and the next thing we knew we were looking in a movie guide trying to find a name.

MRR: Was The Red Light Sting a movie?

Zö: With Farrah Fawcett!

Matt: It's about a cop who's on an undercover mission to crackdown on the red light district, hence the name, The Red Light Sting. We made a pact not to see the movie, though.

Andy: The reason we made the pact is that one of the other ideas for our name was based on this movie called The Pack, so we rented the movie, and it was seriously the stupidest movie we have ever seen. And we're afraid it's going to happen again, so we never want to watch this movie, in case it stinks ass.

Matt: One thing that went along with The Pack was that we really liked the cover, and I think it involved wolves. Our first merchandise idea was to make socks with that logo on it.

Greg: It was a drawing of a bunch of wolves that turned into the words, The Pack. We kind of ruined it by saying our name is from a movie, because this one time this kid came up to us and asked if our name had to do with the band The Police. "The Red Light", i.e. The Police, and "Sting", i.e. Sting the solo artist. We thought that was pretty funny.

Zö: And we're also banned from Napster because of that, because of the word, "Sting."

MRR: What can the world expect from The Red Light Sting in the months to come?

Andy: I guess it depends on when this issue comes out, so that's sort of hard. We're touring with the Blood Brothers and True North down to California, and around to Phoenix during the month of August. We have some ideas and some labels interested in working with us, we just don't have any songs to work with.

Matt: As far as what to expect, we'll probably continue to sweat away in our practice space, pulling out calculators to figure out time signatures and breaking stuff when we play, like equipment. That, and trying to be as loud as possible. I have a few tricks up my sleeve. I just purchased another bass cabinet. We're going to be louder than Facepuller.

Andy: Remember they used to have, "Louder Than Seattle" stickers?

Greg: In the past we've written about 500 song titles, so in the future we'll write 500 songs to go with them.

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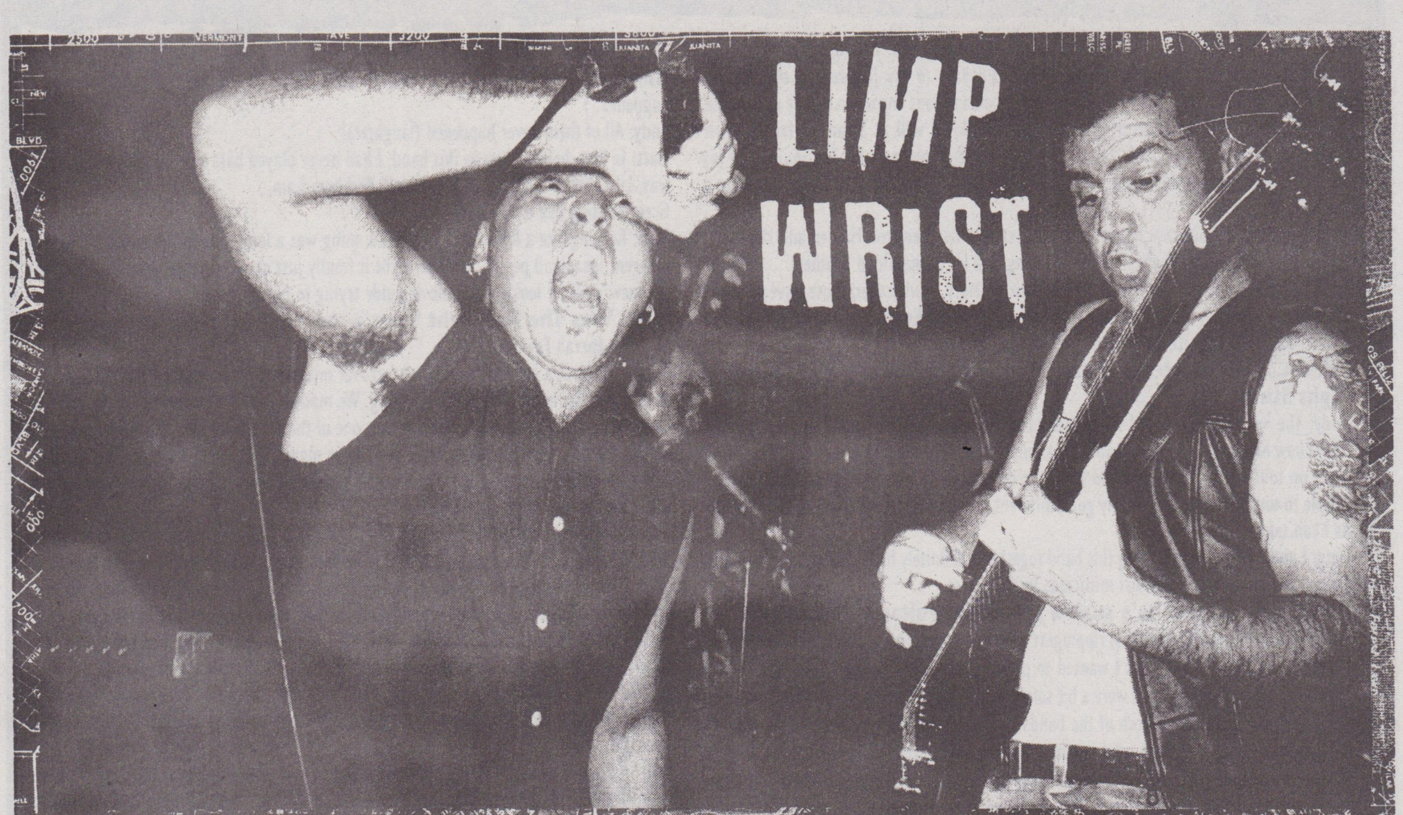
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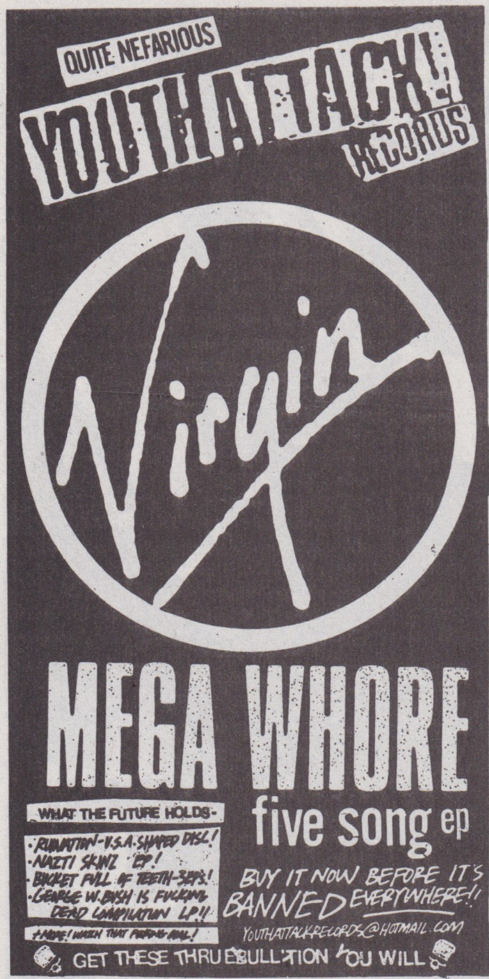
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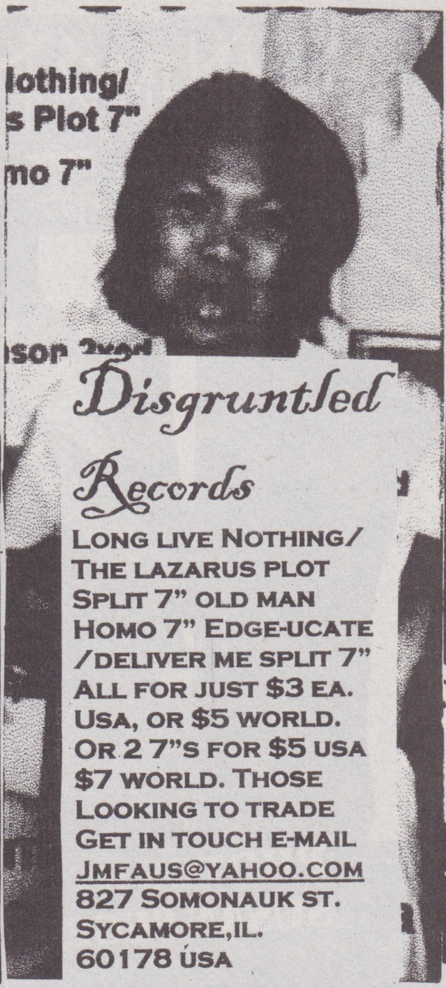
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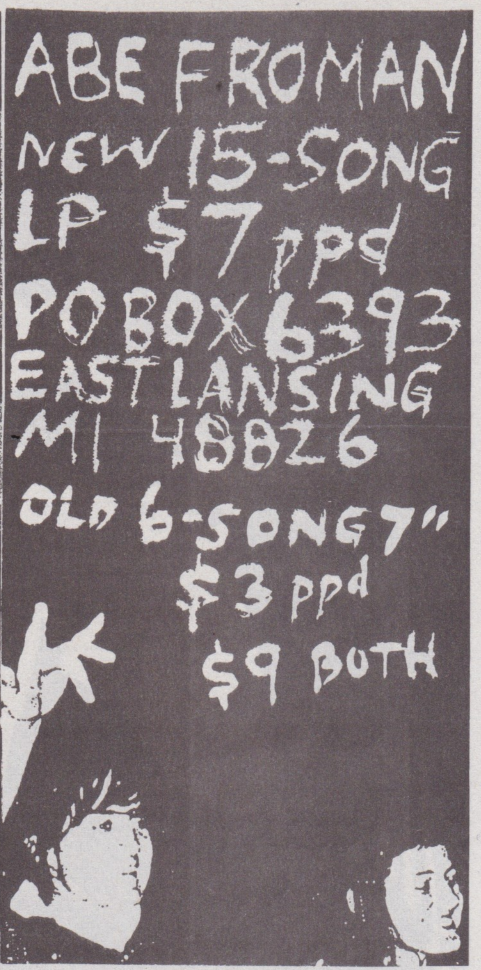
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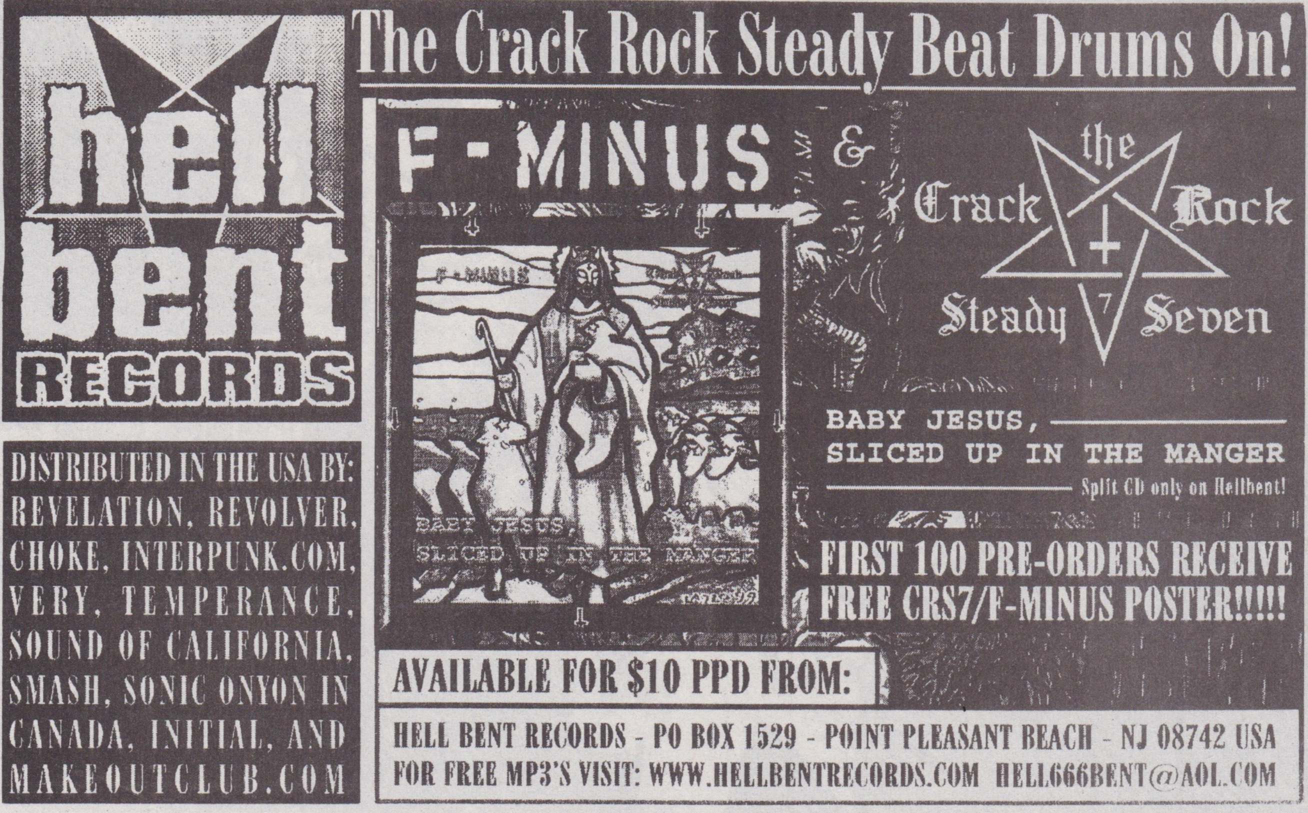
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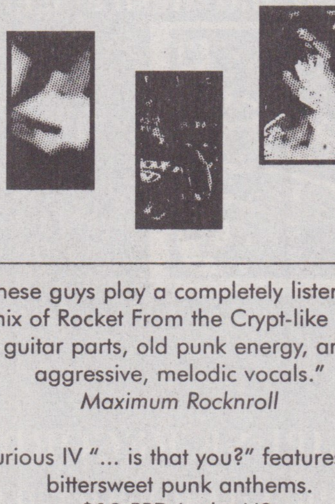

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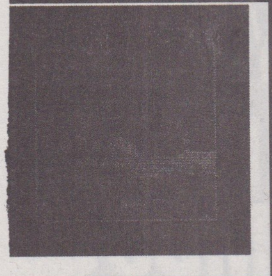

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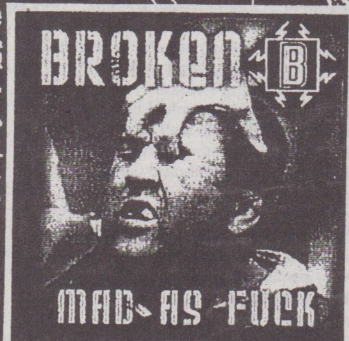

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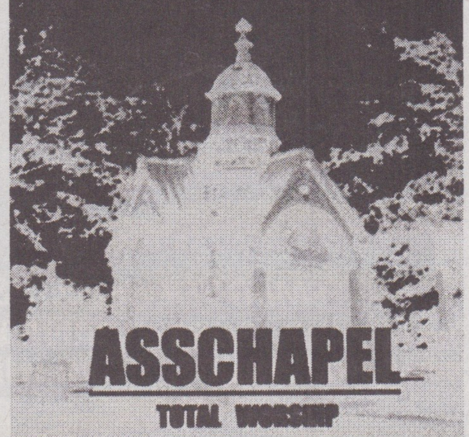

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BOOKS

Close Up, Iranian Cinema: Past, Present and Future

Hamid Dabashi
302 pages • $20.00
Verso Press • 180 Varick Street
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Close Up
Iranian Cinema
Past,
Present
and
Future
Hamid
Dabashi

I went through film school without once wondering about films from the Middle East. Russian films, yes. Indian films, yes. Iranian films? In was not until 1996, when I was vacationing in Washington, DC after working on some silly Hollywood film that my eyes first beheld the cinematic poetry of Iranian film. To this day, I occasionally pick up that film series booklet with Abbas Kiarostammi on the cover to review its cherished contents. That initial viewing left me with so many questions about Iranian art and history. How could such simple films be so powerful, beautiful, and heart-wrenching?

Hamid Dabashi, professor at Columbia University, crafted *Close Up* as a text to explore Iranian films not as flat, flickering images alone in the dark, but as a diverse art form influenced by Iran's political, religious, and social history. He delves into the topic of film with more than a string of synopsis and filmographies, but constructs a broader picture of Iranian life and expression. His love for the medium is not blind. He criticizes the film industry when it falls short of meaningful and properly praises it when it strikes genius, placing the inconsistencies in historical context.

The revolution from 1906-11 transformed the Iranian people from "subjects" into "citizens" for the first time. At this time, Iranians were hopeful for a more tolerant and democratic state, and for a brief time that was true. In an infantile time in cinema's history, Iran's fledgling film industry was not prepared to take advantage of this potentially fertile time, but other arts flourished. The discovery [illegible] oil in the 1920s created a swarm of imperialist interests worldwide looking to dominate this small country and its natural resources, ending this momentary emancipation.

Not until 1941, when Allied Forces unseated the Shah, were governmental constraints lightened. With the Shah's young son inheriting the throne under Allied occupation, a certain amount of political disorder liberated the arts again. During this time, Persian literature and poetry soared. These lovely verbal accomplishments are the framework for important Iranian cinema that followed. Iran's history of storytelling, with detailed character development and morally challenging plots, is another integral part of this nation's cinematic intensity. In the 1950s, a CIA-sponsored coup returned the Shah to power and in turn devastated the film community, leaving a propaganda machine in its memory. Hollywood and European films again flooded Iranian cinemas, with few meaningful local films produced. Through the Arab oil embargo to the Iran Iraq War, US intervention can take responsibility for devastating parts of Iran culture, including significant film production. *Close Up* thoroughly examines this history and how it affected the films of the times and modern cinema. Muslim fanatics' opposition to recreating the human form dates back far before still photography. This disapproval exploded in 1904, when imported films were perceived as trying to perform acts of god by recreating life on celluloid. It seems as if these underlining fanatical beliefs did not only act as deterrents for some Iranians, but also created aspirations for filmmakers to achieve the realism and depth that they produced. Iranians dealt with these touchy religious condemnations quickly. In the 1932 film Haji Aqa, The Movie Actor, a religious man and avid anti-cinema fanatic turns—not by his will—into an actor, and after viewing himself on the screen, decriminalizes cinema, at least in his mind. A triumph of familiarity breeding understanding.

Extended interviews with filmmakers Bahram Beiza'a, Bahman Farmanara, and Mohsen Makhmalbaf offer personal struggles and insights about the creation of their films. These are enjoyable to read even before experiencing their works, and add depth to their accomplishments for seasoned film buffs. The chapter dedicated to Abbas Kiarostammi, "his nation's first visual poet," was informative about how Iran's history affected this filmmaker, and discussed the impetus for his projects.

To be able to access Hamid Dabashi compassionate insight on Iranian cinema without having to be accepted to Columbia is an invaluable opportunity. I recommend for to anyone who can appreciate poignant and challenging films to cultivate a healthy appreciation for Iranian film. *Close Up* is a remarkable guide to start that pursuit.
—Tobia Jean

Processed World 2.001

112 Pages • $10.00
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PROCESSED WORLD
2.001
The Greatest Speedup in Human History!

Walking home, I came upon the remnants of a garage sale. As a punk-identified individual, I can never resist piles of free stuff, so I started digging through it. Jackpot! A complete set of *Processed World* from 1981-1994 lay there amongst the piles of bad sci-fi paperbacks and broken furniture. I took them home and have been working my way through them over the last few months. It's renewed my appreciation for just how good a publication *PW* was.

Processed World was one of the first zines I ever read and formed a lot of the way I look at all political zines. *PW*, with its lively letters page, non-dogmatic tone, sense of humor, nonrecycled graphics, and focus on issues that aren't yet a rote part of the lefty/anarchist canon. Most articles and letters seemed to come from writers who not only were connected to the things they wrote about (temp work, union organizing, billboard liberation, etc.) but also seemed actively engaged with people who weren't as politically committed. *PW* has also always been filled with writers who want to discuss the big-picture aspects of their organizing: to try to see where their political work was taking them and us. *PW* set a standard that makes most of the current "underground" political press come off as either party-line rah-rah or simply filled with unreadable hack press releases counting on the low expectations and good will of their readership to survive.

There's no question that many of the goals espoused by the *PW* collective have never materialized, even if their analysis still looks pretty good today. For example, many issues in the 80s dealt with the hows and whys of organizing temporary office workers, correctly anticipating the loss of power among traditional trade unions (that *PW* always viewed as part of the problem anyway) and workers as corporations took their actual manufacturing work overseas. In the finest tradition of not just interpreting, but trying to change the world, the *PW* Collective tried to use their magazine to rally temps to organize themselves (and seemingly much of the collective were temps at that time also). Refreshingly, *PW* wasn't afraid to examine its own failures in strategy and practice over the years, making every issue a continuation of the discussion of how to liberate ourselves given the realities of 21st century capitalism.

But I must admit that when I heard that a new issue was coming out seven years after the collective dissolved, I wasn't sure what to expect. I wasn't sure *Processed World* could live up to its own reputation.

How wrong I was. PW is back and bigger than ever. Subtitled "The Greatest Speedup in Human History," *PW 2.001* looks at how much the modern workplace has changed in a short amount of time and also touches on many of the other important political issues of the times. This issue has well-written and detailed articles about such varied topics as intellectual property, the destruction of independent thought at universities, "The Great Bicycle Protest of 1896," space wars and gentrification in San Francisco, as well as many "tales of toil" from the workplace, fiction, and an interview with the designers and painters of a local mural.

Two articles stand out among the many good ones in this issue and are worth the price of this zine alone. "Farce or Figleaf? The Promise of Leisure in the Computer Age" explores the way in which the "new economy" and computers, despite originally promising to liberate workers from drudgery and shorten the workweek, have in fact had the opposite effect. R. Dennis Hayes, the author, examines not only statistical information that shows Americans working more hours than any time since the 20s, but looks into the effects of this speedup on American society in general. Hayes writes:

> "For the first time in history work now commands an instant purchase on our time. An array of devices—cell phones, pagers, personal digital assistants, and laptops—provide an odd convenience. They give us the immediate, mobile communication we feel we need to negotiate life in the fast lane. They confer, for some, a sense of importance, of being 'in demand.' Yet it all somehow gets back to work: the same devices also serve as a Digital Leash, allowing work to tug at personal life anytime, anywhere. A growing attachment to work forces many to schedule non-work time as if it were on-the-job time—obliging us to work, commute, and even relax within a time-managed framework that was once the domain of hard-charging corporate executives."

PW always went beyond typical leftist calls for jobs! into analyzing what jobs do to us as workers. That most jobs are boring and meaningless if not downright dangerous is something sometimes lost on the progressive press. Hayes focuses our attention on how not only the workweek has changed for many workers, but also how that affects our society as a whole. When individual greed becomes the dominant value in a society and the amount of hours worked gives one bragging rights no matter how useless for the community the outcome of that work is, community and society will be changed one way or another. Ordinary workers might not subscribe to those values, but having to find work in an environment defined by those values has its effect on all of us.

The other article that really stands out is Chris Carlsson's "Radical Politics: Assuming We Refuse, Let's Refuse to Assume." Carlsson, looking especially butch in the woodcut illustration accompanying the article, starts by asking whether the Seattle anti-WTO protests were really a "breakthrough" for anti-capitalist politics. While obviously a successful event, Seattle doesn't necessarily imply that anti-authoritarians/anti-capitalists/radicals know where they are going or how to get there. "The (box we are stuck in is) made up in part of assumptions among anti-authoritarian grassroots movements and groups that I've been part of for years: unstated assumptions about power and leadership, organizational forms and institutionalization. We believe in a radical vision that for the most part we cannot articulate," Carlsson writes, "and we repeat self-defeating tactics out of habit and a misplaced sense of urgency to 'do something'."

After weighing in on most of these issues, Carlsson goes on to discuss what I've always seen as one of the most destructive aspects of activist groups I've been involved in: the culture of burnout. Fitting with the overall "Great Speedup" theme of the issue, Carlsson remarks that political organizers have spedup also. With so much to fight, many politicos have responded by filling their time with a constant clutter of resistance that, I would say, mirrors business culture in its work ethic and, at times, its shallowness. Feeling guilt about enjoying leisure time, only being able to discuss politics even during social time, and defining oneself based on what you do are all common to activists as well as venture capitalists. "Assuming We Refuse. . ." is a must read.

Overall, PW adds to our dialogue about how to change the world we live in. The only thing missing from this issue, hopefully just due to the gap in time since the last issue, is the letters section. Welcome back, *Processed World*! I didn't realize I missed you so much.
—Gordon Zola

Hi Friend • Jess Hilliard
Tender Feelings Press (www.harrellfletcher.com)

In Sacramento, on 16th street, between U & V, sits a bar called the Flame Club. It is a very small bar with a shuffleboard table and a TV. All drinks come out of a bottle. There is nothing on tap. The place has no windows.

I am not really much of a bar guy. I like my whiskey, but bars depress me. However, I can be dragged into one, especially if someone else is buying. It also helps if the place is a dive. So when Patrone says, "Let's go to the Flame. I'll buy," I have no excuse not to walk the block for a scotch.

Since the Flame Club is an old man's bar, it is rare to bump into anyone young there. The times I have seen a person under fifty in there, they've been delivering liquor or I know them. The latter was the case when Patrone and I stepped through the door.

At a table immediate to the right sit Bill Lonsdale and Jess Hilliard. They beckon to us to sit with them.

That Bill and Jess are drinking together seems right. Both walk a path that is a bit wigglier than most. Bill is a very big guy with a very quiet demeanor. Underneath his reservation is a crazy recklessness that has been well documented by, the Archbishop Dave "Smith," Aaron Probe, and others.

Jess is kinda like the anti-Bill, in that he is out-going and jovial. I'm not sure if recklessness lurks within Jess or if he has a never-ending need to discover, but there is something about him that seems to defy the word "never." Perhaps that's why he was the only guy in the Ne'er-do-Wells/Shatners to draw attention away from Al Sobrante. Maybe that's why he was a focal point of the Hi Fives. I don't know. Let's just agree that there's something about Jess...

I sit down and Patrone goes to the bar to get me a scotch and soda and himself something with gin. We drink and bullshit with Bill and Jess. I go to the bathroom and, when I return, there are four shot glasses on the table. Jess smiles and says, "Drink up!"

I take a sip. Jess, who is still in his park ranger duds, has bought us all peppermint schnapps. Jess sucks his down fast. The rest of us nurse ours.

Jess gets up and goes to the bar. He brings back four more shot glasses full of clear liquor. He sets the glasses down in front of us. He smiles and says, "Drink up!"

None of us are done with our schnapps, but we cautiously sip Jess's newest gift. It tastes like licorice. It is ouzo.

Schnapps. Ouzo. Call me conservative, but most people, when buying rounds, either stick to whatever the drinker is drinking or treat the table to a nice single-malt or an expensive brandy. There is something a bit odd about buying people schnapps. And, outside a Greek wedding, where is ouzo drunk?

Jess's first book, *Hi Friend*, a collection of stories and musings, is another round. Like his choice in spirits, *Hi Friend* seems normal enough - Jess writes about family gatherings, train rides, field trips—but the more you immerse yourself in it, the weirder it gets. Well, maybe not weird. Weird denotes something extreme. *Hi Friend* is not extreme. It is odd, but not oddball. It has a twist, but it is not twisted. It is the world through the pen of someone who sees the 95% of the world we do. The other 5% is an eccentric point of view—not forced, not quirky, just eccentric. It is Jess. And it is a pretty good drink. —Scott Soriano

Fairlane • Sara Sandberg

107 pages • $6.00
Double Ears Publications • PO Box 190054
San Francisco, CA • 94119

FAIRLANE
SARA SANDBERG

When I first received Sara Sandberg's novel *Fairlane* in the mail for review, I must've flinched. Having read zines penned by Sandberg over the years (the one-off *American Girl* and the monthly *Double Ears*, among others), I expected a novel thick with irony. Taking one look at the sketched line drawing of an old Ford Fairlane on the cover, I expected a novel set in thrift-store subculture and foresaw at worst a novel filled with post-teens in old-lady shoes and vintage dresses living lives devoid of meaning.

But Sandberg surprised me by authoring an amazingly subtle and serious book, a book with serious things to say about love and relationships, written with genuine skill. I was not so much amazed that Sandberg was capable of such insightful writing as much as I was surprised that the one-time contender for Sassiest Girl in America could keep her tongue out of her cheek long enough to create a novel of this caliber. And, this is a high-caliber novel.

The book roughly follows the life of a 1964 Ford Fairlane from its first purchase by a Nebraska family until it winds up in the hands of a young couple in Wichita, Kansas. Along the way it passes from hand to hand, from father to son and then from stranger to stranger. Each owner comes from a different walk of life and lives in a different world from the others. There's the young man breaking away from his family on the farm, the teenage runaways, and the lesbian couple trying to escape the city. A married couple living an unremarkable life. A father reaching out to his daughter. Subtle changes in writing style mark the shift from one owner and setting to the next, with the only connection being the car.

The one constant is that in each story the Fairlane becomes deeply connected to its owners' relationships. For the first owner, the Fairlane symbolizes his independence from his family, his ability to become himself away from the fields of Nebraska as he strikes out on his own for California. For another owner, the Ford becomes intertwined with his first real love and his first attempts to establish a lasting relationship with a woman. Husband and wife, father and daughter, friends, lovers find their relationships carried forward by the Fairlane, their care for each other often mirrored by their care for the car. The runaways approach the Ford with the same anarchic lack of care that they put into their friendship; the married couple put the same slow and steady effort into its upkeep that they put into their marriage.

The strongest and most impressive aspect of the novel is Sandberg's ability to capture people and place in writing. She has a knack for finding the perfect turn of phrase to capture a mood or moment without overwriting a scene or falling back on long words or cliches. Just listen as she describes a Wichita bar:

> "It was a crusty place where cleaning up at night meant putting the chairs on the tables and turning on the hose. The cockroaches rode on the backs of customers, picking the smelliest to go home with...The bathrooms were barely coffins in comfort, and were raised off the floor due to a plumbing blunder that almost leveled the place in the 60's."

Even more striking is Sandberg's ability to not only render people and place in writing, but also to reveal the feelings and thoughts of those people. *Fairlane* is a book about people moving from one role in life to another, aging and having to let go of parts of their pasts as they become different and sometimes foreign people. It's a process that seems to surprise and overwhelm most of us, yet, whether describing a retired teacher or an uncomfortable aging father, or a farm-bound son in his teens, Sandberg shows insight, empathy, and an understanding of human nature that is rare. She is in fact at her best when portraying people from very different walks of life than her own, and if she ever falters at all, it's only when she brings in characters from the rock and roll subculture closest to her real life. Her characterization of the retired teacher looking back on her early years of marriage was a perfect encapsulation of the melancholy that comes with realizing there are things in your life that exist only in your past and that you can never live through again, her portrayals of the young lesbian couple seeking adventure seemed flat, if only by comparison.

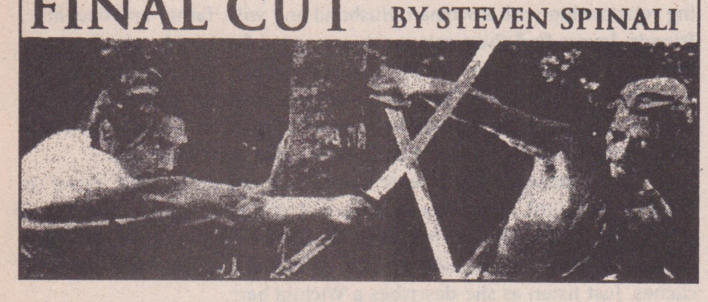
Overall, *Fairlane* is a stunning novel. It became the reading for my bus commute to work each morning, and its slow-moving, pensive style was well suited for those pre-dawn hours spent cradling a cup of coffee while crammed between nurses and students and security guards on their way to jobs and school. After a couple days, I even started taking alternate, longer bus routes to work just so I could watch the sun come up while leisurely working my way through the book. *Fairlane* is the perfect compliment to looking out a window at an odd hour of the day, it's a book to bring on a cross-country trip where it will have plenty of time to roll around in your mind while roads and small towns slip by.

The book is also beautiful to look at. The first hundred or so copies are hand-bound with dust jackets designed and printed by Firefly Press, a small print shop here in Portland, OR that specializes in high-quality letter-press work. Second and future printings are to be perfect bound and, I assume, are without the dust jacket, best to grab a copy now before the hand-bound copies disappear. —Doug Grime

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



THE INVISIBILITY DEFENSE

For better or worse, Ethan and Joel Coen have never made typical movies, and their latest, **The Man Who Wasn't There**, falls right in line. Their biggest challenge is in trying to engross us in a movie all about gray areas, and a main character who's barely there. They pull it off.

The film is in black and white (converted from a color negative). It tells the story of a gray-area character, a taciturn barber named Ed (Billy Bob Thornton) who despite being lanky and rather striking, slips into the background while everyone else around him yabbers and blabbers. If he were to walk across the street, instruments wouldn't even pick up his footsteps.

His wife Doris (Coen fave Frances McDormand) is a well-heeled saleswoman for Nirdlinger's department store. His best friend, jovial Big Dave (James Gandolfini), helps manage the store while getting a little side-action from Doris while he's there. And Ed works with fellow barber Frank (Michael Badalucco) who, like Doris and Dave, talks up a typhoon. Ed is almost the perfect foil as a voice-over narrator, a terse Jack Webb type. "I don't talk much. I just cut the hair."

He does a little more than that, though, and Dragnet wouldn't approve. When an entrepreneur tries to find investors for his newfangled invention—dry-cleaning—Ed sees it as the perfect way out of the doldrums of barbering. Since greenbacks don't grow on trees, Ed blackmails good buddy Frank for the $10,000. That's just the first domino in this movie that topples in a most unexpected way, one of many that ruins the lives of anyone it doesn't outright kill. For Ed, it opens up a worlds of uncertainty as the bodies follow Newton's law—the only thing you can halfway count on in this movie.

The Man Who Wasn't There goes at a deliberate pace, much like Ed himself: a bit slow at the draw. It isn't a typical film noir, filled with the usual darkness and despair; it's more like a deadpan comedy of slow-takes, beautifully plotted. As we find out in the Ed's trial for his buddy's murder, the film (and Ed's defense) is modeled around the Heisenberg Principle, which says that observing an object necessarily alters it; of course, Ed is the classic observer.

With the help of the Coens, Billy Bob Thornton pulls off a magician's feat, making an essentially dull character so absorbing that he almost single-handedly carries the film. With a few inches added to his height, graying hair, and meticulously grooming, Thornton is like an icon for that naive, ambiguous period of time that just preceded the 50s—a time when it was possible to believe there still could be mysteries. Surrounded by avarice (which he never quite figures out how to use), he gets tempted and bites the apple—and everyone else gets poisoned. These were curious times, and like many, Ed can't make sense of them.

Ever since their groundbreaking debut, **Blood Simple**, the Coen brothers have been slaves to style, and there are moments when the film has a hard time breaking out of its box. But it does such a good job of keeping the audience on its toes that when you finally do yield to it, there's a perverse pleasure in watching the gray area turn into a jet-black oil spill. The world may be full of uncertainties, but in the long run, the deciding factor in determining Ed's future is fate, the one uncertainty that has us all guessing.

Don't expect the exuberant comedy of the Coens' **Raising Arizona, The Hudsucker Proxy**, or even **Fargo**. A few scenes are fun for the sake of being fun (like the post-Roswell invasion of flying saucers, and the parody of an Italian wedding.) Mostly, though, **The Man Who Wasn't There** isn't compromising, a nice dark cup of post-modern noir.

The intro to **The Affair of the Necklace** says the film is based on actual events. That's unquestionably true, say, in the same sense that the Transamerica Pyramid is based on the design of Mesoamerican burial mounds. Historical dramas have moved beyond Anglos reading dialog in fake British accents for a film that takes place in revolutionary France. Restoration had the good sense to set things in England; Necklace might as well be in playland.

Hilary Swank plays the Countess Jeanne de la Motte-Valois—the dispossessed only daughter of a freedom-fighter murdered by royals for his subversive views. Without her parents, her status, and most of all, her ancestral home, she sees her life a mission unfulfilled.

At least she has a goal, which is more than you can say about the dissipated courtiers around her. Jeanne, married by convenience into relative comfort (but always a few seasons behind the latest fashion), hopes to fix things with a simple plan: she'll have a talk with Marie Antoinette (Joely Richardson), wife of Louis XIV, and simply request reinstatement to a legacy what's rightfully hers.

Dressed in florals when fashion demands satin and ruffles, she conveniently faints in front of the Queen; Antoinette, always disdainful of women who dress poorly, pauses only to step over her. When Jeanne decides to come to, she's helped to her feet by Reteux de Vilette (Simon Baker), a young, handsome, and rather rakish courtier who tells her everything she's been doing wrong, which is, basically, everything. He more or less assigns himself the role of tutor into the fine art of social introduction, and does it for quite a while without even asking for any grand cru de muff.

Swank, who won an Oscar for acting like a boy in last year's depressing **Boys Don't Cry**, is probably miscast here; her features are too boyish and jowly to be believable as a Frenchwoman, though her delicate, almost-English accent was a good call. As the sympathetic hero, she's never allowed to seem too calculating in her devices (which Jeanne, of course, was). That Jeanne de la Motte-Valois married for wealth is skewed to make to make her husband look bad, a man who despite philandering (a sin she's guilty of) otherwise seems like a decent bloke, I mean, monsieur.

She cultivates relationships with a number of influential personages through forged letters of introduction, the most memorable being the dangerous and powerful Cardinal Louis de Rohan (Jonathan Price). A fearsome figure in red, his determination to be Prime Minister is only equaled by his willingness to use his divine scepter in consecrating his female devotees. Jeanne leads Rohan to believe she can help, at least on the former score.

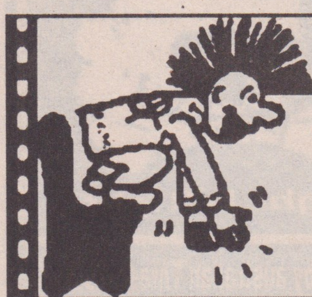
Christopher Walken is also particularly effective (and amusing) as the flamboyant psychic Cagliostro. Commanding and hypnotic, he's one of the few people trusted by the superstitious cardinal. Walken occasionally reminds one of his character, "The International," from SNL, but that hardly matters.

Jeanne's quest rises, or rather falls, to a new level when she gains temporary possession of a fabulously necklace containing over 2800 carats of precious stones. The jewelers mistakenly think she has the ear of Antoinette, the only person who afford it (and therefore save the jewelers from bankruptcy). Although Jeanne exploits the situation to bribe, blackmail, and steal, it's made to seem as if it's at least partly everyone else's fault. A victim of fate. What's a woman to do?

The Affair of the Necklace would have been more convincing if the heroine had been allowed to seem more evil, or at least conniving—another shark in the sea, and more successful than most. Still, the drama excels at focusing its attention on the most interesting characters and conflicts, and it rarely flags in interest. It may be stretching things to say that the whole necklace affair was overly significant in terms of the downfall of the French throne, but as long as you remember this is thickly embroidered fairy tale, you'll be fine.

I'm not sure about the "happily ever after" part, though.

Comments? Visit my movie website at http://home.earthlink.net/~sspinali/



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

It was very refreshing to see **Le Fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain (Amelie)**. It seems that most films made these days, the characters have some kind of "strange" problem (to so-called "normal" people), whether it is drug abuse, homosexuality, childhood trauma, or basic dissatisfaction with everyday life. I can relate, but it when the same themes are so overdone, it is hard to have any sympathy for the characters, particularly if the story sucks. It always seems that none of the filmmakers have any imagination and is simply reciting what they saw in another film. When you see as many films as I do, the repetition will drive you crazy. I need to be shaken up.

The main character of **Le Fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain** is a young French woman who had some childhood problems. Her mother died suddenly and tragically, in a way that is portrayed in the film as very comedic. Her father would not show her much affection. Yet, amazingly, she grows up to lead a simple, regular life. She is not in therapy. She isn't a serial killer. She isn't harboring some grudge against her father. In fact, she visits him every Sunday.

Amelie Poulain grows up to be a waitress in a Parisian bar. She lives alone in an apartment. She is friendly to her neighbors and the people she works with, but she doesn't seem to have any friends. She seems very content with life. One day in the bathroom of her flat, she accidentally discovers a loose tile that opens to the hiding place for a small box of toys. Amelie decides to find the owner and return his possessions. With the help of the help of the neighborhood people she tracks down the boy, now a fifty-year-old man, and anonymously returns the items. He is overjoyed.

Further inspired by her father's obsession with the upkeep of her dead mother's grave and his inability to move on, she decides to put an effort in making a difference in the people's lives around her. The first target on her list is the grocer Collignon who constantly abuses his allegedly dim-witted brother. Amelie breaks into Collignon's apartment and commits very minute acts of vandalism, such as switching the door knobs on his bathroom door, resetting his alarm clock for an earlier time, and buying him the exact same slippers that are a size too small. These small changes disrupt Collignon's day so much, especially when he shows up hours early to open the store, that he is forced to leave his brother in charge of the store, allowing the brother to prove his competence.

After a succession of good deeds, Amelie accidentally meets Nino. He drops a photo album and Amelie picks it up. She is intrigued and looks at the pictures obsessively. When Nino puts up fliers for his lost album, the fun begins.

Most fans of alternative cinema find this story mundane. It would be, if not seen through the eyes of a very creative director Jean-Pierre Jeunet (**Delicatessen** and **The City Of Lost Children**) and the subtly ingenious character of Amelie. We are presented with everyday situations that are fused with a sense of an eerily extreme optimism as well as a specialization in the absurd. It is excitingly fresh and a nice view of the other side. You want to live a week in Amelie's shoes. You just know that any more would ruin the whole thing.

Almost contrary to the idea of **Le Fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain** is **One Thousand Years**, a digital video film I pretty much stumbled across. There was a premiere last week at the rarely open Victoria Theatre in San Francisco. I read a small review in one of the weekly papers and thought I would check it out. I went to the film by myself, as I normally do.

Usually a film theater is one of the few places you don't seem out of place if you are alone. However, at this screening I was the only one in attendance who didn't know everyone else there. When I bought my ticket, the man in the booth looked perplexed as to why I was there. He was very appreciative and I later discovered he was the director.

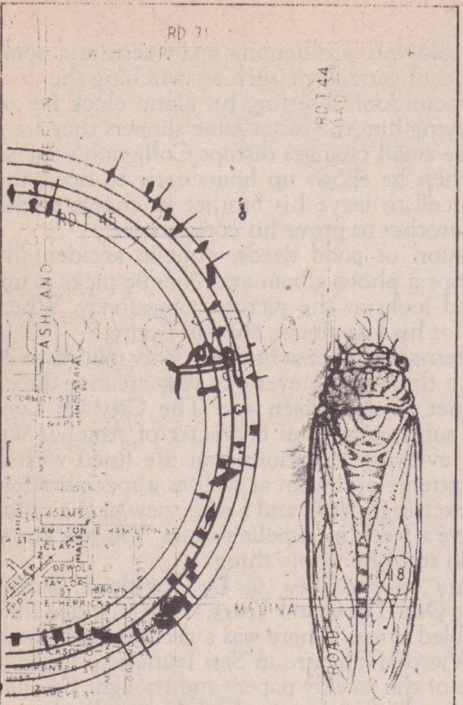
One Thousand Years is an unrequited love story set in San Francisco. Maria is a photography student. She is visiting a friend who has a new roommate Keith. It is crush at first sight. Keith is also an amateur photographer, so they have a lot in common. The two begin to hang out. Maria even sleeps over, platonically, of course. It is a painfully realistic portrayal of this type of one-sided relationship. If you've ever been through one, you know what I mean. The realism lasts right up until the expected ending.

The subplot is less straightforward. Maria's friend Emma, a writer, tells a story about a man from a thousand years ago and a woman from a thousand in the future who arrive in the present day. Each is looking for the same book that will prevent the apocalypse in their respective times. Kind of confusing, since I figure the guy from the past should figure out that the apocalypse doesn't happen during his time. Needless, the two join forces to find the book. The real meets the imaginary when the woman from a thousand years in the future walks past the coffee shop where Maria and Keith are. This doesn't make any sense to me and the solution to their quest is downright disappointing.

The filmmaker Gabriel Fleming, who took on almost all production roles, comes from a background of making art documentaries for museums. That explains his interest in documenting life exactly as it presents itself, even in a fictional piece. He has an eye for and focuses extra attention on the aesthetics of small details of daily life, like a CD reflection on the ceiling. However, most of the time this seems very forced and is not enough to make the film transcend the banalities of life. Even documentaries need certain aspects to inspire the viewer. While **Le Fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain** is that amazing, once in a lifetime love that probably never happened, **One Thousand Years** is the one embarrassing night you remember with a smile.

—Carolyn Keddy

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send me a copy c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.



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THE SLASH CITY DAGGERS
BACKSTABBER BLUES

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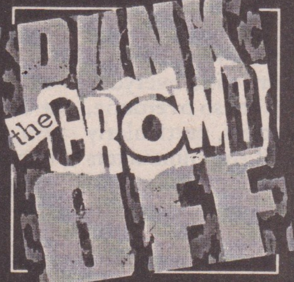

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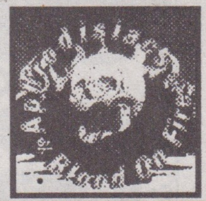

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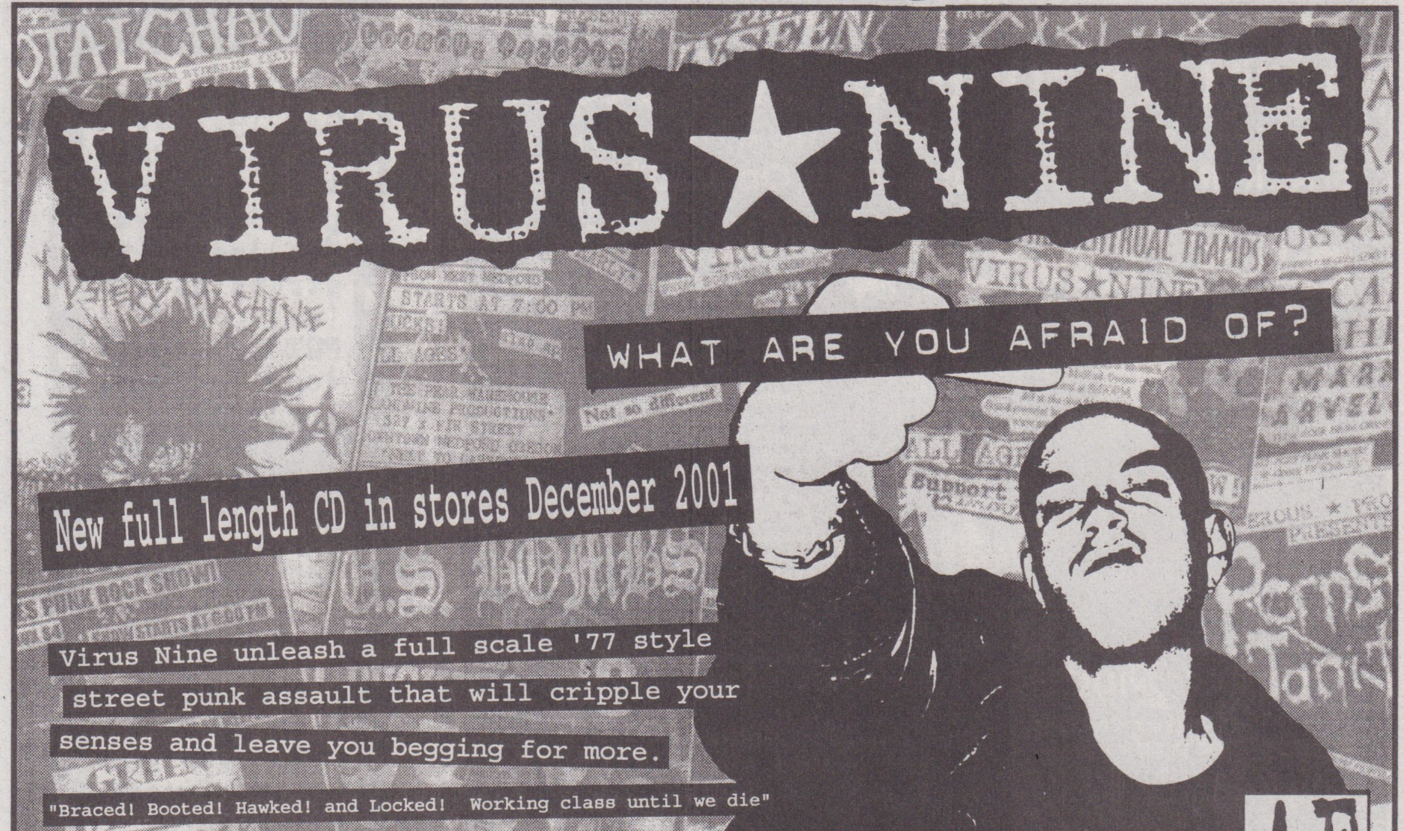
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BLACK UNIFORMS

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(From The Vaults)

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Be prepared for a lethal dosage of hardcore horrors from the vaults!!! Brought together for the 1st time on vinyl are 13 tracks of raw fuck-you Swedish hardcore with hints of Discharge and elements of metallic UK styles. These tracks were gathered from recordings that appeared on 2 demos (Back From The Grave & Horror Holocaust), the Uniforms "straightedge my arse" cassette and Really Fast vol.5, which all date back from 1986-89. The insert includes an official story on the band along with interviews, write-ups, flyers, photos and more! 1st Press of the LP is limited to 600 copies on SPLATTERED COLOR vinyl & 100 copies on BLACK vinyl.
In addition to the 13 tracks from the vinyl version, the CD contains songs from their "Faces Of Death" LP (on Hardcore Horror Records '89) plus 2 additional demo//unreleased tracks, including a Moderat Likvidation Medley!!

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20 dollar whore
TEENAGE FUCKIN' BOREDOM EP

4 PROMILLE - "Und Ab..." LP

I'm not real big on the foreign-language stuff. Call me shallow. This is street-ish melodic punk with most of the vocals in German and a few in English. It's not bad in a TKO Records-meets-LEATHERFACE kind of way. It's just nothing special or overwhelming to me. (RL)

(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, mosh@knock-out.de)

20 DOLLAR WHORE - "Teenage Fucking Boredom" EP

Cute! I swear to God, I tried to come at this feeling all jaded and pissy old reviewer-like. Now I just want to lend a hand to these poor teenage losers in Finland. Won't you? Send them your surplus records, porn, and booze to inspire them to write more stupid catchy garage tunes. They are great and they need your nurturing and tough-love. (RY)

(Big Neck, PO Box 8144 Reston, VA 20195)

Acidic Soil
Methane Hydrate

ACIDIC SOIL - "Methane Hydrate" EP

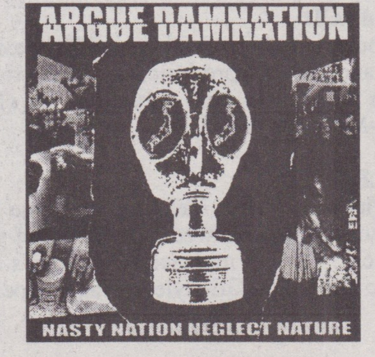
Blazing fast high-pitched *metallic* hardcore from Japan. This shit fucking smokes!! This latest addition to the ACIDIC SOIL arsenal is by far the best. I believe that the band is a project for lead guitarist Kentaro, as each record features a different line-up and slightly different style, except for the exceptional wailing guitar solos. The solo...it never stops. It's there during the chorus, under the vocals, during the breakdown, it's there from beginning to end, and it rules. As the record declares: "Remove All Preconceptions of Metal," because this record rules! Fans of GISM-styled Japcore take note, but this is no knock-off. The ONLY thing wrong with this record is that there are only two songs. (WN)

(Revive, 30 Nakajima-cho Monoyama-cho, Fushima-ku, Kyoto 612-8005 JAPAN)

GG ALLIN - "Violent Beatings" CD

Reissue of the *Watch Me Kill* EP, remixed, remastered and with some alternate versions. Whatever—GG Allin was always a one trick pony to me, and it certainly wasn't for any overt musical talents. If only he'd killed himself on stage, I'd have more respect for him—if nothing else, for being 100% about his "lifestyle." In the end, he died a pathetic death, and there's nothing redeeming in that. Mediocre, raw punk, with the obvious scat and death references. A bit too simpleminded to be terribly engaging—reminds me of a three year-old who says all the words they're not supposed to just to get a rise outta mommy. Wonder what he was so scared of. (TM)

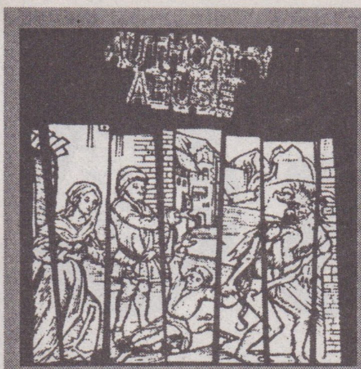
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826)



AMERICAN HEARTBREAK/LIBERTINE - "You Can't Kill Rock 'n' Roll" split CD

Titled *You Can't Kill Rock 'n' Roll*, you can certainly question the rock 'n' roll in a punk sense here. What you do get is two glam-ish punk pop bands doing it right. I've finally left the JETBOY "rock" connection behind and accept AMERICAN HEARTBREAK as a combo with some catchy and slightly anthemic songs. LIBERTINE continues on with it's MIKE NESS meets RICHARD BUTLER vocals and basic chord progressions. A solid split. (RL)

(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707 www.coldfrontrecords.com)



THE AVENGERS

BARBERSKUM
..here's one we prepared earlier

BLOODHAG
NECROTIC BIBLIOPHILIA

APERS - CD

Just when you think you've heard enough SCREECHING WEASEL and QUEERS sounding bands that you could puke, this Netherlands combo come along and tears it up! A great full length of nasally snotty punk with fast catchy songs and all the "whoas." Another strong release from the guys, and finally an LP! (RL)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

ARGUE DAMNATION - “”Nasty Nation Neglect Nature” CD

More Japanese stuff, what a great month!! ARGUE DAMNATION are among the best DIY hardcore bands in Japan, and this record is no exception. Awesome fast Japcore with definite European influences (especially in the guitar). Only five songs on this disc, with topics ranging from the Japanese right-wing extremists (believe me, you see these nationalists on the street in Tokyo in their big black bus, you will be scared) and direct action to the international DIY network. "We believe in Network of Friends/we believe in DIY/no need punk business man/go away from our scene." I couldn't agree more. A fantastic disc, and a DEAD KENNEDYS cover to boot! (WN)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913 JAPAN)

AUTHORITY ABUSE/KAKISTOCRACY - Split EP

Okay, listening to the AUTHORITY ABUSE side of this record immediately brought up an old question—all of the early Dischord releases were recorded on a 4 track. They all sound amazing! What would have happened if they didn't know their way around the equipment so well? Kids across the globe might have reacted the same was as I did to AUTHORITY ABUSE, their poor recording sucking any possible energy and passion out of their three songs, leaving me unsure and uninterested in viewing them as anything more than another hardcore band. KAKISTOCRACY do two songs. One's a RESIST cover. The other might as well be. It's yer basic crust punk full of long drawn-out intros and clean-sounding bass lines. Reading their lyrics, I thought I was reading something pasted out of last month's issue of *Z Magazine*, wondering where the fuck the actual lyrics were! (VH)
(196 Fairfield, Elmhurst, IL 60126)

AVENGERS - "We Are the One" EP

This boot was pressed from the original plates, which means nothing, except that it sounds like you want it to sound, and not like some crappy bullshit recorded from the pisser in the Mab in '78. Classic pieces of vinyl such as this you don't fine-tooth comb if you know what's good for you, since they achieve a certain near-perfect integrity over time. But (just out of force of habit) these aren't my favorite AVENGERS' songs, except for "Car Crash," which, uh, *is* one of my favorites. The two on side A ("I Believe In Me" is the third) are both strong musically but are some of Penelope's soggiest lyrically—she was worse at the posi and better at the spooky and/or pissed. Still, I advocate buying all AVENGERS reissues, especially if they don't cost an arm and a leg and aren't on that one label. (AC)
(no address)

BARBERSKUM - "..Here's One We Prepared Earlier" CD

I get it they did this earlier, like five years ago when it was really, really fashionable to sound like NOFX and that lot (just not as witty). Please shoot me. Generic pop punk that never goes any where other than to the well one too many times for the same old tricks I've heard a million times before. This isn't down right awful, but my god when will this dribble stop. If you are going to make a generic record make a generic rocking record. (BM)
(Skumbag, geocities.com/barberskum2000, barberskum@iol.ie)

BIG NUMBERS - "Now Everything" CD

Solid as hell post-punk that's still punk. They suffer from lets-stop-the-song-to-change-gears-then-go-back disease, which always smacks of showy prog tendencies to me, but there's enough scratchy grit on this to satisfy the artier/restless searchers out there. (RW)
(Frog Man Jake, no address)

BITCH BOYS - "More Hits Than You've Expected" CD

Street punk from Germany that's not bad at all, but a tad too by-the-books. They have the Marshalls, the "whoa whoa's", sing-a-long choruses, and the standard lyrical content, etc. etc. The BITCH BOYS are pretty decent, but after a while these bands kind of run together. (NF)
(Combat Rock, 7 Rue du Pauis, 57950 Montigny-Les-Metz, FRANCE)

BLACK UNIFORMS - "Splatter Punx on Acid" LP

Retrospective LP from this old Swedish punk/hardcore band. Reading all of the liner notes, you get the sense that they were among the all of the raging Swedish hardcore of years ago, and simply didn't get the recognition of their peers. This is midpaced (by today's standards!) hardcore which touches on some of the classic DISCHARGE-styled riffage associated

with Swedish hardcore of this era. Not quite in the league of some of the ANTI-CIMEX, SVART SNÖ bands from then, but nothing to be ashamed of. Especially enjoyed stuff like "Never Surrender" wherein they turned up the speed a bit. (TM)
(Hardcore Holocaust, PO Box 26742, Richmond VA, 23261)

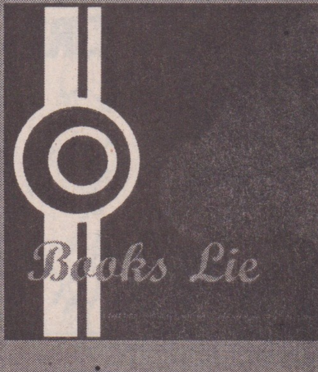
BLOODHAG - "Necrotic Bibliophilia" CD

Was psyched that I got this for review, as it's a band I'd read a lot about and I had some curiosity. From what I gather, it's a metalcore band whose songs are entirely about authors (one author per song). Edu-core as they call it, and if you're bookworm thrasher, finally a dream realized. For whatever reason, I thought of the FUCKING CHAMPS when I read about them, and that may not have been entirely fair. They're certainly not songwriters on par with the CHAMPS, which isn't to say they're bad. Some of the songs didn't retain a lot of character, and it did become monochromatic at times. Novel idea for sure! (TM)
(Rock and Rollplay, 634 NW 48th, Seattle, WA 98107)

DEVASTATION ACROSS
THE LAND / SPEWING & CHURNING / BODIES OF MAN
BLOWN TO BITS

BLOWN TO BITS - "Devastation Across the Land..." EP

BLOWN TO BITS are a new Bay Area band that have been playing a ton of shows lately. They have got that total Scandinavian punk/hardcore thing going. Hard charging music, that is obviously influenced from years of listening to ANTI-CIMEX and SKITSYSTEM records. Unfortunately there is no lyric sheet, but one look at the song titles tells you they are probably pretty angry and hopeless. Solid first effort. (RC)
($3.50 ppd: Disintegration, PO Box 419, 1442A Walnut St, Berkeley, CA 94709)



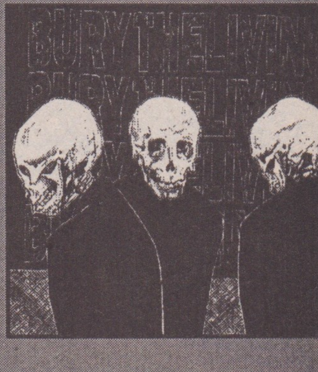
BOOKS LIE - "I Felt Like Such a Loser Until I Realized That I Am Already a Winner" EP

I thought so much of this band's first record that I bought it on both formats. I saw them live and a least for the next month I had a new favorite band. Well time goes by and being a music nerd, I sort of have a couple new loves and was forgetting those that had showed me a good time in the not-so-distant past. Well, BOOKS LIE have delivered to me one great EP that seems to be intent on rekindling the romance. A cross between early Vermiform release and DC, this record delivers some serious fast dancey hardcore that will have you grooving so much you'll swear on your Frank Sinatra. Oh, I need to get a letter begging my forgiveness and love off to... (JF)
(Level-plane, PO Box 280, New York, NY 10276)

BREATHE IN
from this day on

BREATHE IN - "From this Day On" CD

Harsh, raw metallic hardcore from a label who seems to seek out quality. Twelve songs in 23 minutes or so—cranking right along. The vocals are suitably rough as to be nearly unintelligible—which isn't a bad thing by me. Taking cues from the latest wave of hardcore with a searing metallic undercurrent, they've managed to keep it charismatic enough that this wasn't merely another derivative hardcore band. Good stuff. (TM)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston MA, 02199-0052)



BUFF MEDWAYS - "This is This" CD

You might have heard of 'em. You might have even heard 'em and/or caught them during their recent jaunt through the San Francisco Bay Area. If you haven't bothered to catch up on the latest developments in the world of Old World Garage Punk 'n' Blues, then know now that the BUFF MEDWAYS are the new star vehicle for punk rock warhorse Billy Childish. This following his successes with the POP RIVETS, the MILKSHAKES, MIGHTY CAESARS, and of course the HEADCOATS & HEADCOATEES. What are the MEDWAYS all about? It's safe enough to say that they're close to the Childish tradition of choppy guitar and angst 'n' blues, though this new release finds the compass spinning toward turgid, churning muzak and away from the poppier and punkier colorings of recent 'COATS. Fans will dig it, and hell...it's good to see the old codger out and around again. Let the flood of vinyl commence. (JH)
(Vinyl Japan)

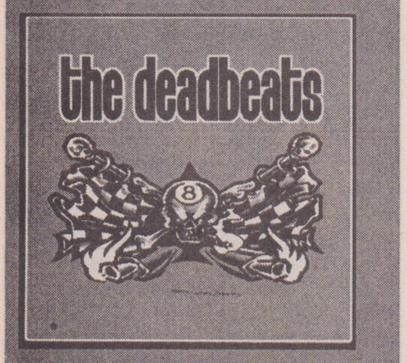
BURY THE LIVING - "Banned for Life" EP

Whether you are a fan of burly heavy hardcore, or prefer more polished modern stuff, or you just like the "old school," this record is fucking for you. I seriously can't get over how awesome this record is...brutal to-the-point lyrics, raw sound, but still thick and powerful, fast cuz it's good (as opposed to fast for the sake of speed), and vocals that are just fucking HARDCORE. The words to the first song: "contracts and guarantees/you missed the fucking point/don't want your kind around here/fuck you and your booking agent/banned for life." It's punk as fuck, and does not let up once during these nine songs. It's like GORDON SOLIE and NEGATIVE APPROACH sharing a studio with FROM ASHES RISE. I want all fans of hardcore to own this, and I want more bands like this everywhere. Do yourself a favor, and put some cash in the mail. (WN)
(Eminent Domain, PO Box 884, Poplar Bluff, MO 63901)

CATHARSIS/NEWBORN - split LP

charlie brown gets a valentine
elegy
commencement

COUNTERATTACK



Ironic that I'd get this—was listening to CARTHASIS a lot in the last couple of weeks. They've always had an irrefutable quality to their releases which set them apart from so many, and this is another nail of similar quality. Bit unusual that it's a single song (12" LP at 45 rpm) which exceeds anything in terms of length and style that I've heard from them before. Impressively enough, they pull it off—it doesn't rely on the repetition which would cripple something of this nature. Interesting breaks, variation in pace and style—you barely notice how long it's been going. Flip is a bit more "traditional"—four hardcore songs from a Hungarian band who manage multiple vocalists and start/stop stylings to good effect. Definitely worth seeking out. (TM)
(Scorched Earth Policy, Postfach 3214, 7608 Karlsruhe, GERMANY)

CATHETER/BENT OVER BACKWARDS - split EP

CATHETER from Colorado kick out three songs of awesome stenchcore that bring to mind bands like EXTREME NOISE TERROR, with an occasional blast beat here and there. It all sounds gritty and tough as nails. BEND OVER BACKWARDS follow down a similar path, except they add in a few more time changes and occasionally slow things down to let the sheer heaviness do the talking. Regardless you can't really go wrong with either band. Check it out. (RC)
(Bad People, PO Box 180931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

CHAOTIC DISCHORD - "Now That's What I Call a Fuckin' Racket" CD

I would never have thought of CHAOTIC DISCHORD as classic, but as part of their "Classic Chaos" series Punkcore Records has dredged the Riot City archives. Super snotty, fast, obnoxious punk from mid-80s England. Including the *Live in New York* album, this disc is chock full of such ballads as "Fuck Religion, Fuck Politics, and Fuck the Lot of You," "Who the Fuck Are You," "What the Fuck's Going On," "Fuck New York," "Fuck Off and Die," and "Fuck the World," but no sign of my personal favorite CHAOTIC DISCHORD ditty, "Hey Goth Fuck Off!" They're actually better than I remember them. This is a CD for lovers of all things tactless and tasteless. I just can't figure out if I'm laughing with them or at them. (AD)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, N.Y. 11953)

CHARLIE BROWN GETS A VALENTINE - "Commencement" CD

Winner of possibly the worst band name of the issue, CBGaV churns out some catchy post-GREEN DAY pop punk on its first full-length album, loaded with confessional lyrics about growing up and falling in and out of love, plus the occasional display of quirky emo instrumental techniques and textures. Meaning it's not my thing at all, but pleasant enough for fans of the genre. (JG)
(Wyndel, PO Box 390214, Deltona, FL 32739, wyndelrecords.com)

CIRIL - CD

Here's some scum hardcore with doomy death rock undertones—sounds like a bad hangover you want to stop but just can't. Bad trip. (DL)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

THE COME ONS - "Hip Check" LP

This Detroit trio opts for a more "swingin'" sound, with spare, off-the-beat guitars, Farfisa organ, groovin' female vocals, and even the occasional addition of a wind section (like on "Keep the Change"). The title song sounds like a stylistic reworking of "Cool Jerk", while most of the other songs fall into a mid-tempo rhythm that can get repetitious without stick-to-the-ribs tunes or stand-out covers. (SS)
(Sympathy, www.sympathyfortherecordindustry.com)

COMETS ON FIRE - LP

Not usually something I would like, but I do. Loud rock, verging on the edge of metal, but fortunately they don't go that far. There are guitar solos and wah-wah pedals, but there is great primitive drumming, a very fast pace and a singer who screams his head off with melody. I see an assemblage of MC5, SCIENTISTS and FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM. I am amused that everything seems so off balance and out of control, but stays concise. I'll turn this one up really loud and tell everyone here to FUCK OFF. This is great. (CK)
($10 ppd: Silver Currant, 819 Riverside Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95060, hogtied@aol.com)

COUNTERATTACK - "Fight Back" EP

Fuck Yes! COUNTERATTACK from Washington DC, have some intelligent skinhead music for you fucks this month! This is crisply played skinhead street Oi! with deep, gruff vocals and very good guitar parts. In the song "Soldier" COUNTERATTACK pledge their allegiance to the memory of the fallen soldier, but they question the government's motivation: "Uniforms, guns, hand grenades—Off you go to meet your fate/Swallowed everything that you were fed/On foreign soil you'll end up dead/Our nation worth dying for/Not a government that sends kids to die/A pointless struggle, not a real cause...Soldier laid in a fuckin swamp". This

skinhead music has pure power, melodies, hooks and balls! This is highly recommended! (BR)
(Reality Clash Records, PO Box 491, Dana Point, CA 92629-0491 wwwrealityclash.com)

DM BOB AND THE DEFICITS - "Cajun Creole Hot Nuts" CD

"Swamp Blues Trash," it says, and who am I to naysay? More of the kind of slop that both DM BOB and Voodoo Rhythm records have come to be known for. For the uninitiated, this isn't as over the top as LIGHTNING BEAT MAN (who makes DM BOB seem almost reverent to "roots music"), but is not without a certain subdued charm. (DD)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Zurich, SWITZERLAND, www.voodoorhythm.com)

DAMAGE - "Final" CD

While I was doing some time in Philly I heard much talk about this band, but never managed to see them, and now it seems they are no more. Too bad, cause if this CD (the format is the only strike against them) is any indication of their live show they were quite the wrecking ball of mosh-tracity. Burly "East Coast" hardcore which sounds well bred on equal parts LIFE'S BLOOD and early AGNOSTIC FRONT. Includes their demo and a well-recorded live set at CBGB's. Pop this on the stereo and fucking mosh! (MT)
(Deathwish, 432 Morris Ave, Providence, RI 02906)

DARK BUSTERS/F.O.B. - split LP

DARK BUSTERS lead you down many musical paths. I can hear a little BIG BOYS here, a little NOMEANSNO there. These guys know how to play well, and their English isn't half bad either. F.O.B. go for a sing-along anthem style punk rock. I hear these LPs are cheap at Amoeba here in Frisco! Do yourself a favor and check out some decent Croatian punk rock! (HM)
(Dark Busters: Grbac Marko; Petra levaka 26, 52100 Pula; F.O.B.: Vedran Meniga; V. Ruzdjaka 8, 10000 Zagreb, CROATIA)

DAYCARE SWINDLERS – "In Loving Memory" CD

OK, while I appreciate good, intelligent lyrics as much as the next guy, the music still has to be there. If it isn't, what is to stop me from just reading a book? DAYCARE SWINDLERS play mediocre punk with rock overtones, and the singer attempts to sing like Frankie Stubbs from LEATHERFACE. Except Frankie can sing and the singer for DAYCARE SWINDLERS can't. (JF)
(Vile Beat, PO Box 42462, Washington, DC 20015)

THE DEADBEATS - " Damned Since Day One/Another Shot"

Side one has a DIRTBOMBS feel to it, without quite so much Mick Collins soul inspiration. The second song is just good rock music, and some screeching blues. For a record so short, it feels like I got all the time in the world. Pour *me* another shot. (RY)
(Wax)

DEAD EMPTY - "Blame Luck Blame Fate" 10"

Solid street punk with a sometimes ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, sometimes RANCID sound. I remember being not too impressed with their last EP, but this one is definitely a keeper because not only is it a good record, it's a lovely picture disc. (DP)
(Reality Clash Records, PO Box 491, Dana Point, CA 92629, www.realityclash.com)

DEAD LETTER DEPT. - CD

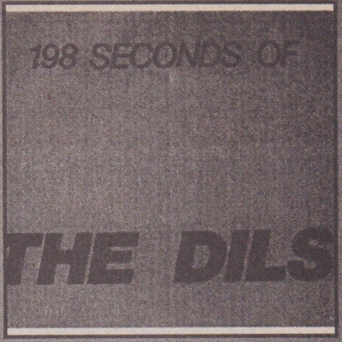
Fairly generic pop-punk in the vein of ZOINKS!, PARASITES, and a legion of other mostly forgettable bands. Ben Weasel sound-a-like vocals and Mass Giorgini production can't save it, I'm afraid. It doesn't *suck*, just fails to rock the bells. (AD)
(Ductape, PO Box 741, 1057 Steeles Ave W, north York, Ontario, M2R 3X1, CANADA)

DEADWEIGHT/SHORTTIME - split LP

Two hardcore bands from the Netherlands on this split. DEADWEIGHT is dark and angry. Remember when it became really cool to get all evil in the straight edge scene (i.e. INTEGRITY)? With their eerie and atmospheric intros, I think that's the tip DEADWEIGHT is on. Why the hell not? This is pretty damn good, it takes me back to the early Victory Records releases. (chugga-chugga-chugga, break it down.) FACE VALUE, INTEGRITY, LIFE CYCLE. That was the straight edge hardcore I really dug....I should say THIS is the straight-edge hardcore I really dig. On the other side SHORTTIME plays good sincere hardcore, it's brutal and honest. You can hear the fucking frustration seething from singers vocal chords. It's not all DISCHARGE and it's not all NYHC, but a nice blend of both. Lyrically: working class, DIY, posi, and eco-friendly. Solid release, both bands kill it. Purchase this record now. (AS)
(Motor Wolf,www.globaldarkness.com/motorwolf)

DECEIVING RALPH - "...Dances With Grandma!" CD

Here's some goofy pop punk with lots of songs about girls and a healthy slant on relationships gone bad. These horny kids play alright, but I can only stand a few of these pop punk

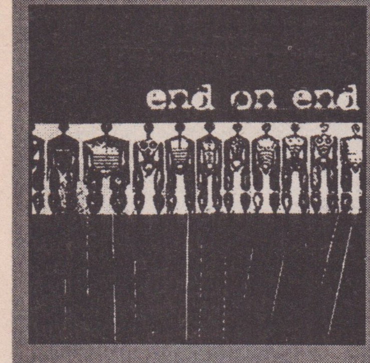


DISCIPLINE
LOVE THY
NEIGHBOR

dread
101
BEZ VIRY

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN
SICK AS A DOG

tunes at a time. Fourteen ditties with a special eleven-minute hidden bonus track that goes on and on. Painful. (HM)
(Racing Ralph, 683 Euclid Ave, Crescent Springs, KY 41017, www.deceiving.ralph.org)



DECEIVING SOCIETY - "Detonation Cruster" LP

You know this is going to be a winner right from the 30 seconds of feedback that start out the first side. Total CONFUSE-worship lo-fi Japanese thrash. The thing that makes it is the mid-tempo rock beats in nearly every song that have you on the edge of your seat (or, more appropriately, on the edge of your pit) waiting for the next thrash detonation that you know is right around the corner. Blazing high end guitars, cymbal fuzz, and a bass player you can actually hear...if you are still reading this review then you need this record. (WN)
(Crust War, 1-28-3A, Shikitsu-Nishi 2, Naniwa-Ku, Osaka City 556-0017 JAPAN)

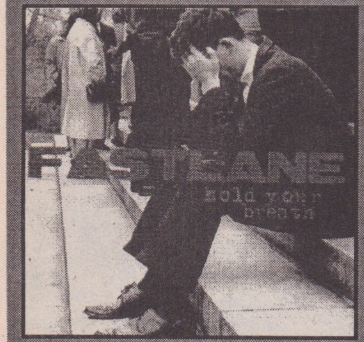
Eterna Inocencia
Backflip/Un Salto Mortal Para Atrás

DEGRADATION - "Still Screaming" EP

Still screaming about what? About being stabbed in the back? People changing their convictions? Metal influenced hardcore? Come-fucking-on people! There's a lot more in this world to scream about! So yeah, this band is sXe and yes, they have nice action shots of clean cut boys (OK, there's one girl) wearing shirts of bands that mattered about twelve years ago screaming on the cover and yes, they do a really good impersonation of bands like WIDE AWAKE or even PROJECT X, but should you really care? Old school? It wasn't that great then and it ain't so great now. (MT)
(Siton, Dr. Hyleboslaan 19, 9220 Hamme, BELGIUM)

DIESEL BOY/DIVIT split CD

If you've heard either of these bands, you know what to expect. If it weren't for DIVIT's less potty-mouthed lyrics, you couldn't really tell that this is a split. For some reason, I remember DIESEL BOY being much more amusing—maybe it's because I was five years younger when I heard them. Anyway, their four tracks are out and out throwaways, one being a cover of a song by on RICKY MARTIN, and another a version of "Titty Twister" en Español, both of which feel like a Fat Wreck THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS. Worth checking out if you're into either band. (RD)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)



THE DILS - "198 Seconds of..." 45

Perfect. (AD)
(No Address)

THE DILS - "Dils Dils Dils" LP

If you've been looking for original or bootleg copies of the DILS' trax, stop and buy this authorized retrospective of the '77 band's material. The rawer tunes come off best; while a ballad like "Sound of the Rain" doesn't make good use of the trio's slashing style, their debut, "Class War," remains a classic with its lo-fi recording and earnest delivery. Of the live tunes on the flip, the five recorded in '78 in Berkeley have the best sound and performances. (SS)
(Dionysius, www.dionysiusrecords.com)

Good Riddance / Kill your idols

DISCIPLINE - "Love Thy Neighbor" CD

Punk 'n'roll with lyrics about unions, rejection, and women. They do a pretty good cover of SOCIAL DISTORTION's "Prison Bound." Not bad, but lacks excitement. (SR)
(Too Damn Hype, PO Box 15793, Philadelphia, PA 19103, toohype@aol.com)

DISCHARGE - "Punk and Destroy" LP

This is a bootleg version of a Japanese LP that appeared on VAP Records many years ago. The "Punk and Destroy" LP is a compilation of the first five DISCHARGE seven-inches. This supplies the essential early DISCHARGE songs at a reasonable price. This music changed the punk world forever! When Clay Records #1 appeared in 1980 and the punks heard the howls of this singer with the cutting metal guitar leads, it stood English punk music on its ear! If you listen to "Realities of War", "They Declare It", "Society's Victim", "Fight Back", "Wars and Fairytales", "Religion Instigates", "Decontrol", "Tomorrow Belongs to Us", "Never Again" or "Death Dealers", this shit is as fresh now as it was in the early 'eighties!!! With the scathing lyrics indicting the government, the church, and the police, many a young punk was influenced by this band!! (BR)
(no address)

LA DONNAS - CD

Despite the fact that the LA DONNAS have one of the most unfortunate names in history (right up there with the band that call themselves the L.E.S. STITCHES and have to explain their identity to crowds of fans of the Los Angeles STITCHES), they're on the right track. This is fast-churning wall-o'-guitar noise that I don't normally cross the kitchen to hear but usually gets a willing listen from yours truly...fast and humpy with a decided CANDY SNATCHERS-

meets-WEAKLINGS ambience to it. In other words, it's what tattooed bikers listen to when they're not being tattooed or riding their motorcycles up on the curb in restricted zones. These guys would go over real big with the Monster Truck crowd, and no mistake. (JH)
(Scooch Pooch, 5850 W. 3rd St., Ste. 209, Los Angeles, CA 90036)

DREAD 101/FASTARD - split EP

Vocals on the DREAD 101 side are monstrous and high-pitched at the same time, while the fastcore pummels. Not snotty, not screamy, not quite of this species. The speed pretty much maintains, while the drums and singing keep the tension high. I saw this Czech band live in their homeland this past year and thought they were badass: this EP is no disappointment.This is the latest from them since their split with EXISTENCH last year, and that's too bad. Perhaps an LP is in the works? The first ten seconds of the FASTARD side (and believe me, they can fit a lot into ten seconds) had me worried about power violence-style monotony, but the speed of this shit doesn't detract from its imaginative arrangements. Truth be told, I prefer mine slightly more melodic, but this refuses to release its hold on my attention, nonetheless.(AC)
(Insane Society, PO Box 6, 501 01 Hradec, Králové, CZECH REPUBLIC,barvak.insane@worldonline.cz)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - "Sick As a Dog/Sex and Dying in High Society" 45

Yes sir, it's a new ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN release. This band has been around long enough that I don't need to give that much of a description their sound (you've probably heard it before). Here's the brief version: Garage rock with slight metallic influence. I think the Scandinavian Garage bands of today have all of the ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN records, judging from this sound. Side A is an original with a very late '70s DEAD BOYS-ish sound. Side B is an X (LA) cover. The X song is done quite well, complete with an Exene impersonator, only imagine a sleazier John Doe complete with a moustache singing. Thumbs up, it's always good to see bands that have been around for a while putting out records that don't suck. (AS)
(Telegraph Company)

EMSCHERKURVE 77 - "Die Macht Vom Neiderrhein" 10"

I'm not sure if you're aware of this but in Europe (Europe is East of the United States, if you head for New York and keep going you should hit it) soccer is called "football" not "soccer" and is played by boys and men, not girls, preppies, or "athletes". It is also considered a Working Class (or "blue collar") passtime as opposed to a Middle Class (or "white") one. Keeping up? A lot of teams will have right wing followers and a lot of teams will have left wing followers. These followers will not only support their team, but also anti-fascist teams from other countries too. The best known team with a leftist/anarchist following is Germany's FC St. Pauli (nothing to do with the beer...) anyway, against this back drop there's a lot of bands like S.C. Rot-Weiss Oberhausen's EMSCHERKURVE 77 who sing songs about "football", beer, and probably (though my German is a little rusty) chasing racists. The music is the typical beer-house street punk with tons of melody and group chanted choruses. I've said it before, I'm a sucker for this stuff. Now I gotta go and watch Liverpool (my "football" team) beat Middlesbrough ("shite".) (AD)
(Knock Out Records, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

END ON END - "Dustbins" EP

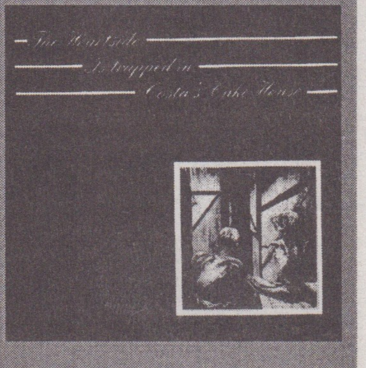
Well, no one's breaking much ground here. This is mid-tempo melodic punk rock hardcore that isn't particularly exciting to me. It reminds me of GORILLA BISCUITS, DAG NASTY or at times KID DYNAMITE. I think the strongest part of this record is some nice but brief commentary about people's fixation on material goods and about globalization. It's nice to know that other people are thinking about that kind of stuff, especially in a time when "America is Open for Business" and "United We Stand" signs are plastered all over our streets (WR)
(Headline, 7708 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046)

ETERNAL INOCENCIA - "Backflip/Un Salto Mortal Para Atras" CD

An overview of tracks from the last six years by this Argentinean band. A handful of tracks stick out with their urgency and catchiness, but the majority stay the mid-tempo course and sound very influenced by the likes of BAD RELIGION mixed with some early SoCal punk influences. If this comp of their songs was half as long, I'd be much more into it. As it is, I'd say it is a worthwhile listen, as long as you're near the fast forward button. (BG)
($5 ppd: Chumpire, PO Box 680, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

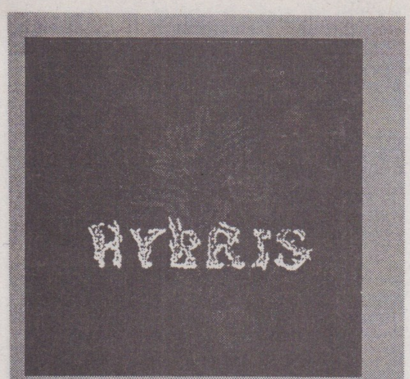
F.B.I. - "Auf Leben Und Tod" LP

Melodic ska punk with gruff vocals sung in German. It's done competently enough, but after being stuck in Britain (where ska punk grows on trees) for the better half of the year, I've had enough of this type of music to last a few lifetimes. Not for me. (NF)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46517 Dinslaken GERMANY)



HUMAN WASTE

HUMAN WASTE
kaos & skit



JACK KILLED JILL...
Hello Neighbor

JERRY McCAIN
and his upstarts

JOHN
BROWNS
KIDS.
KIDS
SPLIT!

THE FREAKS UNION/WHIZZWOOD - split LP

THE FREAKS UNION kick it into high gear with some kick-ass punk. One tune certainly has that "Sonic Reducer" sound. They mix it up a bit with a couple CITIZEN FISH style ska tunes thrown in. WHIZZWOOD is another blast of energy in the PROPAGANDHI vein. "Crime Pays When Pigs Die" stands out, as does their version of "Denim and Leather," Both bands shred, and there's only a thousand of these pups, so hurry and pick one up. (HM)

(£6 (UK), £7 (Europe), £8 (USA) ppd: Peter Bower, PO Box 132, Leeds, LS6 2RR, ENGLAND, UK, peterbower@alcoholic.co.uk)

GOOD RIDDANCE/KILL YOUR IDOLS - split CDEP

GOOD RIDDANCE play Californian melodic hardcore with a political edge, but you already knew that. KILL YOUR IDOLS are harder, like if you crossed GOOD RIDDANCE with the PIST. Good. (AD)

(Jade Tree)

THE HAGGARD - "No Future" CD

This CD has 13 raw/thrashy garage/hardcore songs from these two awesome girls from Portland,OR, one of whom is in a Cyndi Lauper cover band called INSECURIOUS!! (Sorry I just couldn't resist mentioning that, I love Cyndi Lauper). Their lyrics are personal/political, condemning car induced traffic, working, and the way the radio stations are run. I like the simplicity and honesty of their songs. (JT)

(Mr. Lady, PO Box 40821, Portland, OR. 97240, mrlady.com)

HEARTSIDE/COSTA'S CAKE HOUSE - split EP

Two bands, two countries, sharing space like great sitcom roomies of old. Think *Bosom Buddies* or *Odd Couple*, etc. HEARTSIDE hail from Italy and do a cool twisted punk instrumental, in the underrated style of late period BLACK FLAG. COSTA'S CAKE HOUSE are a more challenging proposition. They do a couple mid-paced prog metal tracks, and get bonus points for all-out fury and technical prowess. Overall, a pretty cool mix. (BG)

(Get Up And Go c/o Nanouk De Meijere, Marienstr 2, 76137 Karlsruhe, GERMANY)

HOT CROSS - "A New Set of Lungs" 10"

The good records just keep coming at me this month and I can't help but relish this rare occurrence (yet still, the good records are *never* accompanied by an extra copy for the reviewer—argh!). While some may dismiss HOT CROSS as overly "arty", I shall laugh, point at their idiotic faces and say "*you are a fool!"* The musicianship on this record is nothing less than incredible, and they are still keeping things true with plenty of hooks and several degrees of catchiness. Mix the bands these dudes used to be in (YOU AND I, SAETIA, etc.) with a whole lot of know-how and you get the picture. But then again, you really don't. HOT CROSS keeps one constantly moving the needle back to "hear that part again." At times they have that ANTIOCH ARROW snottyness, but its not pretentious in that BLOOD BROTHERS way. The only thing I will find fault in is their description on this Robodog ad wherein members of the band are described as "Pioneers of Screamo." The former bands that these folks were once a part of may have been somewhat ground breaking, but they hardly deserve that title. This record can easily stand on its own without overly used "ex-members of..." praise (though I did think the Jade Tree ripoff used in another ad was genius.) Required purchase. (SP)

(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Lane, Retson, VA 20191, www.robodogrecords.com)

HUMAN WASTE - "I Skuggan Av Erat Sverige" EP

Well, the lyrics are all in Swedish, which I don't understand yet. So, I can judge this from the music and the layout. The music is alright. It's pretty solid hardcore punk, like a faster DISCHARGE, maybe, but sludgy at times. There's one hip hop songs among the four other hardcore songs which is *really* confusing. The record looks real nice. There are Art Spiegleman style comic drawings all over it, which is unique. Not bad. (WR)

(Human Waste, Box 55, 832 21 Frösön, SWEDEN, skitsylen@hotmail.com)

HUMAN WASTE/ALDO - split EP

Two good bands and one crappy, DIY-as-fuck recording from Sweden. I'm not a sucker for a clean guitar, but I love it when the needle doesn't skip. Also nice when the bands on a split let you know which side is which, even (or especially!) with a rubber stamp or a felt tip pen. Alright, enough bitching—it's the cramps talking. HUMAN WASTE play good, mid tempo, crusty negi-hardcore sung in Swedish. Fucking jobs, fucking cops, fucking endless treadmill of despair. ALDO is more my thing, with only two songs (to HUMAN WASTE's four) and more screams. In fact, the slightly uplifting guitars might put this on a branch of the late-90s screamo family tree. I like it. (AC)

(Human Waste, Box 55, 832 21 Frösön, SWEDEN, skitsylen@hotmail.com)

HYBRIS - "To Remember Why" EP

This label hasn't disappointed me yet, and this is another keeper. Quick, raging hardcore

with a scorching metallic edge. Dark and introspective graphics, full-color booklet sleeve, and huge production. There's certainly a "style" I could associate with the label, so if you've ever picked up their releases, you'd probably appreciate this too. They describe it as "totally intense, insane, mindblasting full on mayhem metallic hardcore"—perhaps a bit heavy on the adjectives, but there's nothing in that I could argue with! (TM)
(Scorched Earth Policy, Postfach 3214, 7608 Karlsruhe, GERMANY)

IDIOT HUMANS - "Dressed In Green" EP
Three tracks of middling-to-fair early-'80s punk rock with decent vocals. The kind of band you forget about when they're surrounded by superior tracks on a comp...ya know what I mean? (RW)
(Smog Veil, 774 Mays #10-454, Incline Village, NV 89451)

INNOXIA CORPORA - "Je Tezké Prst Otocit Proti Sobe" LP
I recently saw this band while I was in the Czech Republic; they blew me away there and they do the same here on record. Melodic but powerful Czech punk not far removed from the likes of Polish heroes POST REGIMENT. Words can't even describe how fucking amazing I think this band is—bouncy and so fucking catchy, they have me wishing I spoke Czech so I could sing along to it. If they were from the US or say, Sweden, they'd be fucking huge and the kids would eat it up like I eat burritos. Seek this out however you can now! (MT)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, Roznov P/R, Czech Republic, malarie@applet.cz)

JACK KILLED JILL - "Hello Neighbor" CD
Fast paced American punk rock with female vocals. If you like X and the GITS, as opposed to LE TIGRE and BRATMOBILE, then this is for you. (AD)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

JOHN BROWN'S KIDS/SHORT BUS KIDS - split EP
JOHN BROWN'S KIDS play some pretty fucking rad thrash kind of hardcore. Real old school sounding, like it came straight from the early 'eighties, cause the recording's not that great and it doesn't seem like they've been influenced by youth crew or anything. Their lyrics are venting about past and current injustices to themselves and the world. SHORT BUS KIDS' lyrics are personal reflections on various political events. An interesting thing about them is that their first song sounds similar to JBK, with maybe a little ORCHID influence. The second song sounds very similar to something like OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN, and the third song is more like straight-forward punk rock. It's really a cool record. It has also been pointed out to me that this is the first DIY release from Kansas in the past five years, which, if true, is another good reason to hear this record. (WR)
($3 ppd: JBK, 736 Connecticut, Lawrence, KS 66044)

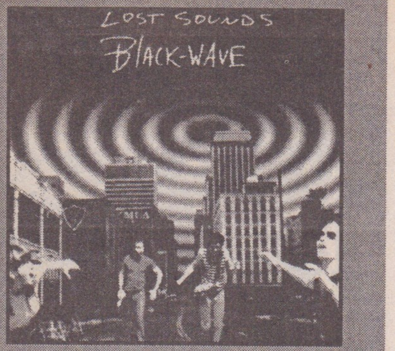
JOHNNY X & THE GROADIES - "Illin' Technology" EP
I remember seeing these dudes a few years back at a house party in Palo Alto of all places. I remember the look on everyone's face being one of surprise and slight fear which was particularly funny since the other bands were rather conservative poppy sounding stuff. On this EP, JXATG let a little more of their LOCUST influence shine through than what I remember, except the songs are a little more drawn out with a slight Druid (?) influence thrown in for good measure. I would have liked to have had the vocals a little more prominent in the mix, though. From what I hear, their live act now is something to behold. Drum machines or not, JOGNNY X & the GROADIES pump out some quality tunes on this EP. "Illin'" indeed. (SP)
(5742 NE Mallory Ave., Portland, OR 97211, wetsuit@groadies.com)

MICHAL KAHAN - "El Camino/ \Going to the Supermarket"
Whenever people begin to talk about the lack of good rock and roll (yeah, I do it too), I show up at *MRR* and hear something that I just love. MICHAL KAHAN was in the WETBONES, Israel's first garage band. Here she presents new versions of songs from her debut album, a new recording of "El Camino" and a live version of "Going to the Supermarket". Michal sounds like Penelope Houston and the band sounds like a rough, early punk band. "El Camino" is a bit slow. "Going to the Supermarket" is faster and the band comes across sounding like CRIME. That track is truly amazing. (CK)
(Fast Music, PO Box 14542, Tel-Aviv 61144, ISRAEL, michal@fastmusic.co.il)

KAOSPILOT - "For Your Safety" EP
Goddamn! What I said last month regarding the influx of totally amazing, original, metallic passionate hardcore rightfully applies to KAOSPILOT hailing from Oslo, Norway. Very much in the same category as JR EWING, with the *huge* guitar sound coupled with excellent time changes and awesome vocal delivery. Actually, I think I like this band a bit more than JR EWING... a little more in terms of complexity and there is a certain urgency really personifying itself beyond the songs themselves. Favorite record of the month, for sure. (SP)
(Nova, Gladbacher Str. 44, 50672 Cologne, GERMANY, www.novarecordings.de)

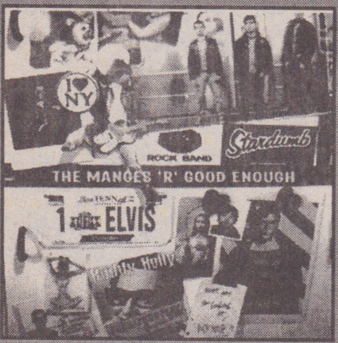
ILLIN'
TECHNOLOGY

KAOSPILOT
For your safety - Pour votre sécurité - Für Ihre Sicherheit



LUCY
LOVES
SCHROEDER
LUCY IS A LAND

M-16
CANCIONES ESCRITAS EN EL EXILIO



KENT 3 - "Spells" CD

Pro-sounding, loud, upbeat tight, from Seattle. Decent songs delivered with equal parts spite and melody and a pretty crack rhythm section. Sorta inhabits that post (fill in the blank) like "post-punk", "post pop punk", "bed-post", etc. But if you dispose of the hard-to-categorize, this isn't a bad disk. Not really punk rock, more like the FASTBACKS minus all the sweetness and if they were equally influenced by country as well as drinking more or something. Something both hick-like and poppy but hard-edged as well. Can run the gamut from slow to sleepy to rocking to breezy and all pulled off with some conviction. Almost reminds me of a pop-punk GIANT SAND (if that's possible). The pro and borderline goofy edge will turn more than a few of you purists off, but not still worthwhile of your attention. (JY)

(1111 E. Madison PMB 287, WA 98122)

KIDS NEAR WATER – "There's No 'I' in Team" CD

Emotional "post-hardcore" from England not unlike a more aggressive HOT WATER MUSIC or GARDEN VARIETY. The singer's voice doesn't quite fit the music, which I kinda like. This could grow on me. (AD)

(Firefly, PO Box 30179, London, E17 5FE, UK)

KONFLIKT - "To Protect and Serve" 12"

Mid-tempo Slovakian punk rock. Six songs that are melodic at times with one ballad-like tune with a saxaphone. No English translations. (SR)

(Unknown, Im Preulgarten 19, 63517 Rodenbach, GERMANY, konzerte@unknownrecords.de)

KONTRAATTAQUE - "Soldado, Tu Eres Pobre, No Defiendas Los Ricos!" EP

One of the best HC/grind bands that no one seems to know about is back with their second EP, and it crushes even their last record. The first KONTRAATTAQUE record had great songs, but suffered from a poor recording, but this is a crusty masterpiece. Awesome intelligent lyrics, in Spanish with Gringo translations, about immigrants/workers rights (and a brilliant stab at S.O.D.) put to fucking brutal grinding hardcore with strained vocals. The handmade package is the finishing touch, no fewer than 5 steps went into each cover. DIY as fuck...an amazing record. (WN)

($4 ppd, Subversive Rhymes, PO Box 39432, Downey, CA 90239)

LACK - "Blues Moderne: Danois Explosifs" LP

Very solid, ten-song LP combining tech-core *a la* DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN with the dark, heavy-as-fuck mid-tempo head-bang of SYSTRAL. Some of the tracks are a bit too "cut and paste", but for the most part their sense of song dynamic manifests itself in well-planned transitions and heavy guitar-drum interchange. Again, good stuff is steadily coming from this part of the world in this genre, so I'm not surprised. All generalities aside, this record is very good. Find this, if you can. (SP)

(Earth Water Sky Connection, c/o Oliver Krebs, Vondelstr. 45, 50677 Koln, GERMANY, www.earthwaterskycn.de)

LES BLACK'S AMAZING PINK HOLES - "Breakfast With the Holes" CD

Re-ish of the LP from these guys back from the 'eighties along with comp tracks, live tracks. etc. Contemporaries of the PAGANS, et. al . Cleveland, 1982 or so. Goofball, joke punk here which approaches CRAMPS-like territory. Goofball-country, goofball cover of the "Lion Sleeps Tonight", etc. etc. Some later tracks here demonstrate a more PAGANS-like punk rock thing (especially the unreleased "Frustration Factor"). But too much silly stuff to wade through. Guess you gotta be in the mood. (JY)

(Smog Veil, 774 Mays #10-454 Incline Village, NV 89451)

LIMP WRIST - 12" EP

Ever hear the one about the gay straight-edge band? Just in case you hadn't yet, here they are. They operate on several fronts—as well as playing great fast hardcore that can get a pit going, they also get to point out the (not so) subtle homoeroticism of the pit. As they poke fun at the homophobia that can still permeate the hardcore scene, they provide a safe haven for queer or questioning kids worried about coming out. AND, most importantly, all this probably gets them dates, too! I resent having to say that the music stands on its own, but I do, simply because I've heard accusations that "they only get so much attention because of the gay thing", or because Martin was in LOS CRUDOS. Suffice it to say, this record is great in its own right, and I think LIMP WRIST are *better* than LOS CRUDOS anyway. (AM)

(Lengua Armada, c/o Martin, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92701)

LIXO/DESASTRE - split EP

Both of these Brazilian bands, who are fairly similar in style, rip out solid unpolished punk songs. LIXO's side of the EP won me over, because they are a bit heavier and faster. Plus the vocals are a tad harsher. But both bands hold their own and are a good reason to continue to pay attention to the explosive South American punk scene. (RC)

(Caixa Postal 120, Joao. Pessoa, 58001-970. PB. BRASIL)

LOST - "Thoughtless" EP

Five song debut from some HOMOMILITIA personnel. Throaty female vocals (think DAMAD) and heavy downtuned metallic riffing (think...well, DAMAD, but faster) make this into a powerful release. Polish lyrics (with translations) about female empowerment, sexism, rebellion, and the like, with an impassioned delivery that pounds them home. Side A has three faster songs, which I personally prefer, while the flip side is plodding and dark. If you want a heavy blow to the face, then you've found it. (WN)

(Malarie, PO Box 153, 75661 Roznov P/R, CZECH REPUBLIC, homoagnes@yahoo.com)

LOST SOUNDS - "Black Wave" LP

This is the second album from the LOST SOUNDS from Memphis. Aggressive, dirty, synth heavy, new wave garage rock 'n'roll madness!! My favorite songs which are sung by guitar player Alicja are "Throw Away" which sounds like JOAN JETT if she were singing for the STRANGLERS and "I See Everything" which is like goth GARY NUMAN with awesome drums and frantic rigid singing/chanting and a screeching chorus like the MISFITS or SEX GANG CHILDREN. The songs that are sung by keyboard player Jay Reatard are way more garage/ RICHARD HELL & the VOIDOIDS/ ALTERNATIVE TV. The LOST SOUNDS are really great, especially with their slower songs everything is woven together so exquisitely and it is so fucking heavy, you feel as though you are getting sucked into a black hole/wave (yea the title is very appropriate). Although I still like their last album *Memphis is Dead* best, this is great too... (JT)

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA. 98102, www.emptyrecords.com)

LUCY LOVES SCHROEDER - "Lucy is a Band" CD

Ohhh, a new crush for Raphael. Without pigeonholing this band, and avoiding the much-deserved TILT and DISCOUNT comparisons, this is a jangly, aesthetically balanced woman-fronted punk-pop (not pop-punk band) worth it's weight in hyphenated descriptions. Solid songwriting, driving melodies and a super cute singer ensure this band's placement in the triumvirate of Cinder, Allison, and all of the EYELINERS. (RD)

(Beatville, PO Box 42462, Washington, DC 20015)

M-16 – "Canciones Excritas En El Exilio" CD

OK—I have been reviewing at *MRR* for a long time and I have to say I have never reviewed a band covering a DOORS song, until now. For some reason, M-16 apparently thought that it was a good idea, but I must disagree. Anyway, M-16 is originally from the Dominican Republic and now live in New York City. Their music is basic mid-tempo metal laden with choppy grooves and breakdowns. I tried to do a little research on this band, because I had never heard of them. Their choice in record labels is interesting considering the label has absolutely no metal or punk bands on it. I also noted the amount of promotion building behind this band, especially their introduction to airplay on Latin MTV. You know, in all honesty I could care less if they want to "make it" as a band and be on MTV and "Monsters of Rock" type tours. But they shouldn't be trying to exploit the DIY resources available to them in order to meet these goals. (RC)

(MotherWest, 132 West 26th Street New York, NY 10001, www.motherwest.com)

THE MAGGOTS - "This Condition Is Incurable" CD

Quality garage rock from somewhere (in Europe). Fuzzy guitars, and a tambourine shaker, vocals as nasal as Davy Jones with sinusitis. Fucking great tho...don't know quite how they do it. If they must go the SEEDS, PRETTY THINGS route, and they must...they get it right on. This is so good I'm still in disbelief...(RY)

(Bad Afro, www.badafro.dk)

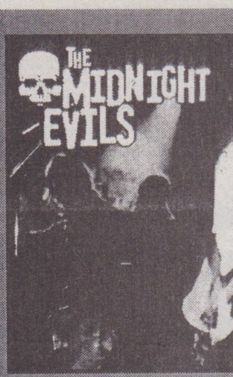
THE MANGES - "The Manges 'R' Good Enough" CD

These Italian pinheads plunder the classic RAMONES-mania sound of SCREECHING WEASEL and the QUEERS to good effect on their debut album. Recorded in New York with help from QUEER Joe King (lead vocals on "I Hate Rats") and members of the VACANT LOT and the KOWALSKIS, this is fun stuff that ain't gonna change the world but sounds great if you like any of those bands. Includes a cover of Cyndi Lauper's theme song from *The Goonies* for '80s kids. (JG)

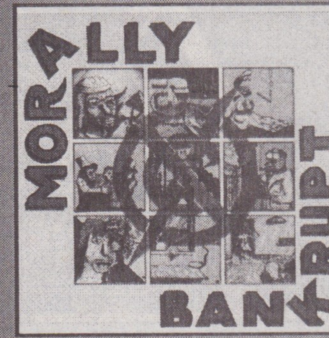
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, THE NETHERLANDS, stardumbrecords.com)

MASS SEPARATION/ATROCIOUS MADNESS - split CD

MASS SEPARATION from Malaysia start out with 11 tracks filled with grinding thrash mayhem. Heavy metallic guitars, political lyrics and dual screamed/growled vocals...you know the drill. Better than most. Portland superstars ATROCIOUS MADNESS offer up 20 tracks of their own, their first on CD I believe. There are songs here from the *Spectres of Holocaust* EP, *Nuclear Violence* (Japan tour EP that you'll never find outside of Japan), the split with WHY? and the 6" flexi, and then there are a couple that I cannot account for (like the DISORDER cover). If you're not familiar, it's distorted thrash mayhem of the DISCLOSE worshiping vari-



THE
MIGHTY JOHNWAYNES
SHE GETS DIRTY
WANNA BE YOUR TOY
B/W
YOU THREW ME OUT



MR AIRPLANE MAN

nailed down
Might is Right

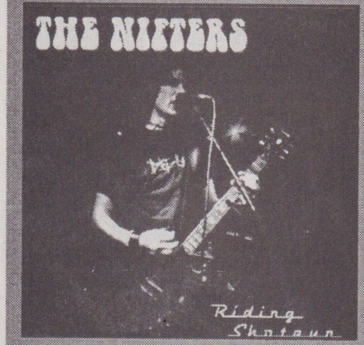
ety. The shit is an all-out assault of the ears...feedback and D-Beats, what more could you possibly want? (WN)
($6 ppd, Voice Pro Asia c/o Yeap, 15 USJ5/1H, 47610 Subang Jaya, Selangor Darul Ehsan, MALAYSIA, voiceproductionasia@rednecks.com)

JERRY McCAIN & HIS UPSTARTS - “Rock ‘n’ Roll Ball” EP

.....Norton Records, I want to suck your cock........yet another quality black re-issue.....and this is for sure what the kids need!!!!!...teach ‘em about the birds and bees the right way....if you’re like me and you’re serious about fucking, then the JERRY McCAIN Jukebox Series is for you.....collect all five..... (SW)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

JERRY McCAIN & HIS UPSTARTS- “My Next Door Neighbor/Crying Like A Fool”

Here’s a great little upbeat rhythm ‘n’ blues single from way back when. The A side is a great little tune that tells the story about an annoying neighborhood who is always wanting to borrow something or other, and it’s just drivin’ poor Mr. McCAIN nuts. The B side is a tearful crying song of love gone bad, backed with some traditional blues work. This is some good stuff. (DL)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY)



JERRY McCAIN & HIS UPSTARTS - “A Cutie Named Judy/It Must Be Love”

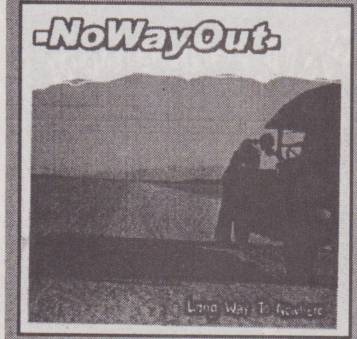
Raw, baby, raw. Few records equal this single in terms of basement-level bottom-heavy compression and manic abandon—the ELECTRIC EELS’ “Cyclotron” and CRIME’s “Hotwire My Heart”, maybe. That’s ‘bout all I can think of off the top of my noggin. Got no idea who, what or why Jerry McCain was or what factors led to his recording this wild caterwaul back in the delicate days of 1955 (only 15 years before I was born, honest), but it’s all academic at this point. “A Cutie Named Judy” is ruff and frantic enough to send most teenage bobbysoxers running to the nearest church seeking sanctuary. “It Must Be Love” is painful, stomping, and neatly sums up the agonies and ecstasies of l’amour like few other tunes. Wyld. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

JERRY McCAIN & HIS UPSTARTS - “I’m a Ding Dong Daddy From a Rock ‘n’Roll City” EP

First off I would hate to be an “UPSTART”, that’s like saying Jerry and the Guys Behind Him This is mud. Not in a bad way, in a “Jesus Christ they cut this in one take with one mic didn’t they?” way. Which is fine by me. It’s got soul. Makes me wanna go to Memphis and play the blues.... or go get a Pepsi... one of the two. Sorta early CHUCK BERRY with less rock and more blues. This is the third in a series of five Norton has put out so you know it’s worth at least a listen. (BM)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

JERRY McCAIN & HIS UPSTARTS - “Geronimo Rock ‘n’ Roll” EP

Another in the seemingly never ending Norton Jukebox Collection. This the first of five in the JERRY McCAIN series. Mid-fifties R&B with plenty of boogie and lots of harmonica, too. (DP)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)



THE MEDEA CONNECTION - “The Bell Ringer” CD

This reminds me of a less-catchy KISS playing punk songs in their garage. It’s got a INTO ANOTHER mystic metal sound to it as well. Hard to wrap my head around. I don’t hate it, but it seems like it could evolve into something even more unique and uncompromising. It sports very cool graphics. I was almost surprised it wasn’t put out by Revelation. (BG)
(Curve Of The Earth, no address)

THE MIDNIGHT EVILS - CD

Wild, ugly kids going balls-out, yeah this what I like to hear. Totally reminiscent of say, the TIGHT BROS. or CANDY SNATCHERS. Lotso adrenline, big guitar, weathered vocals, and great production. Wanna get drunk and loud? Try the MIDNIGHT EVILS. (DL)
(Dart, PO Box 1843, Fargo, ND 58107)

THE MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES - “She Gets Dirty” EP

Kids (more or less) who are too dumb to care how many times the punk rock and roll sweepstakes has already been played and have enough energy and spirit that I also don’t care. In other words, one of those all-too-rare records that reminds you (note cleverly insinuative shift from first to second person) that you still love rock and roll (it can be all too easy to forget these days) and why. Extra plug: for booking info call Jade at (317) 891-2368. (DD)
(RockNRoll Blitzkrieg, PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712, TheMightyJohnWaynes@hotmail.com)

MISERY - "The Early Years" LP

Had to laugh when I say this, the early years not seeming all that long ago to me. Guess I'm getting older faster than I think, eh? Regardless, this is a collection of some great songs from the days of old—their three singles from 1989-1991, and the two splits (HELLSPAWN and ASSRASH) from 1992 and 1994 respectively. Same rough crustcore that you've come to know them for—and this is certainly going to be easier to find than the originals! (TM)

(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

MR AIRPLANE MAN - "Johnny, Johnny/Drive Me Out" 45

Very high quality, raw-boned garage punk. These two women play beer-soaked noise with frayed nerves. There's a cool angular groove and early NY style energy to this. For just one guitar, one voice, and a drumset, they sure kick up some dust. One of my faves of this issue. (BG)

(Sympathy For The Record Industry, no address)

THE MONACLES - "I Can't Win/Heartaches for Me" 45

The first chink in the armor of Norton Record's near perfect reissue track record. I mean, it does make sense. How many great unheard rockabilly and garage records can there possibly be before you start having to scrape the bottom of the proverbial barrel? The title track would barely squeak by if it was padding out a compilation. It's got a twangy lead line and adolescent yowl that work all right. The B side truly should've been left in the vaults. With the rest of Norton's catalog being so good, I'd really hold off on this one. (BG)

(Norton, no address)

MORALLY BANKRUPT - CD

This is a reissue of their 1985 release on Slime Records, plus a ton of demos and live tracks previously unavailable. MORALLY BANKRUPT were mid-'eighties doofus hardcore with silly lyrics and that atonal repetitiveness that annoyed parents and drew angry little punks like flies. The studio out takes and the live version of "Reagan's Colon" alone make this worth having.(DP)

(Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246, www.maltsoda.com)

NAILED DOWN - "Might is Right" EP

Fuck yes!! NAILED DOWN from Perth, New South Wales, Australia is so fucking brutal and heavy—there is no way to convey their strength in print! Mix a metal-tinged guitar that would make SLAYER weep with a deep gruff vocal that could be favorably compared to "Animal" from ANTI-NOWHERE-LEAGUE and you have a potent brew! The bass and drums build a mountain of backbone for this wild punk! The lyrics are tough in "Police State". NAILED DOWN sing: "They rule by abuse of the state power/Abuse the authority by the force/ Smash the police state/Fuck with authority they'll blow you away/Police state is here to stay/Battle scars, riot shields/Fuck with them you'll end up killed". This record is great!!!! Fans of A.V.O. might appreciate this amazing Australian punk band! (BR)

(Power-It-Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, GERMANY; www.power.it.up.de, mailorder@power.it.up.de)

THE NEGATIVES/THE ELECTRIC HELL CLUB - split EP

This seems like an odd paring for a split single, but I won't try to make sense of it. The NEGATIVES bang out some sorta anthemic street punk thang. While the ELECTRIC HELL CLUB go totally ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN meets TURBONEGRO. "I'm a sonic super star..." so say the ELECTRIC HELL CLUB in perfect rockie roll cliched fashion, but who cares. (DL)

(Trash 200, Postfach 10 16 53, D-46216 Boftrop, GERMANY)

THE NIFTERS - " Riding Shotgun" CD

I'm a little thrown by the pretty boy in the band with the Prince Valiant haircut and the white mesh tank top. Sheesh! Europeans! But I can get past it for the most part. Swedes on Scooch Pooch...hmmmmmm...dude, where's my car? Good, not ebelskiever good, but hearty all the same. Young men makin' the most of all that cold weather and lack of sunlight. (RY)

(Scooch Pooch, 5850 W 3rd St. Suite 209 Los Angeles, CA 90036)

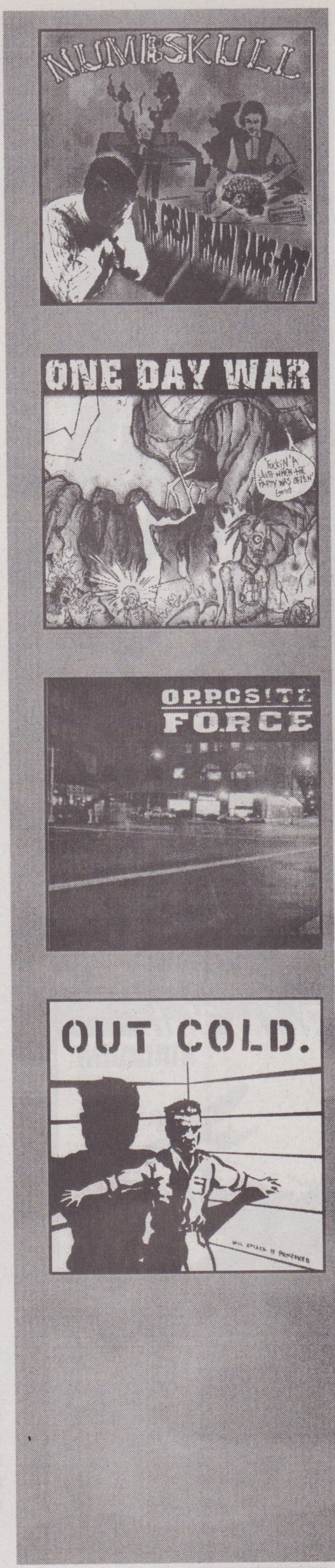
NO WARNING – "A Day In the Life" CD

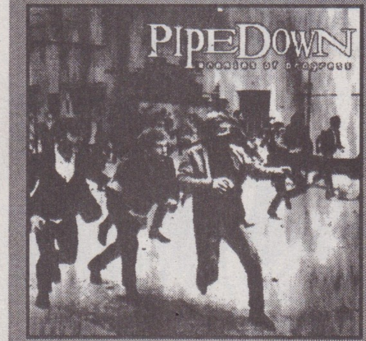
NO WARNING from Toronto belt out nine songs of hardcore that has obviously taken influence from bands like MADBALL and TEN YARD FIGHT. This CD contains their EP that came out on Martyr Records and a few demo tracks as well. Solid well produced hardcore for the masses. (RC)

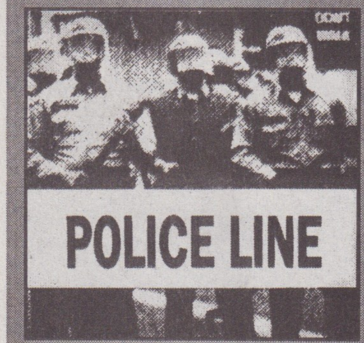
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052, www.bridge9.com)

NO WAY OUT - "Long Way to Nowhere" CD

Skate rock from Spain. Whoop-dee-I-don't-give-two-shits-doo! Its exactly what people think of when they think of pop punk; songs like "My Ex-Girlfriend Sucks", "Spring of 2000",







Raise Kain
AIRBORNE

"Fall of 99"... Stop it!! Please I don't care what country you are from please stop trying to sound like (*insert Fat Wreck Band here*). (BM)
(Outline, C. Sitges, 3 Bajos, 08001 Barcelona, SPAIN, outline.es)

NUMBSKULL - "The Great Brain Bake-Off" CD

First off, reviewer's duty: *lame-o* cover, guys. Feels like a half-ass SoCal goof-core band from the early '90s. The music: great blender of RANCID VAT-styled pop cultural crapola played with maximum guitar chug-n-fuzz. Intelligent in the best stupid way. Has the droning quality that makes record collectors sweat in a cold room. Singer can't "sing." Probably isn't catchy enough for the jukebox punks, but the shut-ins and that bearded guy who smiled directly at you for twenty blocks on the bus are big fans. Lousy, dry-as-fuck drum sound the only minus. (RW)
(Smog Veil, 774 Mays #10-454, Incline Village, NV 89451)

ONE DAY WAR - "Cheers to the Apocalypse" EP

It's a bit hard to imagine lines such as "when we go to fuck you know I'm going to miss, wake up in the morning in a puddle of my piss" fitting in very well with the grim, lecture-style punk that Portland seems to be known for now. But the other four tunes mention brutal treatment from riot cops, the destruction of a god that doesn't exist, and the horrors of war. So, maybe they're invited to the Knights of the Vegan Round Table meetings. Which would be good, because all iron-clad warriors enjoy a rousing bit of gritty, upbeat, pogo-inducing tunes. (TH)
(Monkey Butter, 6106 NE 9th, Portland, OR 97211, onedaywar@hotmail.com)

OPERACE ARTABAN - "Pani Kluci" CD

An Italian skinhead outfit that reminds me quite a bit of BILLY BOY E LA SUA BANDA, but not quite as good as that band. Like most European releases, this CD is a bit too produced and slick, but the music on the disc is on par with the the pack in this genre. (NF)
(Bulldog Music, PO Box 48, 199 21 Praha 9, CZECH REPUBLIC)

OPPOSITE FORCE - "Against My Desire" EP

Four songs of Italian straight edge hardcore. Against the grain of the current wave of posi-core revivalists, this record has a darker, more metallic edge, with grating guitars and guttural vocals. Definitely positive in attitude, but tough-guy NYHC in power and volume. (AM)
(Cane, Paulo Gaiarsa, Via S Cristiforo 12, 36061 Bassano Del Grappa, Vicenza, ITALY, www.xcanerecordsx.com)

OUT COLD - "Will Attack If Provoked" CD

I could run this OUT COLD review like those appearing everywhere else, where I castigate "the scene" for its crimes of jackass-ery related to the lack of fame for these barbarians from the wilderness of the American North-East. But, up until a year and a half ago, I was one of those jackasses. Don't turn the page when I compare these tunes to the sound of young America in 1982, allow me to qualify that assertion. None of our heroes from those days had OUT COLD's precision and speed in their rough hewn guitar blasts. OUT COLD aren't ready to fight, they're ready to maim. (TH)
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826, jevicci@juno.com)

PANTY BOY - "Aargh*Fuck*Kill" EP

I knew I might be in trouble before I ever slapped the wax on the turntable with this one for any number of reasons. The use of the Olde English font on the pic sleeve was clue number one. The photo of the three inbred kids from Nebraska on the pic sleeve was clue number two. The fact that the seven inch record plays at 33rpm was the final straw. Still, I had to listen—just to see for myself. My suspicions were confirmed. What you've got here is lo-fi, grungy, prodding punk rock that starts off slow and doesn't really go anywhere. But that's nothing, listen to this. This is a fucking re-issue of a record that originally came out in '92. I find it hard to believe that they sold all 500 of the original release. This one, too, is limited to 500. (Not that anybody is going to be fighting you for a copy.) Re-issue records like the DILS, the CONTROLLERS, RAZAR, the FUN THINGS. Don't re-issue crap like this. (KK)
(Gap, PO Box 101, 2400 AC Alphen A/D Rijn, THE NETHERLANDS)

PANTY BOY - "Allright!" LP

This Dutch trio with a truly unfortunate moniker plays the kind of heavy rawk that's usually associated with the post-*Smoke of Hell* SUPERSUCKERS and certain magazines that cater to the hot rod punk rock crowd. Unfortunately, PANTY BOY doesn't really stand out from the throngs. The fuzzy recording quality might have something to do with it or maybe it's the fact that I'm dosing on decongestants and listening to the album at a subsonic volume. Whichever it is, this record ain't helping matters none. (JG)
(Motorwolf, Schouwburgstr. 2, Den Haag, THE NETHERLANDS)

PIPEDOWN - "Enemies of Progress" CD

After reviewing five killer pieces of vinyl this month, I do what I always do and turn to my assigned CDs, only to have the taste in my mouth ruined by fairly typical, derivative material such as this. PIPEDOWN definitely come from a Fat-Wreck-esque sort of background, but are trying hard to add roughness on the exterior with vocals that, at certain points, remind me of AT THE GATES. On the whole, PIPEDOWN reminds me most of a lesser ANTI-FLAG. Their politics, are somewhat commendable (at least on the surface), but make me question my own beliefs after reading that this band is "endorsed" by so-and-so clothing company and at the same time *endorses* organizations like Earth First! Their quoting of BAD RELIGION, may do BAD RELIGION some justice politically (I mean, look at those guys now...Brian Baker is in the band, for christ's sake), but musically, this is just too empty and watered down for my palate to handle. (SP)

(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213, www.a-frecords.com)

POLICE LINE - "Elite Few" EP

I really can't stand the endless flood of so many demo 7" recorded four years ago by bands that have broken up, and no one ever cared about in the first place! Don't these people realize their pressing of 500 is headed for the local landfill without a single listen? So reading "originally released as a demo tape in '98", I had low expectations. But it doesn't seem to be the case here. seven songs of straight forward "Albany hardcore" from members of DEVOID OF FAITH. I found myself really getting into. (VH)

(Kick N' Punch, PO Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen N., Denmark)

RAISE KAIN - "Airborne" CDEP

Very polished SAMIAM style crunchy melodic emo from the Netherlands. I like the big soaring two guitar parts. Just a tad too aggro for commercial radio, but catchy and moving enough to be. Hell, I'd even listen to the radio if they played shit like this. I also hear a bit of bands like KNAPSACK in RAISE KAIN. Good honest rocking punk. Check 'em out. (BG)

(Raise Kain HQ, Magnoliastraat 21a, 3202 BV Spijkenisse, THE NETHERLANDS)

R.A.M.B.O. - "Wall of Death the System" LP

R.A.M.B.O. seem to be all about smashing the capitalist state and installing an autonomous collective system based on worker power and co-operative economics centered around dressing up in funny outfits, skateboarding, and a lot of bicycle riding... I'm not sure if it will work, but what the hell, count me in. Their manifesto is delivered via hard fast intense new millennium energetic punk. There's a lot of creativity, agit-prop, and drama class going on here, the most I've seen since before CHUMBAWAMBA went to the Dark Side (remember, we found out that Margaret Thatcher was in fact Alice Nutter's mother.) Their shows in Philadelphia resemble a cross between *Mad Max*, *Lord of the Flies*, and the 1999 Seattle WTO Protest Riots Reenactment Society. These guys obviously have a sense of humor (that's perhaps one of the best things about the current crop of hardcore bands) with song titles such as "Circle That 'A' Motherfucker", "Rockin' With Kropotkin", and my personal favorite "Jesus' Middle Initial Does Not Stand For Hardcore". The artwork has to be seen, just like the music has to be heard, even the most jaded fuck will crack a smile. (AD)

(Six Two Five Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

RANDOMS - "Let's Get Rid of New York/ABCD" EP

One of the perfect repros of old Dangerhouse-label 45s making the rounds. The RANDOMS were a "fake" band that only ever played one show, and pretty much existed just to slap together this 45 in 1978. The sound is loud and both songs are classics of early West Coast punk—*explicitly* West Coast punk.This repress sounds as good as any original copy you can find, so buy up. For all you X completists out there, John Doe plays bass on this as well. (RW)

(no address)

REJECTED - "Heat of the Night) CD

"Arse kicking Finnish street punk rock" is what this claims to be. I might agree if it were blaring on more than one side of these headphones. As it is, my right ear is in pain, and I'm missing the whole Finnish skinhead experience. Not that it sounds all that ground breaking. I won't lose sleep, I'm sure. No skin (no pun intended) off my ass...I mean arse. (RY)

(Kidney, C/o V. Hellsten, Niputtajankatu 12 b3 57510 Savonlinna, FINLAND)

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS - CD

The RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS hail from Austin, Texas and they rock. They play that style of music made popular in recent years by some Scandinavian bands. It has a thick wall of sound you can sink your teeth into, and is chock full of leads that are not wanky and solos that are not noodly. Vocals are sometimes screechy like the CANDY SNATCHERS and sometimes clear and frantic, like the DIDJITS. (DP)

(Beatville, PO Box 42462, Washington, DC 20015, www.beatville.com)

ecorded at home in their spare tin
RANDOMS
A B C
B/W LET'S GET RID OF NEW YORK

HEAT OF THE NIGHT
REJECTED

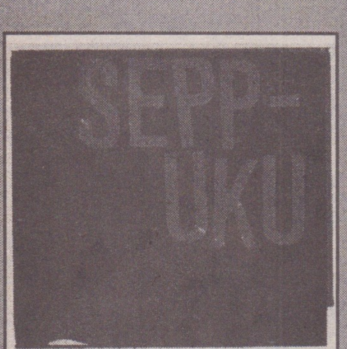
Riverboat Gamblers

Rocket 350 ◆ American Grease

(1995-1999)
ROSCOE

RUINATION
YEAR ONE

SELF HATE
REALITY



ROCKET 350 - "American Grease" CD

Here's some good rockabilly rockin'. Real clean sound with just an upright bass, guitar, and drums. Very smooth. (SR)

(Beatville, PO Box 42462, Washington, DC, 20015, www.beatville.com)

ROSCOE - "Rock and Roll Takes Its Toll" CD

17 song aluminum platter from this LA band. Hardcore with a raw flavor, lyrics about all kinds of things, most of which I didn't quite understand. Was intrigued by the weather annotations with the lyrics—imagine there's probably someone who could analyze the subject matter and correlate that with the weather at the time. Wasn't bad, but certainly didn't bowl me over or leave me gasping for more. (TM)

(PO Box 661604, Los Angeles, CA 90066)

RUINATION – "Year One" CD

Well it looks like RUINATION is following the trend of putting out the *Year One* CD discography. In case you are not familiar with the band, it is ex-BLOODPACT, LOS CRUDOS, and LEFT FOR DEAD, along with a few other ex-bands. Strong vocals and a solid production catch your attention as they tear through minute-long songs of killer no-frills fast hardcore. (And they get bonus points for the FREEZE cover) As you probably guessed from the title of the CD, this includes everything they have done, plus one unreleased track and a live set from Philadelphia. And speaking of their live sets, one of the main things I remember about their show here was the singer's interaction with the audience. He poked fun at the serious message of the band that had preceded RUINATION and made various off-color comments throughout their set. I personally thought it was pretty damn funny, though I can see how it would quickly get under the skin of the many humorless kids that attend hardcore shows these days. This release is definitely worth checking out if you don't own their vinyl. I am not sure what label it is on, but try getting it from... (RC)

(Plus/Minus, PO Box 7096, Ann Arbor, MI 48107, www.plusminusrecords.com)

S.O.B. - "Don't Be Swindle" LP

Fuck Yeah! 27 tracks of fucking fast, authentic, Japanese skate thrash. Only five of these suckers are longer than a minute and a half. This record, consisting of their *Don't Be Swindle* LP recorded in '87 plus the *Leave Me Alone* EP from '86, is genuinely deserving of the title "thrash." These guys are the real deal, w/ bad-ass haircuts and artwork that makes me think of Powell Peralta skate decks. Anyone who's said "yeah, I'm into thrash" in the past year should listen to this. (VH)

(no address)

SELF HATE - "Reality" EP

Brutal, skull-crushing, fetus-melting grindcore from Poland. Max Ward listens to shit like this while he's working out, getting dressed, or making breakfast. The samples really make this for me, as they add a nice pause to the destructo-power of this blast-beat-grinding-blender attack. Too sick and depraved for my tastes, but those who are down might wanna get a couple copies—one for the home, one for the car, and one for the office. (MT)

(Malarie, PO Box 153, Roznov P/R, CZECH REPUBLIC, malarie@applet.cz)

SEPPUKU - "Chug, Chug, Blah, Blah" EP

Breakneck speed metal/thrash crossover with vocals and structure very much akin to *Protestant*-era RORSCHACH. SEPPUKU's only fallacy (and a minor one at that) is that they tend to play the same song more than once, so to speak, with songs that don't have much character when you take the record as a whole. Yet this a really minor criticism. I'm really into the gritty sound of the recording which I think definitely adds to the overall roughness of the release. Rough in a good way, that is. As a whole, this record is incredibly decent and well recommended. Pressing of only 70? Well, good luck. (SP)

($3 ppd: No Sense, 58 Preston Ave., Pittsfield, MA 01201)

SHORT FUSE - "Blow My Fuse" EP

Badman just might be among the highest quality hardcore labels out there...and here is one more reason. Japan's SHORT FUSE will blow you away with their five short songs that remind me of ASSFORT when they came to the US in 1994, that is to say, mind-bogglingly great. Fast distorted thrash with catchy rock beats thrown in to catch you off guard...and it looks cool when the sky blue swirls in the white vinyl go round and round. Damn if I don't love a good fast hardcore record. (WN)

(Badman, Nebrehovice 7, 386 01 Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC, info@badmanrecords.com)

THE SIGHTS - "Are You Green?" LP

........Detroit slick-pop jerk-off trio....this shit is sooooo limp wristed it makes me want to PUKE!!!!!!!!!!....WIMPY!!!!!!!!...buncha fucking dog shit.....this is the kinda crap that reminds me of music videos and college kids doing homework.....these clowns need a serious ass-kick-

ing FOR SURE.....!!!!...file under "lame"..... (SW)
(Fall Of Rome, PO Box 69431, Los Angeles, CA 90069, www.fallofrome.com)

SKULLS - "Kill Me Kill Me Kill" 45

Yes folks, these old time Masque mainstays are back, well, sort of. Does having the original singer count? Hell one of the guys in this version of the SKULLS is 17!!! That makes him four when the GORILLA BISCUITS record came out. How can you reform the band and have somebody in it who wasn't even alive during the initial run? These questions boggle me. Luckily this 7" comes with a really nice and fancy (when I say nice and fancy, I mean nice and fancy) booklet that explains the whole thing, and gives a history of the band from the singer's perspective. Also, it helps that music just rips and is played with a bunch of passion, regardless of whether any of the musicians were around when this stuff started. Shit, I would think this band was the greatest if they still weren't trying to use the SKULLS name when it is only one member. The packaging is something to see, though, and shows the love Headline Records has for its product (and their store is awesome too). (JF)
(Headline, 7708 Melrose Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90046)

THE SLURS - "It Just Gets Worse" EP

Yeah! These guys dish out three short and killer punk rocknroll tunes in the classic Midwest style of the PAGANS, DEAD BOYS and fellow Indpls shut-ins the PROBLEMATICS. Hard, catchy stuff with rough-edged vocals and a surefire jukebox hit in "It Just Gets Worse," Recorded by and featuring on guitar the Kootch, known for his knob-twirling on some of the finer Rip Off records. A great debut single that makes me wanna hear more. (JG)
($3.50 ppd: Slurs, 5011 Guilford, Indianapolis, IN 46205)

SMALL TOWN PIMPS - "Bingo!" LP

"14 truths about life in the the red light district" rendered in reasonably rocking neobilly style. Despite the "may not be given to minors to listen" caveat, I can't detect much that's not PG-13. While it certainly won't be giving EL DUCE's *Cuntry Karaoke* tape or CHINGO CHAVIN & COUNTRY PORN's classic LP a run for the money, this is still plenty of entertainment in an edited-for-TV cheerleader movie sort of way, and the music goes down easily enough. (DD)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, knock-out.de)

THE STAR DEATH - "Feministica!" EP

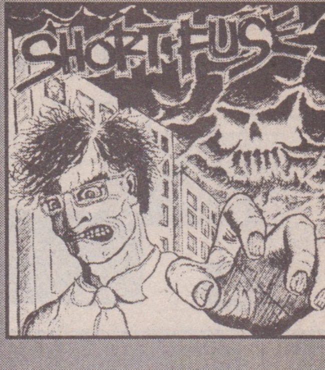
I saw this band about a year ago when they were on tour at Club Hot in Oakland, CA. I was blown away by the intensity of emotion and honesty of the songs by this all girl political punk trio from St. Louis, MO. The lyrics remind me of Alice Walker, beautiful, poetic abstractions racing through the thrashing rhythm of the guitars and drums. They sort of remind me of FLIPPER or the MINUTEMEN. The two songs on this 7" go on forever and are more like a walk through some sort of post-damaged emotional landscape, ending up sounding both fierce and vulnerable. (JT)
(PO Box 39012, St. Louis, MO 63139, bertdax@hotmail.com)

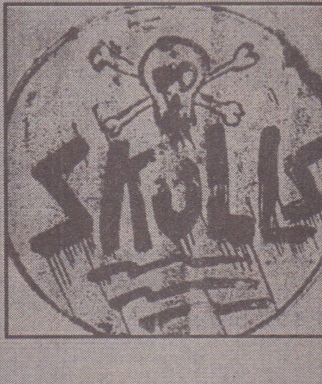
STATIONS/STRAP-ONS - Split EP

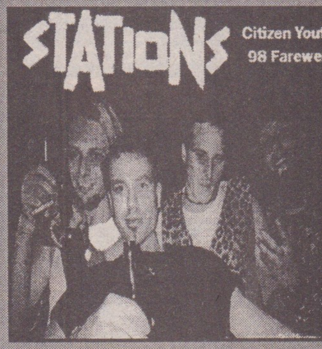
STATIONS rock in catchy punk rock, "we can make your head bounce up and down" kind of way. It's mid-tempo, it's straightforward, it's got backing vocals, it's good stuff. Admittedly, it's not going to change the world or lead to a new movement within the movement, but it's solid, traditional punk rock. I like pop punk that isn't wimpy. The STRAP-ONS rock in a similar fashion, though they ad equal doses of straightforward rock 'n'roll and hardcore to the mix. A solid joint effort. (KK)
(CNF, PO Box 8241, Norfolk, VA, 23503)

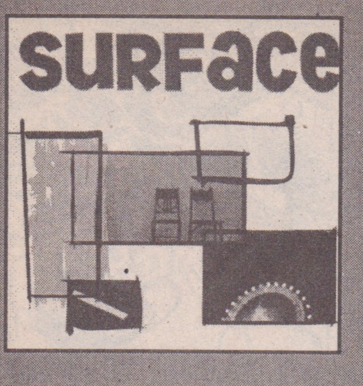
THE STITCHES - "Four More Songs from..." 12"

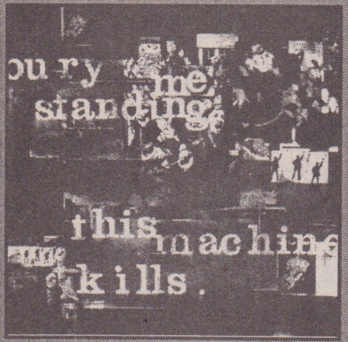
Wow! Four new (well, relatively new) songs from the most difficult band in rock 'n' roll. As any promoter, club owner, or 23 year-old blonde with large breasts will tell you—the STITCHES are pricks! That being said, the STITCHES remain one of the best punk bands in the United States of America. Every song on this deluxe package is great. These guys have the formula for mixing hook-laden power punk with glam, snarl, and nastiness. Johnny "Hollywood" Witmer and Mike "Beach Boy" Lohrman are the cat's meow in their shiny clothes and matted hair-dos! These fuckers are one of the reasons rock 'n' roll is still dangerous—you never know when Lohrman might clock you with the pint bottle you offered him or Johnny might decide to smash your skull with the microphone stand. In this full-color glossy Las Vegas style collector geek 12", you get four ripper punk songs: "Can't Keep Up", "Won't Look at You", "Brains on Vacation" and "Pick Me Up". These guys have built a career on nine great punk songs and the uncanny ability to consume superhuman amounts of drugs and alcohol. What more could a human want out of life? (BR)
(Kapow Records, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA 92609)











BACK IN HELL
THREATS

THE TORTURE COOKIES
Progressive Discipline

SUBKUTAN - "Subkutan" 10"

This starts off with a guy speaking German for about four minutes, hope he had something important (or funny) to say. The music is fast hardcore punk, not a hundred miles away from SEEIN' RED, then again not a hundred miles away from KLAUS APFEL in places either, they mix it up between all out gruff hardcore and more melodic punk, then out of nowhere... horns. There's also harmonicas in there too, SUBKUTAN fear no wind instrument. This is really good, (I wish I understood German [and there's no translation)] geez, is it too much to ask for all foreign bands to sing in English? I mean they might of said something politically incorrect in here and it would have got right past me!) they also get to Best Back Cover Award for this month, a close up of some guys hairy ass (or girl's, though I hope not) with the track list written on it. Very creative. This appears to be a joint effort between a load of German labels. Ten inches, over twenty minutes - you can't go wrong. (AD)

(SUBKUTAN c/o Arne vosgrone, Hoxfelder Weg 71, 465325 Borken, 02861/1790 GERMANY, arne.vosgrone@ruhr-uni-bochum.de)

SURFACE – "Building the Surface and Still Thinking of You" CD

This band from Brazil, composed of three girls and a guy, play melodic hardcore *a la* JUNCTION or ASHES. It is really polished and the vocals are way out in front, which adds to the total emo-ish feel of this record. Seriously, this record needs something, because it bored the shit out of me, and I am usually a sucker for female vocals, too. (JF)

(www.paralelos.com.br)

TECH 9 - "Last Line of Defense" CD

I was expecting bad macho American hardcore but instead got pretty cool straight-up European punk. Possibly from Belgium, TECH 9 have an old British feel, like ONE WAY SYSTEM or VICE SQUAD, and at times get a little rocky. Lyrical themes range from yer typical dissatisfaction with society, to hometown pride, with an anti-war song thrown in for good measure, *and* a cover of "Gotta Getaway." Not bad at all. (AD)

(Too Damn Hype, PO Box 15793, Philadelphia, PA 10103)

THEE ALMIGHTY HANGOVERS - "The Creeper" EP

This is spook-arific. Oh, so Halloween-y... *yawn!* This is a throw-away if I have ever seen one. The A-side is a mid tempo number that never picks up and never even makes me want to move in discomfort, let alone dance. The B-side is a shitty medley of BOBBY "BORIS" PICKETT'S "Monster Mash", "Me and My Mummie" and "Fabian the Teenage Fiend" (the later I have never heard). Jesus Christ aside from the novelty of a once spin disc at a really drunken Halloween party this is totally useless, please don't do this again. (BM)

($3 ppd;Eugene, PO Box 1981 Lexington, KY 40508)

THIS MACHINE KILLS/BURY ME STANDING - split EP

Maybe it's just me, but THIS MACHINE KILLS sounds very much like ANGEL HAIR on this record—hectic, angry, and flailing. Powerful "screamo" hardcore that combined with cutting lyrics, gets the job done with total effectiveness. I'm down. Flipside, we have BURY ME STANDING, which I am only previously familiar with through interviews I've read. While they are quite well spoken and I tend to agree with with much of what they have to say, musically they head off into this weird metallic kingdom which only RORSCHACH or CATHARSIS have ever been able to go to and still keep my attention. What the hell is up with the second song? BOYSETSFIRE style yuckiness comes to mind. "A" for the lyrical content. "D" for the rock. Mosh metal is so '93. I didn't like it then and I don't like it now. (MT)

(Code Of Ethics)

THE THREATS - "Back In Hell" EP

Here you got some fast and furious UK punk. THE THREATS had some early success back in 1982 with their two Rondelet Records EPs "Go to Hell" and "Politicians and Ministers". Seems like these boys really have their heads screwed on tight...blasting out some good ol' heavy guitars without pretense, a la MOTORHEAD. Sounds cool. (DL)

(Intimidation Records, 7 Viewforth Square, Leven, Fife KY8 4PQ, SCOTLAND)

THE TONE - "Here's Another Reason To Believe In Rock 'n' Roll" LP

Very polished 'n' slick poppy ska punk from a band who's guitar player may very well have the most disgusting bathroom in all of London. Besides that (and having ska punk not really being my cup of tea), they are doing what they do at a level that's far above the majority. They could be extremely big and popular if that's the direction they were interested in pursuing. (NF)

(Rugger Bugger, PO Box 357, London SE19 1AD ENGLAND)

TORTURE COOKIES – "Progressive Discipline" CD

Gee, a band with using a BDSM theme on their record. Never seen that one before, not from Portland at least. Well at least not since the SUBMISSIVES record. This CD has 14 songs,

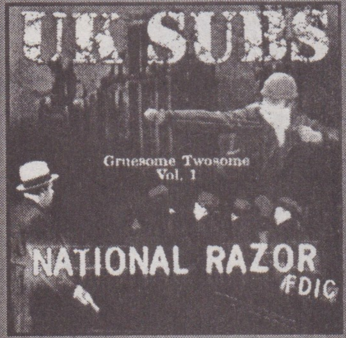
the booklet has lyrics to 3. The rest of the songs are not instrumentals, either. Musically, this is straight-ahead female-fronted upbeat punk rock with some more harsh elements. The singer can sing and all the instruments sound OK, but it just seems the presentation is half-assed. Oh well, I wouldn't buy it, but you may. (JF)
(Recalcitrant, PO Box 86084, Portland OR 97268)

TRAITORS - "Everything Went Shit" CD
A collection of singles, comp tracks, and various unreleased tracks including a "lost" LP from this no-longer-active band. Songs range from fast snotty punk to borderline emo-ish melodic hardcore. Not my favorite Chicago band historically, but a worthy combo fueled by spunk and cynical lyrics. (RL)
(Johann's Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647, www.johannsface.com)

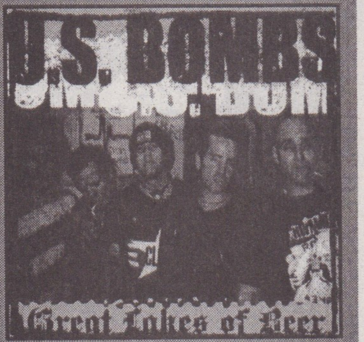
Triple Word Score
the first in a long line of disasters

TRIPLE WORD SCORE - "The First in a Long Line of Disasters" CD
TWS has bold, clean production for their competent musicianship and insightful lyrics. Unfortunately, there's no bass drum and too much reverb on the vocals, but I guess that's what sets them apart. I think I can get used to it. I could see these guys on Fat Wreck Chords, even-though they don't have that patented "Fat sound." (HM)
(Long Beach, 203 Argonne Ste. 103, Long Beach, CA 90803, www.triplewordscore.com)

TRUE BLUE - "The Ice" EP
First, the positive: this record is as loud and powerful as it gets. You get the sense that these guys are veterans of playing and recording hardcore music. Now for the negative: this is what happens when people get too good at playing their instruments. There is just far too much metal on this record. There are moments of brilliance too, but it's difficult to get past all the noodling and wanking. I'm definitely in two minds about this—I hate to come down to hard on a record that sounds this crushing—who knows, it may grow on me. But I gave *Join the Army* by SUICIDAL TENDENCIES the benefit of the doubt too, and it hasn't grown on me yet. However, if you like metallic hardcore, you'll be hard pushed to find a better choice this month. Oh, by the way, they are sponsored by Carhartt™. (AM)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY, http://members.aol.com/cresponse)



UK SUBS/NATIONAL RAZOR F.D.I.C. - "Gruesome Twosome Vol. 1" CD
An alright split CD with two good bands. The UK SUBS' "Party in Paris" is one of their seven songs. I'm just a bit bored, though, until NATIONAL RAZOR does a pretty damn good cover of SLAUGHTER & the DOGS' "Situation." (SR)
(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203, info@morphius.com)



U.S. BOMBS - "Great Lakes of Beer" EP
Many a bottle of rum was drunk, and much fun was had in the recording of this little gem. "Great Lakes of Beer" is a pretty great song. I can almost feel the spittle hitting my face as Duane Peters drunkenly slurs and screeches his way through, sounding eerily at times like Johnny Rotten. "The Critic" is even more hilarious with a diatribe against *MRR* in general and Bruce Roehrs specifically. Of course Bruce is as happy as a pig in shit because he has been immortalized in song. Everyone here is buying this record. (DP)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226, www.beercity.com)

ÜMLAUT - "Havoc Wreakers" LP
Raging and powerful hardcore from Finland! There guys are no fuckin' joke. They're ready to take care of homophobes and "bind and gag them with barbed wire/ Remove their teeth with fucking pliers." The lyrics are about direct action, fucking shit up, and critiquing the hardcore scene. Excellent and well thought out. There are also covers of DRI and Bette Midler. (SR)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, FINLAND, infor@combatrockindustry.com)

UNHOLY GRAVE/SABBAT - split EP
Damn, lately it seems like I am reviewing a UNHOLY GRAVE release almost every other month. If you are a fan of harsh, raw grindcore I would be surprised if if you have not heard them by now. On the flipside you get SABBAT, who are also from Japan. SABBAT tear things up with some straight up mid-'80s style thrash metal. They have actually been around for years, and I did not realize they were still a band. But apparently this is a live recording from the year 2000. Guitar solos, wavering vocals, and lyrics about Satan...it is all here. Can you say VENOM worship? I thought you could. (RC)
($4 ppd: Spencer Shepard, 119 North Moore St, Ottumwa, IA 52501)

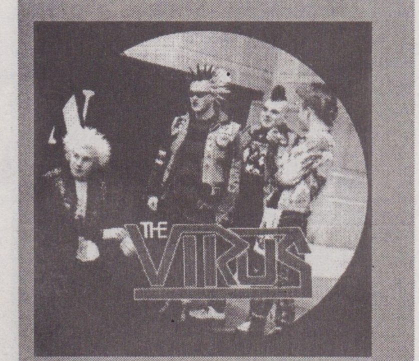
THE UNIFORM - "Black and Vain" LP
GANG OF FOUR-style agit-pop guitar damage, filtered through twenty-odd years of American punk and college rock. By that, I mean there are elements in here of MINUTEMEN,

Virgin
MEGA WHORE

MISSION OF BURMA, even NATION OF ULYSSES and FUGAZI. It's great to hear a band like this who aren't being too cool or arty or pretentious for their own good. Unlike RADIO 4, who copped GANG OF FOUR's sound but used it to play CLASH songs, the UNIFORM manage to write catchy songs but are a lot more loose and chaotic. I can't remember the last time I saw a band that played this style, RED MONKEY probably, years ago, if you don't count the MIKE WATT show I saw last month. It used to be commonplace for bands like the MINUTEMEN to play alongside BLACK FLAG and MINOR THREAT. I wonder if the UNIFORM play hardcore shows? Of course, the MINUTEMEN also toured with REM, so I guess the good old days weren't all they were cracked up to be. (AM)
(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203, www.morphius.com)

FRANK VIOLENCE & HIS DEPUTIES - "Faggot in the Family" EP

I am all for punk rock songs having really stupid lyrics, but I don't think you should print those lyrics on an insert. It just distracts from any possible enjoyment factor. I get too distracted reading lyrics and singing along to songs I am just hearing for the first time that I laugh myself into a frenzy which might affect my judgment. I did the same thing with the new STITCHES 12" and I was laughing so hard tears were streaming down my face. Frank, think about it when you put out your next record. Glam rock with heavy influences in the '70s New York heroin-punk scene, very JOHNNY THUNDERS-esque. Title track is basically a rewrite of RAMONES' "Happy Family" with a bit about killing parents thrown in. (CK)
(Violent, no address, fjhumphries@yahoo.com)



VIRGIN MEGA WHORE - "Bite Your Fucking Cock Off and Other Amusements" EP

Snotty rockin' new wave dance thrash from San Diego. There's five songs on this EP, lots of samples, synth, drum machines, absurdity and testosterone. (JT)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA. 92112-6321)

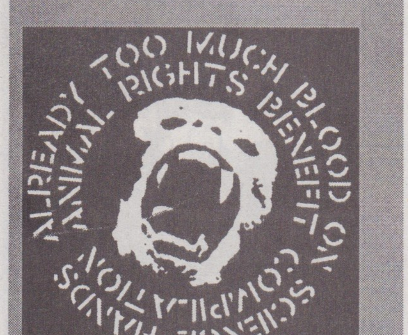
VIRUS - "The Time is Now" 45

I am not really a big fan of the picture disc. Usually it just means a higher price and no lyric sheet or picture sleeve. If you are going to do a picture sleeve, I would hope you would have something better than just a band photo and a generic live shot. Still the picture shows that these boys have lots of old punk t-shirts that have never seen dirt and picture-perfect mohawks. The music on *The Time is Now* reflects this. Fast-paced energetic punk that while possessing enthusiasm galore, fails to capture the desperation that is so drastically needed. File with the CASUALTIES, UNSEEN, and the like. At least VIRUS avoided the "Oi! Oi!" chorus. (JF)
(www.punkcore.com)

YE OLDE CASTLETONS

YE OLDE CASTLETONS - "In Like With Love" CD

Pretty twisted, yet hooky spazz-pop here. Imagine if the BIG BOYS went no-wave meets the THINKING FELLOWS and ya might come close. This is discordant, buzzy pop music with convoluted riffing and super fast/tight playing which still rocks. Gotta hand it to these guys for inhabiting their particular musical "space" so fully. A little egg-headed maybe, but pretty swank in my book. Also touches of the MINUTEMEN, JESUS LIZARD, y'know that kind of stuff. Pretty happening, don't blink now... (JY)
(Kranzke Entertainment Inc. PO Box 201081, Austin, TX 78720)


ALREADY TOO MUCH BLOOD ON SCIENCE HANDS
ANIMAL RIGHTS BENEFIT COMPILATION

V/A - "Absence of Sanity" CD

Here's another comp for you kiddies… never really heard of most of these bands before, so this serves as a nice intro, which is what comps are good for, right? Personally I'm going to say thumbs up to DULAC SWADE, REEB, and TANKED. Most of it is too metal for me, and it certainly ain't the second coming of the *PEACE* comp, but you could do a lot worse. (MT)
(Rat Town, PO Box 50803, Jax Beach, FL 32240)

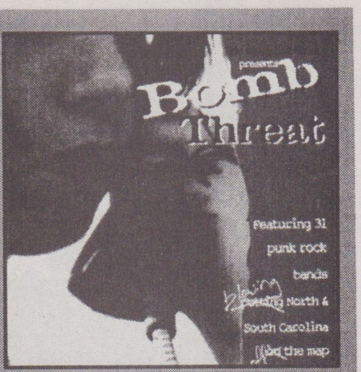
V/A - "Already Too Much Blood on Science Hands" CD

Shouldn't it be "…Science's Hands?" Oh well—it is a French label so no biggie—I mean their English is certainly better than my French. Anyway, here we have a benefit comp CD chocked full of a slew of my current favorite circle A punk bands, all proceeds from which go to the Coalition to End Primate Experimentation. Good cause in my book—you might disagree but you can't deny the quality of the punk on this one. The band names read like a who's who in the emerging anarcho punk world; SIN DIOS, WLOCHTY, CONTRAVENE, KAKISTOCRACY, AUTONOMIA, DIASPORA, FRAMTID, and everyone's favorite drunx, FLEAS AND LICE (to name a few). 29 tracks in total from punkers from all over globe. Two thumbs up. (MT)
(Counteract, c/o Racanelli Bruno, 1 Boulevard De Lorraine, La Pointe Rouge, 13008 Marseille, FRANCE)

V/A - "Bloodstains Across Europe #2"

Y'know its usually bad news when you got any number over "#1" and "Europe" in the same title. Especially with scumcomps like these. A quick gander at the pix of the record cov-

ers registered no recognition for me so this is going to be judged purely by the tunes. So, what's the upshot? Stylistically anywhere from power pop, to pop-punk to clunk-punk to thug-punk, all pretty kooky and not too shabby for records that don't go for millions of dollars (and I could be wrong here). There's clunky kiddie-swede stuff from BRIGAD 45B ("Veckorevyn"). Also (a particularly perverted choice) the harpsichord-like synth underpinnings of FRAEBBLARNIR along with affected KLAUS NOMI-like vocalizations. A short spastic dirge from Denmark's DREAM POLICE ("Demise"), cool hooky punk rock from Sweden's HANGOVER ("Sick Society"), more RAMONES-like pop from the GANGSTERS and generally lotsa twisted somewhat offbeat punkrock stuff. Generally a surprise, not a waste of vinyl. Some pretty cool obscurities here that warrant listening. Naturally lotsa pop and crackle here along with some pretty uneven recording levels. But you're probably used to that by now anyways. (JY)
(no address)



V/A - "Bomb Threat" CD
Compilation of North and South Carolina bands that covers just about every genre of punk rock and every recording style, from slick to extremely lo-fi. I really like getting the regional compilations more than the label samplers because of this variety. My faves were MY SO CALLED BAND, COMBAT JUNKIES, BABY SHAKER, RURAL SWINE, NEEDLES, KID ICARUS, DRAT, and SEIZURE KIDS, but there are many, many more. (DP)
(Suicide Watch, PO Box 959, Charlotte, NC 28299)

FAREWELL TO ARMS 3
International Anti-mi
Benefit Compilation

V/A - "Cheese Borger's Pie & Ears Vol. 2" CD
Compilation of Cle punk from 1979 to 2001 has more than a few high points, including previously unreleased tunes by five of the six groups on '80s *Cleveland Confidential* 7" (a live recording of "Eyes of Satan" by the STYRENES with Mike Hudson is included in lieu of a PAGANS cut). As expected, most of the standouts are by the older bands, including the KNEECAPPERS' raw take on PETER LAUGHNER's "Dear Richard," the PINK HOLES' version of the retarded classic "Surfin' School," and punky rockers by the IMPALERS, MONITORS, REASON SEVEN, AK-47s and BERNIE & THE INVISIBLES. Other highlights include power-poppers by the BRONCS, CLOCKS and BREATHING BLANKETS (a poppy 1982 group of former PAGANS and CLOCKS), the post-DEAD BOYS stylings of CHARGERS STREET GANG and the '60s folk-rock sound of NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS. Pretty cool. (JG)
(Smog Veil, 774 Mays #10-454, Incline Village, NV 89451)

hibachi &
no sense
present:
HIBACHI
OMNIBUS
volume 1:
FAR EAST MEETS MIDWEST

V/A - "La Consecuecia De Tus Pecados" CD
All yer Scooch Pooch roster favorites. A tidy little sampler. The mixed tape Scooch Pooch reps make for their girlfriends. You've got, HOOKERS, PEEPSHOWS, the NITS, the MILLIONAIRES, the JACK SAINTS, the RETARDOS. You get the idea, if you own the records—just tape it yourself. (RY)
(Scooch Pooch, 5850 W 3rd St. Suite 209 Los Angeles, CA 90036)

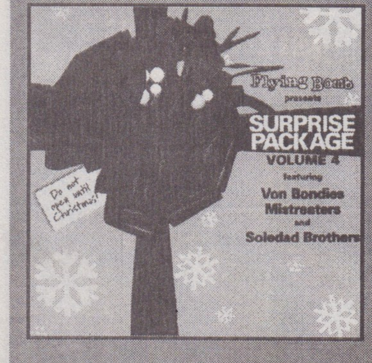
V/A - "The European Poppunk Virus" CD
Given the title, you know what to expect here. A strong collection of unreleased songs from more known bands such as TRAVOLTAS, APERS, and MANGES as well as many lesser known bands including a good track from the all-gal LULABELLES. Good pop punk with a shared love for three chord songs. (RL)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC, Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

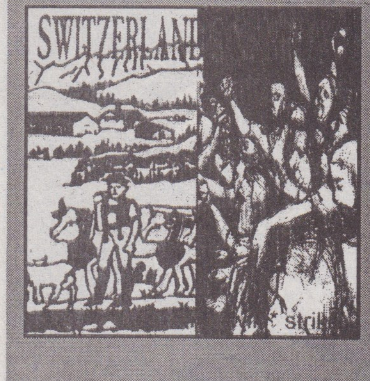
V/A - "Farewell to Arms 3" CD
The 27 bands of this international comp are arranged alphabetically. I think this is the first time I've every come across this, except for an alphabet themed comp I vaguely remember. But there is more that stands out about this CD sold for the benefit of several anti-militarism groups, such as HERODISHONEST, DS-13, SECTION 8, BURNING KITCHEN, and SEEIN RED. While these harsh, hardcore and crust-leaning bands are from all four corners, including Estonia (J.M.K.E.) and Russia (POSLEDNIE TANKI V PARIZHE), the majority are from Scandinavia. (TH)
(Storms Mini Mart, PO Box 403, 00121 Helsinki, FINLAND, jonte.storm@sci.fi)

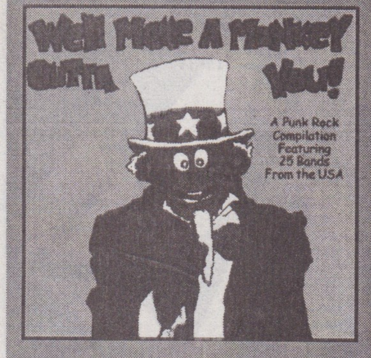
V/A - "Hibachi Omnibus Vol. 1: Far East Meets Midwest" EP
Compilation EP from Ohio with some Japanese involvement. On the domestic front, we get JOHN BENDER (best song here I think!) and HANGNAIL. Checking in from far away lands would be WAVES, TOMORROW, JUDGEMENT DISORDERLY, PIGSMASH, and VIVISICK. Raging from ferocious blasts to more subdued hardcore, bit of everything here. No obvious duds, so certainly worth some interest! (TM)
($3 ppd: No Sense, c/o Matt T, 58 Preston Ave, Pittsfield, MA 01201)

V/A - "HC Scene #4" CD

STRONGER THAN EVER
a straight-edge compilation






We'll Make A Monkey Outta You!
A Punk Rock Compilation Featuring 25 Bands From the USA

Awesome Brazilian comp with 33 tracks by 33 bands. There is no apparent theme, aside from the country of origin, but this shit is all over the place. Standouts include: RTL (like MANKIND? but slower), BABY SCREAM (great lo-fi riot grrl stuff), CABEZONES (fast metallic HC), STRANDED (pop punk like Austin greats GOMEZ), SURFACE (garage rock), NUCLEO BASE (UK style punk), CLINT EASTWOOD (shit sounds 20 years old...punk rock distorto-rama), RESISTENTES (DISORDER with female vox?), PRESTO? (hyper fast HC). The only thing wrong is that there are no contact addresses for the bands, some of whom I would love to track down more stuff from. Guess I'll have to get to researching. (WN)
(Lab, Caixa Postal 990, Londrina, Pr BRASIL 86001 970, hcscene@sercomtel.com.br)

V/A - "Significantly Live" CD

I really like the idea of this comp. It's a collection of live tracks from 19 bands that were either on or somehow connected to Significant Records. They put out many a fine release in their day. Most of the material hails from roughly ten years ago, and can be divided between bands that rocked then and only get better with time (i.e. SWIZ, SHUDDER TO THINK, ADMIRAL), forgotten bands that deserved wider recognition (4 WALLS FALLING, GUNK, SEPARATE PEACE, the STENCH, plus a few more), and ones that really don't age so gracefully (AMERICAN STANDARD, FARSIDE, IGNITE, SUPERTOUCH, along with many a nameless mosh band here). The recording quality varies, but is never poor. Gotta admit, I got a touch nostalgic upon hearing some of these bands after so many years. At just over half of it being solid melodic hardcore, I'd recommend this time capsule to anyone interested in the roots of modern emo. (BG)
($11 ppd: Significant, PO Box 642, Indian Rocks Beach, FL 33785)

V/A - "Sonic Imbalance" - CD

Here's a DIY mix of bands including The RECEPTIONISTS, the STRAP-ONS, GAZZ, DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, MY 3 SCUM, but to name a few. This is mostly an OK release, but I just can't get all that excited. (DL)
(Garage Tapes, 12100 Midpines Drive #1, Cincinnati, OH 45241)

V/A - "Stronger Than Ever" EP

The first thing I noticed when I looked at this record is the homo-erotic picture on the cover and on the inside sleeve. The cover is a live shot showing some young boys with their mouths gaping open, hovering just in front of the singer's crotch. On the inside is another photo of a boy being held in the air by his legs, which are spread wide open. I can't help but to think of LIMPWRIST, and their song "I Love Hardcore Boys, I Love Boys Hardcore." With that said, lets me move on to the music. In all honesty this is actually a really good compilation. Six bands which include DEGRADATION, THUMBS DOWN, VITAMIN X, HIGHSCORE, GUIDING LINE, and STANDARD ISSUE. They all kick down some predictable but solid fast straightedge hardcore. Unfortunately, as with most straightedge hardcore bands, most of the lyrics are totally generic and lame. Try these STANDARD ISSUE lyrics on for size: "While you're a slave to drugs and beer, I'll live my life seeing clear! I'm seeing clear!" Pure genius. (RC)
(Siton, Dr. Hyleboslaan 19, 9220 Hamme, BELGIUM, sitonrecords@usa.net)

V/A - "Suprise Package" EP

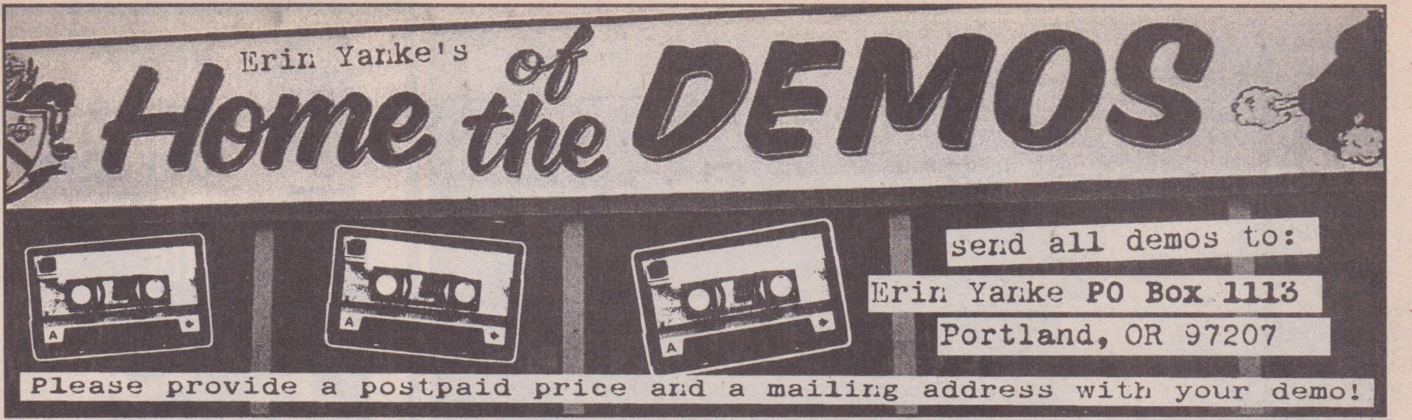
The legend on the cover reads "do not open 'til X-Mas", but fuck 'em...that's never stopped me before. Three tracks (from the MISTREATERS, SOLEDAD BROTHERS and WHITE STRIPES affiliates the VON BONDIES), wrapped around jolly seasonal holiday themes. I'm a sucker for X-Mas records not excluding the Phil Spector album, and it don't hurt when the bands are of such lofty caliber. The BONDIES' "There Ain't No Chimney in the Big House" shows the proper light-hearted attitude to take at the annual peak of seasonal depression. *Ho, ho, ho.* (JH)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

V/A - "Switzerland's Narrows" EP

Four songs from four Swiss hardcore bands: OPEN CLOSE MY EYES, RECOIL, SLAVE OF VIOLENCE, STRIKE. They vary in their sounds from slower and dirgy to quicker with lots of chugs. An OK sample of what's out there. (SR)
(Prawda, Scholastikastr.24, CH-9400, Rorschach, SWITZERLAND, prawda@music.ch)

V/A - "We'll Make a Monkey Outta You!" CD

What can you say about a 25 song comp. of bands that sound like they might have been on Liberation Records at one point? These are all a bunch of young bands like the HAPPY CAMPERS, the UNINFORMED, NO FACED, etc. playing their hearts out. I just can't get into it, but kudos to them for keeping the underground going. (RD)
(Monkey Ass, PO Box 71385, Las Vegas, NV 89170)



Erin Yanke's Home of the DEMOS

send all demos to:
Erin Yanke PO Box 1113
Portland, OR 97207

Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo!

THE BLUE BALLS have a game plan. Every month they write and record songs that can only be played that month. So they sent me 5 cassettes, and I really did listen to them all. They're great, awesome rural rockaroll, with a bit of sleaze. They play fast, and raw, with a primarily snotty but sometimes, when he's really feelin it he gets growly, vocalist. They average 11 songs a cassette, and by the time you read this I think they would have been able to put two more out. Also, I fell off a chair and twisted my recently sprained ankle while listening to them, if that gives you any insight into what they're capable of. ($3 each cassette. P.O. Box 222, Algoma, WI 54201.)

DISCORDIA sent in Jacqueline's favorite demo of the month. They're fast, and have hardcore guitar and snare drum up front, and the vocals have the perfect combination of shouting and singing, which makes them sound live and venomous. Great. (13 song cassette, lyric sheet. APDO Postal #16-52, CP 02011, Mexico DF, Mexico.)

EXTREMA REALIDAD are fast and metally, really, the crunchy guitars and the double bass, all of it, total metal. The vocalist sometimes talks, sometimes chants, and I think there's a second singer who does the growly stuff. (10 song CD, lyric sheet. calle 72 con 5 de julio Centro Comercial Montielco, Local pb 17, Zona postal 4001.)

Split demo between **HOG** and **INSURRECTION**. HOG is harcore in the vein of ENEMY SOIL, same guttural screamer vocalist, same driving rhythm section.. INSURRECTION have a spazzy singer and a gruff singer, and one song has mellow jangly guitar parts. Mostly they are fast paced driving hardcore. (5 songs on HOG side, 4 songs on INSURRECTION side of cassette, lyric sheet. APDO Postal #16-052. C. P. 02011, Mexico D. F., Mexico.)

HYDROPHOBIA play anarcho-grindcore that is not so metal influenced as the standard. They do have the 2 singers, one on the high screams and one on the low growls, and the first song breaks the mold with a danceable part and then "Levantate!" ... translation "Get up!" Good advice. (18 song cassette, lyric sheet. Juan Ruiz Colmenero #1602, Col. Guadalupana, Guadalajara Jal, Mexico, CP 44220.)

Split Demo between **MASACRE 68** and **HISTERIA**. MASACRE 68 have the now classic thrash part mosh part song structure, and a gruff singing that I associate more with England. This sounds like it was recorded live. HISTERIA is bouncier paced mid tempo punk before they break into the trash parts, and there's more snottiness in the vocals. They sound like an overall faster THE GERMS. (11 songs on MASACRE 68's side, and 9 songs on HISTERIA's side of the cassette. APDO Postal #16-052. C. P. 02011, Mexico D. F., Mexico.)

Split demo between **NAPALM SUCK** and **MAGGOT COLONY**. NAPALM SUCK play super slow and dreary metal and then as fast as they can, which is pretty fucking fast. Then there's the screaming of at least 2 guys if not more over the music, and sometimes the vocalist sounds like the tube cleaning spit out of your mouth at the dentist. MAGGOT COLONY have more of a structure to their playing as fast as they can, and they mix the parts up more. The slow stuff sounds almost mid tempo compared to the other side of the tape, and the vocals are harder to hear but I think they're mostly screaming style. ($2 ppd. or trade for this cassette...after 16 NS got tired of counting, and MC didn't even start, but it's a lot, no lyric sheet. 1300 N. Douty, Hanford, CA 93230.)

NATAS have a "tough guy" sounding vocalist, shouting and angry. But musically they're all over the place, with abundant guitar solos, parts that sound like THE HITCH, and other parts that sound like SOCIAL DISTORTION. (7 song cassette, lyric sheet. APDO Postal #16-052. C. P. 02011, Mexico D. F., Mexico.)

PARADE OF ENEMIES are a driving hardcore band of the old style, not very metal influenced shall we say. Good screaming vocals that punch in wit big breaths in between. Short and sweet. (6 song cassette, lyric sheet. 25 Malmesbury Rd., Shirley, Southampton, SOIS, 5FP, UK.)

SHARP KNIFE play some catchy hardcore. Catchy as in the thrash parts are the ragin' you expect, but what would be the "mosh parts" are actually more like breaks from the pit to actually dance. Well, at least I'd dance. The singer guys have spoken screamy vocal style. ($3 ppd. 5 song cassette, lyric sheet. 3649 Clement St., San Francisco, CA 94121.)

TANTRUM play super thrash, super fast, screaming guy dark hardcore. But fast. (8 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 2-23-21-202, Sekido, Tama-shi, Tokyo 206-0011, Japan.)

VERBAL PSICOSIS have a super sore throat singer, who's screams are dark and eerie. For real. Musically, they have wall-of-noise moments, but then they bust into slow melodic guitar bits, or dance parts where we think we heard a synthesizer, or maybe it's just guitar effects. Usually, though, they're solidly mid tempo thrash. (20 song cassette, lyric sheet. A. P. 119-3 C. P. 50141, Toluca Edo de Mexico.)

THE ACCIDENT play in the rockaroll vein, but slow. I suppose you could dance to it incorporating the slow dude-nod head banging. The vocals are like the radio, classic rock crooning bands. (8 song CD, no lyric sheet. P. O. Box 1333, Orange, CA 92856-0333)

CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS remind me of a political GERMS, but a bit more melodic. It's mostly the production, and the same sort of loping tempo. There's lots of intro speech things and some stop and starts in the songs where the spoken vocal stuff comes through loud and clear. ($5 ppd. 9 song CD, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 548, Coarsegold, CA 93614.)

THE DOPPLER EFFECT are fully of the screamo school of modern music. The guitars are chunky and they only occasionally break out of the slow tempo, but even then it's only sped up a bit from that. They have a great drummer. (5 song CD, lyric booklet! P. O. Box 312, Newburyport, MA 01950.)

DOUBLE 0 ZERO mid tempo simplistic punk with up front vocals that are of the well enunciated singing style. It's hard to hear the guitar. ($6 Canadian or $4 US. 9 song CD, lyric sheet. 8245 place d'arsonval, Charlesbourg, Quebec,Canada, G1G 5Y4.)

FOURTY ONE GORGEOUS BLOCKS is pop rock like the newer MTX stuff, like you might think they've got a punk past, but it's not reflected in the music on this recording. Super clean. (12 song CD, no lyric sheet. 807 Bernard St. #6, Denton TX 76201.)

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY are sloppy in a good way, garage rockaroll, but with a southern blues influence, instead of surf. They've got lots of reverb on the vocals, and proclaim the recording is proudly Mono. (11 song CD, no lyric sheet. 4324 NE 47th Ave., Portland, OR 97218.)

IMPERIAL LEATHER play good solid rocking punk, with mostly tough but sometimes snotty male and female vocals, about equally. It's mid tempo and melodic and, guitar driven but without too much space being given to solos. (7 song CD, lyric sheet. Box 825, 101 36 Stockholm, Sweden)

JACKNIFE POWERBOMBS play rockaroll that gets trashier and faster as the cd goes on. Straightforward basic on the fast side of mid tempo to begin with, but the sort of spoken with kind of a moaning tone present in the vocals. ($3 ppd. 8 song CD, lyric sheet. 4933 Devon Drive, North Olmsted, OH 44070.)

KBH follow strongly in the Southern California punk footsteps, as in you can hear the CIRCLE JERKS and maybe a bit of THE VANDALS thrown in for good measure. These guys are -generalizing now - slower, but the structure is the same and so's the vocal style. (5 songs, no lyric sheet. 24291 Juanita Dr. Laguna Niguel, CA 92677.)

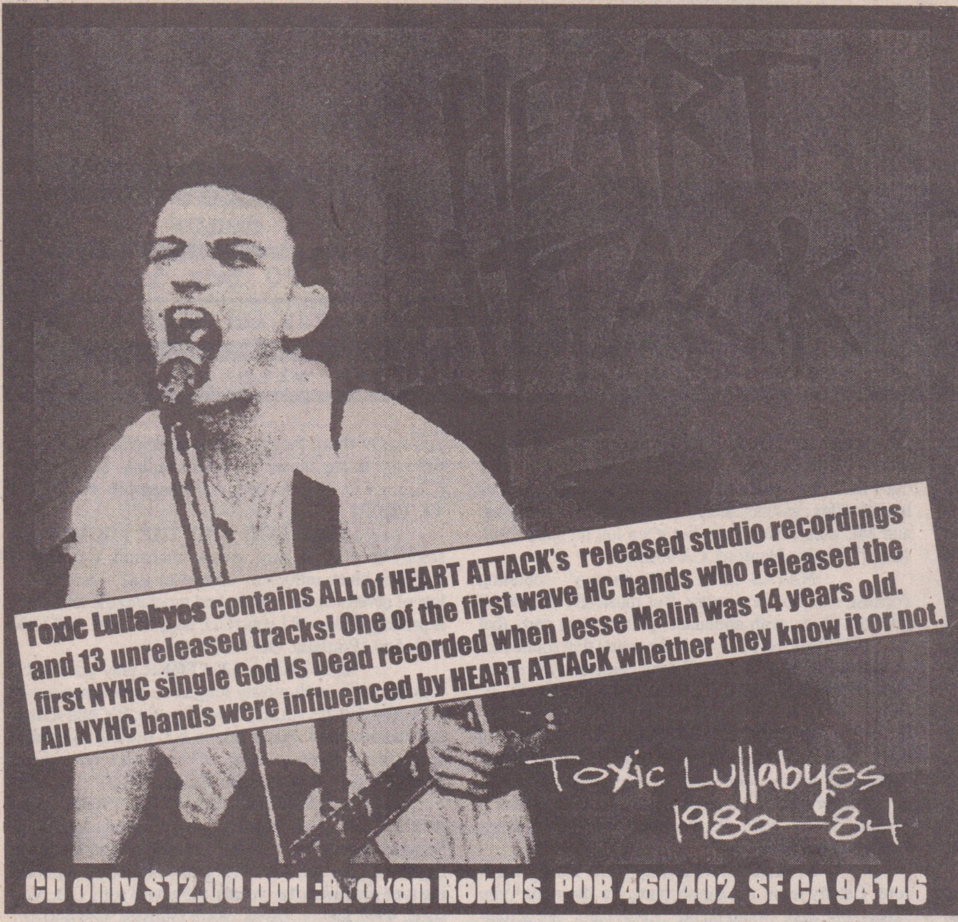
THE OTHERS have an amazing powerful singer, and sound like TILT with more rock influence in the music. Not so much rock as THE GITS, but the vocals are a good in between of those two. Also, this was recorded live on WNYU, and sounds great. (5 song CD, no lyric sheet. 11987 Hollyview Dr., Woodbridge, VA 22192.)

SHADOW REICHENSTEIN have a singer who, with his polished dramatic goth guy tone, sounds a lot like Lux Interior, and the music's a less flashy CRAMPS. They also do instrumentals that have sound effects over it, and those songs are a little more keyboard driven. (11 song CD, no lyric sheet. P. O. Box 720522, Dallas, TX 75372.)

THE UNINFORMED play really melodic punk, fast paced and earnest. The main singer guy croons the lead vocals, and the backup guys add lots of harmonies and wo-wo-wo's. (5 song CD, lyric sheet. P. O. Box 182, Bountiful UT 84011.)

UGLY MEN INTO NARCOTICS (UMIN) play some old thrash style hardcore that's sort of melodic, and some metal style hardcore, but they're more rockaroll than I've heard any hardcore band in a long time. Vocally they have two singers that alternate between super screaming guy and cookie monster low end guy. ($3 ppd., 10 song CD, no lyric sheet. P. O. Box 721, Frazer, PA 19355.)

Also, not a demo, so I did not review it, but a tape re-release of the FLESHIES and THE JOCKS split e. p. is now available from Risk, the label that put out the SHARP KNIFE cassette. Look above for the address. Highly recommended, and also $3 ppd. Big thanks to Jacqueline for all her help, again and again. And to Paul Curran for the art arranging up at the top of this thing...I owe you a beer.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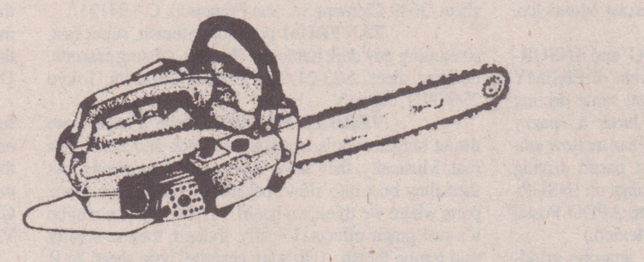

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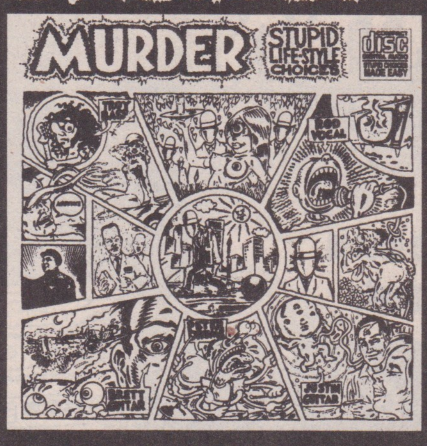

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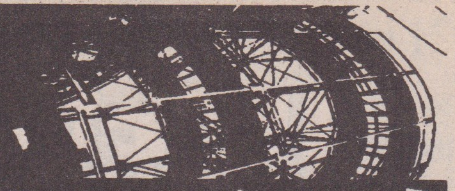

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IDENTITY PARADE | PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTOFER PASANEN, 1995–2000 Book, 150 Pages, Black and White, Hardcover Havoc records is proud to present out first effort at publishing. Kristofer Pasanen has compiled an amazing book of his live photographs of bands taken over the last five years. Hundreds of bands are photographed from Crust to SE to Emo. See the website for a complete list. **PPD $15 USA Air, $20 Canada/Mexico or Surface World, Air World, $25**

NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass The "Lost" LP re-issued. This is a totally remastered and remixed second relese of the hard to get first LP which came out on Devour Records of Japan in 1999. An over the top wall of thrash. Brutal no holds barred sonic assault. This is the most powerful material by the most intense band in hardcore today. **LP HC1204**

MISERY The Early Years Includes the Born, Fed, Slaughtered, Blindead, and Children of War 7"s. The Misery side of the split LP with SDS and the Production Through Destruction LP. 71 Minutes of Amebix style apocalyptic crust. Split release with Crimes Against Humanity Records. **CD HC5004**

DS•13 Killed by the Kids One of the best bands in hardcore today. Amazing second LP of early 80s-style thrash/ HC/ punk. Excellent production. Pushead cover art. **LP HC1202 | CD HC5002**

V/A When Hell Freezes Over Compilation LP Featuring Code 13, Misery, Dreadnaught, Onward To Mayhem, Arden Chapman, Segue, Feed the Machine, Scorned, Calloused, Fallen Graces, and Pontius Pilate. All new material by 11 Minneapolis punk/HC bands. Styles vary from street punk, to crust, to grind, but it's all punk and all Minneapolis. Split release between Havoc, Sin Fronteras, and local bands. **HC1201**

SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till Rännstenen Second LP from the masters of dark Swedish hardcore. Heavy and brutal b-beat mixed with crusty HC and thrash styles. A pulverizing steamroller of Swedish hardcore. Split release with No Tolerance Records of Sweden. **LP HC1205**

ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission Obedience Denial New band with members of Brother Inferior, Burnpile, and Subsanity. Fast punk/HC a lot like the later Brother Inferior material. **HC7026**

UNITED SUPERVILLAINS (USV) Escapist 7" EP crucial fast HC similar to old Boston bands like DYS, Siege and SSD full speed ahead! **HC7019**

PROTESTI S/T 8 track EP Originally released as a demo in 1983, this is Finnish HC in the classic Propaganda Records style. **HC7012**

HEIST Pain Is Causing Life 7" EP Wicked fast and brutal HC in the Infest tradition. Second EP by this Australian thrash outfit. **HC7011**

MURDERERS S/T 7" EP Legendary chaos punk/HC. Manic HC-punk like Disorder, much more thrash than their recent stuff. **HC7009**

MASSKONTROLL Warpath 7" EP Brutal Swedish-style hardcore similar to No Security, Doom, etc. ex-Resist, pre-Detestation. **HC7006**

TEAR IT UP S/T Ex Dead Nation, killer fast hardcore with lots of drive and energy. **HC7024**

SPAZM 151 S/T 7" EP Second 7" by this Texas HC powerhouse. Hardcore like Black Flag, Poison Idea or Battalion of Saints. **HC7018**

CODE-13 A Part Of America Died Today 7" EP Third and best EP from Minnesota thrash punk defenders of the faith–twelve songs. **HC7016**

NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR split 7" Tulsa, Oklahoma's best hardcore old and new. **HC7013**

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours of Madness 7" EP Diverse political punk, similar to Conflict at their peak. **HC7002**

DESTROY Burn this Racist System Down 7" EP Raging political hard-core in the vein of Doom, ENT, Disrupt. Our first release, from 1992. **HC 7001**

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DS•13/CODE 13 13 song split 7" Sweden and Minnesota united in fast, raw hardcore pride. **HC7023**

REAL ENEMY/HOLDING ON Twin Cities Hardcore split 7" Political straight edge and youth crew hardcore. **HC7022.5**

CODE-13 They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace Furious hardcore punk from beneath the streets of Minneapolis. **HC 7008**

DISTRAUGHT S/T 7" EP Brutal heavy hardcore from Brooklyn, NYC. New remixed second press with bonus track. **HC7010**

CODE-13 Doomed Society 7" EP Blistering hardcore punk. Ex-Destroy but more of a punk/HC sound than full-on grind. **HC7005**

KAAOS Nukke Re-issue 1985 Finnish HC, classic stuff. **HC7021**

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DEMON SYSTEM 13 Aborted Teen Generation 7" EP U.S. press of this amazing Swedish hardcore band, fast aggressive powerful old-school hardcore. **HC7017**

AUSROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy 7" EP All-out punk attack similar to Varukers, Discharge, Conflict. **HC7003**

H-100'S Texas Death Match 7" Snotty, harsh, early 80s hardcore with a seriously bad attitude. 3/4 of Nine Shocks Terror. **HC 7007**

BRISTLE System 7" EP Rip roaring old school punk/HC from Seattle. powerful and catchy. **HC7004**

CODE 13 Complete Discography 1994-2000 All the 7"s and comp tracks with one unreleased song. **HC 5001**

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Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (SD) Sarah Double-Ears, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ARA RESEARCH BULLETIN #2 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 28 pgs
A timely analysis of the war in Afghanistan, racial terror at home, the racist response by groups like WAR, and the National Alliance. While ARA's views are not without flaws, this can serve as yet another great source of information that would otherwise go unheard. (CR)
PO Box 403 / 1658 N Milwaukee / Chicago, IL 60647

ARISE! August 2001 / "always free" (send stamps)
8.5 x 10.75 - printed - 40 pgs
If I lived in the Twin Cities, I'd be glad to pick up every issue of this radical news journal. In terms of content, it's not so different from *Slingshot* or what have you, and only a bit of the content is specifically about issues in their area. The world reports focus on the US's intentional destruction of the Iraqi populace, and the aerial spraying of poison on Colombian farmland by, guess who, the US. Also included is an interesting lecture by Brian Dominick about recent protests and the groups behind them, and interview with local morale-boosters the Radical Cheerleaders, and a critique of tourism supposedly penned by a 15 year old, but I believe really written by a man with a BA in philosophy from UNC. Only a handful of ads (for local businesses) and some book reviews. (JM)
2441 Lyndale Ave South / Minneapolis, MN 55405

ARTCORE #16 / $3
8.5 x 11.5 - copied - 36 pgs
Man this puppy is fucking great! Interviews with and articles about Strike Anywhere, The Freeze, Smogtown, F-Minus, Really Red, Reagan Youth, Fig. 4.0 and a slew more. All well down and interesting reads—a little something new and a little something old to keep everyone happy and well informed. Lotsa reviews to boot. Only complaint is the layout can be hard to read at times, and my head started to hurt after reading it for long stretches of time. Use friendlier fonts, mate! But that complaint is only minor. My top pick this month. (MT)
1 Aberdulais Rd Gabalfa / Cardiff CF14 2PH Wales / UK
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THE ART OF JOHN HEARTFIELD

BARRICADA #10 / $2
11 x 8.5 - printed - 20 pgs
This is a monthly anarchist zine devoted to the philosophy of class war and revolutionary action. It is definitely a good place to catch up on resistance movements worldwide. It also has a couple of critical articles on the mainstream leftist movement. Personally I support the black bloc of the anti-globalization movement of which this zine is a part. I just hope to see the zine expand, so subscribe—15 dollars for six months. Also the cover pages fold out into a cool poster of a street demonstration. (HH)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133
barricadacollective@hotmail.com

BEAST #2 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 28 pgs - Swedish
There actually is a long interview with the band Rapture, in English in this zine, but the rest is in Swedish. Actually, there is not a lot in this zine, but there are some zine reviews, two pages of record reviews, some comics and an article I could not quite figure out. Nevertheless, I thought the cover, a xeroxed copy of a drawing of a mad human, was interesting. (HH)
Joel Abrahammon / Stationsv 4 / 430 16 Rolfstorp / Sweden

BEER BELLIES #7 / $4 or 3.5 EU
8.25 x 11.75 - copied - 44 pgs
There are fanzines, and there are *fan*zines. Let's just say that this is the special Cock Sparrer issue of this zine, written in English especially for the occasion (the others have been in French). Though Sacha, the editor, did not procure an interview with Cock Sparrer for this issue, it will still make an impact with fans as a kind of scrapbook for their career. *MRR*'s Cock Sparrer interview, from issue 204, was reprinted in full, as were pieces from *NME* and other sources. The layout's no design school class project, but it's to the point and succeeds in cramming a lot of info into a small space. Pick this up if you're a fan. We're talking trivia, here, like "10 things you didn't know" about the band. Casual interests need not order. (AC)
Sacha Medjedovic / 22 rue Notre Dame / 59190 Hazebrouck / France
medjhome@waika9.com

BLACK STAR NORTH #3 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 64 pgs
The subtitle is "Revolutionary Anti-State and Anti-Capitalist Perspectives" and this zine is packed full of theory and articles about "terrorism," war, and class struggle. The authors write some pieces, many others are reprints (*Black and Red*, *Bureau of Public Secrets*, more). The tone can be a little heavy-handed sometimes. For example, "The nation-state is a concept and myth invented by empires to divide working people and the poor." Yes, true, but there's some other stuff going on there too. Still, it's worth reading and class-based zines *not* put out by sectarian parties are worth supporting. (GZ)
PO Box 7328 / Portland, ME 04112

BROADSIDE #2 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
Issue number two of *Broadside* is primarily a critical response to the aftermath of the events of September eleventh. This critique includes analysis of foreign and political policy leading to and following September eleventh as well as analyses of media representations following the events. Other features include some annoying poetry, a review of the movie Josie and the Pussycats, and a time line of American-sponsored terrorism. Overall, this zine seemed to be put together because of a need for alternative perspectives, information, and responses to the events and aftermath of September eleventh. I appreciated this aspect of the zine and found it thought-provoking and informative. (JL)
c/o Boone / PO Box 329 /
Columbia, MO 65205

BURNT #4 / $1 or 3 stamps or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Although this is a perzine, this issue consists entirely of contributions from others, with nothing from the editor. Some of it came across as liberal and half-assed in its thinking, but other pieces were very engaging and substantial. I was really impressed by the writing quality in a high school student's story of one class period; the discussion of a supreme court decision on police surveillance equipment also made for good reading. The other, meander-y parts weren't annoying so much as rambling, and some of the conclusions actually made sense. Also in here are a lot of reviews. (NN)
400 Park Rd / Parsippany, NJ 07054-1737
burntzine@yahoo.com

COLDBRINGER #1/#2 / 3 stamps each
8.5 x 7 - copied - 34 and 36 pgs
Oh my goodness, a well-written literary fanzine with intellectual integrity, compelling personal perspectives, punk rock politics and neat rice paper printed inserts? It's true—the Coldbringer Collective from Los Angeles is producing this miracle as a "quarterly publication of writing, art, and music criticism aimed at creating an outlet for the amazing number of creative people both inside and outside of the punk/indie scene." The second issue is particularly good—compiled in the aftermath of September 11, the contributors consider local-global politics, activism, and meanings thoughtfully and passionately. And because they're all writers, the record reviews (mostly hardcore it seems) are super-long, and super-descriptive. Get this because it's good. (MN)
Andy Kindon / 7706 Hollywood Blvd. #1 / Los Angeles, CA 90046
coldbringer_collective@hotmail.com

COTTON FIST #14 / ?
5.75 x 8.25 - copied - 20 pgs

FUTURISTA!
MODERN INDUSTRY

Hailing from Ireland, *Cotton Fist* Is a quick and pretty darn enjoyable read. Eric shares some personal thoughts on life in Dublin (Critical Mass, nationalism, and bits on breaking up daily gray drabness through madness in the streets) plus a great piece on his experiences at the G8 protests in Genoa this past summer. Not only does he give a good synopsis of what it was like to be there, he also gives a nice concise intro on the World Bank, G8, and the IMF. This is rounded out by a few record and zine reviews, art work, animal rights info/graphics, a few thoughts on September 11, and some poetry (admittedly my least favorite part) presented in a slightly sloppy (but truly heartfelt package. I think this guy would probably be a great pen pal...his writing style is interesting and informative. No price listed, so I'd suggest either writing first or sending at least a couple of bucks (international postage ain't cheap. (KC)
Eric / 32D, Greygates / Stillorgan Road / Stillorgan, Co / Dublin / Ireland

CUT THE TENSION #3 / $?
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
Straight fucking edge hardcore ala '88 is the focus of this puppy. Well done interviews with bands like Rain On The Parade, The Hope Conspiracy, and Count Me Out. Plus tons of well reproduced photos of new found hardcore heroes, flyer art and reviews. While I don't feel the same connection this part of the scene as I did when I was 16 and would x-up to go mosh at the show, I found this to be a pretty good zine for the genre. Hopefully these folx won't go the way most sXe kids go and will get more into the filthy underbelly of hardcore instead of marching off into post-hardcore hell. (MT)
c/o Donny Muff / 147 E Baltimore Pike / Clifton, PA 19018
cttfanzine@hotmail.com

DADDY-O / 50¢
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 24 pgs
Maybe it's because, like Rachel, the author, I have a somewhat strained relationship with my father, or maybe just because of the deeply personal and honest writing style, I had a really strong reaction to this zine. Essentially it's a collection of remembrances and stories of the author's growing up in a divorced family, and the opportunities she missed by not having her father play an active role in her life. *Daddy-o* is her attempt to come to a resolution with her father and their relationship. It's nice to find a zine that can actually invoke an emotional response rather then having to manufacture one through tired and cliched emo devices. In this world where almost all of us have or have had a stressed relationship with our fathers, words like the Rachel's should be met with receptive and familiar ears. (CR)
PO Box 1641 / Apex, NC 27502- 3641
checheangel@hotmail.com

DAYBREAK! #1 / $1
9 x 12 - printed - 8 pgs
First issue of "Your Local Anti-Authoritarian Newspaper" has more of a worldly focus than the collective plans for the future. The events of 9/11 are covered here, along with a good article about the School of the Americas, subtitled "The US has been training terrorists at a camp in Georgia for years—and it's still at it" reprinted from the (UK?) *Guardian*. I love the idea of locally based newspapers popping up throughout the country covering local issues, so I have high hopes for this newspaper. One red flag however—an "anti-authoritarian" newspaper using an RCP member as their only source in a local article based on police brutality. Still, this could turn into a great resource for the region. (GZ)
Daybreak Collective / PO Box 14007 / Minneapolis, MN 55414
Daybreak@disinfo.net

DREAM WHIP #12 / $3
4 x 5.5 - copied - 164 pgs
Man oh man...*Dream Whip* is as dreamy as they come! I fell in love as soon as I saw the cover. Super intricate line drawings ranging from ultra-detailed little buildings and trailers to cute, almost abstract characters are sprinkled throughout the entire zine. I'll bet some

of you are thinking this is a cartoon zine by now, eh?! Well, it's not...and the best part of *Dream Whip* (hands down) is the writing. Bill will take you on the most amazing travel journeys with his oh so involving narratives. Travel from North Dakota to the West Coast and then back to the Midwest...sometimes in a car, taking the most obscure back roads, other times on the good 'ol Greyhound. Enjoy egg salad, endless coffee, sad motel rooms, empty post office boxes, unrequited love at first sight, the smell of Ohio in July, train whistles, graffiti shoes, the Dickeyville grotto, sagging mattresses...basically: "THEFUCKINRADTOUROFTHEWORLD." Okay, I've already given away too much of the story. This is pocket sized perfection at it's finest. Absolutely incredible. (KC)
Bill / PO Box 53832 / Lubbock, TX 79453

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DUNK AND PISS #6 / $1 / trades / free to prisoners
4 x 5.5 - copied - 70 pgs
Compelling little stories from the life of a young punk kid. If he's this good a writer already, watch out for the future. You kind of know the genre: punk shows, failed bands, drinking escapades, punk love found and lost, etc. but this never gets cliched or boring. In fact it just made me want to read more. Sweet but not sappy. Funny but not stupid. Totally recommended. (GZ)
11 Alger Dr / Rochester NY 14624
alexyoshi@hotmail.com

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #13 / $2
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 40 pgs
I usually really enjoy reading this zine—it's very personable and cute and well written. This issue features a lot of "from the sidelines" writing about the September 11 events. It's kind of too feel good-y for me, but maybe at ground zero it's easier to forget the questions and go with the tragic flow. It also seems like as the kids multiply, so does the tiredness and the complacency. So my disappointment in this issue is that it's lost a little sparkle, a little of what made it special. Sure, parenthood is special to many (coming from someone who wrote a zine dedicated to her two cats, I know what it's like to push the boundary of self-serving versus interesting to others), but if it's just about the day to day routine of raising kids, as a non-parent, I need something that goes a little beyond that. This zine has done that in the past, and hopefully will do so in the future. I know that parenting doesn't *have* to be ordinary and bourgeois, so prove it to your readers! (MD)
Ayun Halliday / 122 Dean Street / Brooklyn, NY 11201

EATSHIT MAGAZINE #20 / 3 stamps
8.5 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
Eatshit Magazine has put out twenty issues so far. While I credit the authors for their persistence, the overall messages of the zine are over-simplified, generic punk rhetoric. *Eatshit Magazine* definitely works the general lefty political punk angle, including vegan recipes, vegan diatribes, recommendations for feminist direct action, and anti-war coverage. It's not that I find these issues irrelevant or unimportant, but I get really annoyed with zines that do nothing to develop a deeper critique than the same old recycled political dogma that permeates most "punk" text. The most informative aspect of this issue was the interview with Noam Chomsky and Greg Ruggerio. In terms of punk music, you can find music reviews and an interview with Armistice that featured really boring questions like "What are your views on topics such as feminism, anarchism, and animal rights?" and really stupid answers like "Feminism is great , so long as they don't have femme nazi views". (JL)
PO Box 4766 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

FIRE IN THE BELLY, SPACE IN THE THROAT #1 / $1?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
This anarcho-pirate zine presents one girl's utopia: pirates, protests, and anarchy. Travel through pages of protest recollections that reach the conclusion that "we needed those cops to hit and shoot us, or else we wouldn't have those images of evil pigs in everyone's living room." Does violence really lend more credibility to a protest? I see the connection between needing publicity for causes, but editor Katie seems preoccupied with the vacation aspect of these protests rather than making mention of what the protests were about. These illuminations are interspersed with pirated pirate info: rules of piracy, p. vocab, p. poetry. (SD)
The Daybreak Collective / PO Box 14007 / Minneapolis, MN 55414
bellythroat@netscape.net

FOOD GEEK #4 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 36 pgs
Being a "food geek" myself, I love zines about food and cooking. Having zines like this in my collection rounds out my otherwise Martha Stewart-esque tastes. A nice DIY, fun approach to cooking, this features comics demonstrating preparation of the delicious-sounding Pretzallo, different techniques for perfecting a stir fry, reviews of different fake meats, and food related anecdotes. Not only is it worth checking out, an old cookbook (like from the '60s) or a sample of your local chocolate will get you a lifetime subscription—a deal! (MD)
Carrie McNinch / PO Box 481051 / Los Angeles, CA 90048
foodgeekmmm@hotmail.com

FRACTURE #18 / $3
7.75 x 11 - printed - 104 pgs
Thank god editor Dave Monk forbade Vique *Simba* from discussing her sexual exploits in the pages of this magazine—her "sexual fiction" was hardly pant-worthy and her prose is hair-tearingly tedious to boot. I'm all for sex columns, but plague me not with her limp, lifeless styling or hetero "I'm putting the sex back in hardcore" heroism. For this reason alone I'm inclined to be thankful for *Fracture* for making the world that much less annoying. Of course everyone knows that *Fracture* is a vital UK mainstay, offering a smattering of columns and interviews (this issue with The Freeze, Dead End, Boilermaker, Ebola, Reflections Records, and more) and lively music and fanzine reviews. I read these even though I know nothing about the bands. Support this endeavor, won't you?
(MN)
POB 623 / Cardiff CF3 4ZA / Wales, UK
fracturezine@hotmail.com

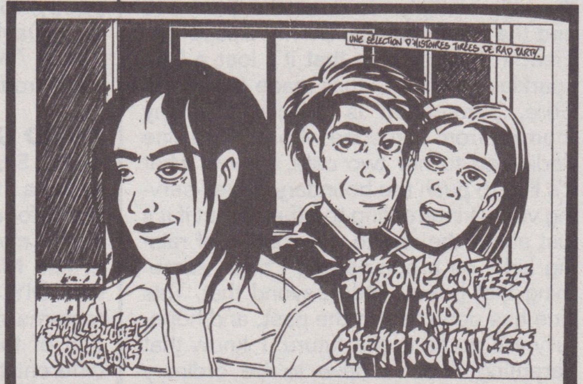
FURISTA! MODERN INDUSTRY vol. 1 / $4 (plus 3 US stamps)
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 56 pgs
Furista! is a collaborative effort featuring dozens of artists who take on the future (hence the title?). The folks contributing come from a variety of backgrounds, and their comics reflect the differences. Some cartoons represent treks into our foreseeable future, while others journey further into time than my feeble mind can imagine. The comics vary also in their subject matter; some are personal (my

favorite), while others tackle society as a whole. The whole spectrum is covered...there's something here for everyone to sink their teeth into. Artists that I liked include Carrie McNich, Sarah Oleksyk, Jesse, Reklaw, Sean & Katie Aaberg, and Ben Catmull, but the entire volume made for an afternoon well spent. (KC)
TFR Industries / 3719 SE Hawthorne #243 / Portland, OR 97214

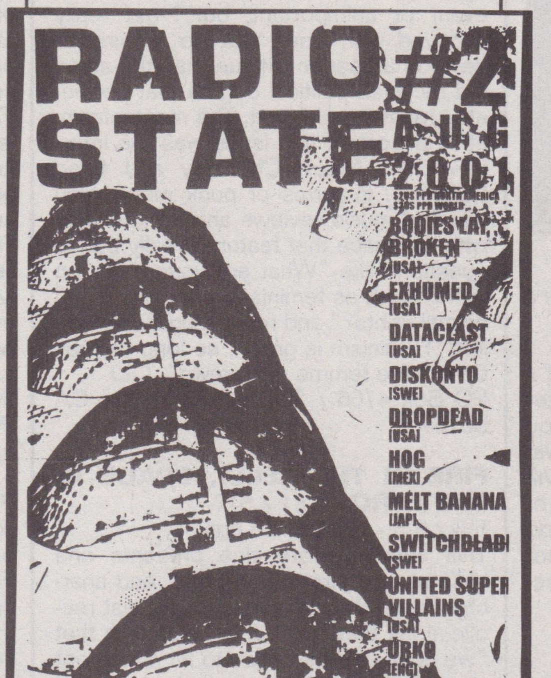
GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #4.6 / SASE
8.5 x 11 - copied - 6 pgs
The editor is very knowledgeable about the history of American hardcore, and this is a response to the recent *American Hardcore: A Tribal History* book out on Feral House. I got the impression Stuart would write a fine history of the subject, so I was able to enjoy this slim response without having read the volume to which he's referring. (JM)
Stuart Schrader / 9 Fenwick Rd / Whippany, NJ 07981

GO METRIC #14 / $2
7 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
I have heard about this zine for years and was a little disappointed by it. The best thing in the zine was an interview with Scott Soriano of Moo La La records (and *MRR*) fame. It was an interesting look at Sacramento. There also is a very amusing article setting straight the rumor that Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* lines up with watching *Wizard of Oz*. They suggest watching *Cabin Boy* (with Chris Elliot) and listening to the Squirrels' album *Not So Bright Side of the Moon* instead. The zine also has interviews with the Dorks, Decibels, and Big Dipper. Record reviews included as well. (DS)
2780 Ryewood Ave / Apartment F / Copley, OH 44321
gogometric@yahoo.com

GREENZINE #11 / $1?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
GreenZine is definitely the best zine that I received for review this month. In a style reminiscent of *Cometbus*, the author paints very vivid, sentimental, emotion-ladden pictures for the reader through and stories about topics such as travel, love, longing, and illness. The illustrations accompanying stories were very cool too.For me, the highlight of the zine was the very simply drawn comic entitled "Most People are Shit". In addition to the stories, you can also find a slew of music reviews as well. At times, the narrative style drags on a bit verging on redundant, self-important, and overly nostalgic, but, overall, a very readable, interesting zine. (JL)
1130 Greensboro Ln #112 / Sarasota, FL 34234


UNE SÉLECTION D'HISTOIRES TIRÉES DE RAD PARTY.
STRONG COFFEES AND CHEAP ROMANCES
SMALL BUDGET PRODUCTIONS

HEARTBREAK STOMACHACHE #4 / NO ASSURANCE / stamps
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 30 pgs
Oh yes, there's nothing like a genericized photograph of a Third World child laborer to get my gander up. I say "genericized" to say, "made generic," as in, there's no indication where this photograph was taken, or what the historical or material circumstances of this image might be. This lack of specificity and the appropriation of this image only participates in a neocolonial discourse that generalizes the Third World as a monolithic image of suffering—which of course is a favorite "design" aesthetic of many hardcore/punk bands. Thanks, guys. Only by luck (and the complex geopolitics of US neoimperialist relations with Southeast Asian states) did I avoid becoming fodder for your thrash-metal or fanzine cover art. And of course, the photograph (a very young girl carrying a heavy basket) bears no relations to the insides of this split (a short story), which is a bland personal fanzine all around. The *Heartbreak* side is a bit better, with short paragraphs about everything from urban adventures and (you guessed it) heartbreak, but nothing stands out. (MN)
Christopher / POB 170565 / San Francisco, CA 94117-0565



HIGH HEELS SLUT #4 / $3 world
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 68 pgs
Fuck, this is great! So many meaty interviews with funny rants or over-the-top made up shit. The energy of this thing is great; kept me grinning for hours. Interviews are with The Forgotten, Beyond Lickin', Strychnine, The Magnetix, Rocks, The Nerds, Kangaroo Records, Retarded, and a guy who's been punk for more than 20 years (I think the last is part of a series). Also a shitload of music reviews, and fuck no, they ain't alphabetized. (NN)
Wagenbrugstraat 91 / 8560 Moorsele / Belgium
cottenier.wim@yucom.be

HOPEWELL #3 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Based out of Ohio, this zine takes its name from a prehistoric Native American tribe from the same area. A true fanzine; Francis writes about his obsessions: mounds (big mountains of dirt made hundreds of years ago by Native tribes), punk, and a new found love of running. There is also an extensive enthusiastic reviews section centered around books and zines, as well as an interview with Atom of Atom and His Package. Lots of great stuff in here, but it could have used a final read through before printing—typos and a missing page were distracting. I look forward to further issues of this one! (SD)
2915 Kenmore Ave / Dayton, OH 45420

INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY #3 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 18 pgs
Bob has opinions. He disagrees with most of mine. He thinks of me as trying to be some sort of punk thought police. I think of him as being some sort right-wing libertarian who is somewhat obsessed with the concept of universal truth. I don't think there is such a thing as an universal definable truth. All I do know is that the closest thing to universal truth that the punk scene has ever discovered is contained in the brief haikus that make up

Discharge lyrics, and for slagging them Bob should be given a wedgie. Worth reading if you stumble upon it on the floor. The opinions expressed within sort of remind me of talking to my father. And Bob, if there is a god he is an asshole, and therefore I'll slam any band that praises his name any damn day of the week. Oh yeah, contains a rather ho-hum interview with The Deadlock Frequncy. (MT)
3596 Pine / North Bend, OR 97459

THE LITTLE BLACK STAR #2 / free
8.5 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
"Bi-weekly agitator" from the Autonomous Arts Collective in Lewisberg PA. It's short and filled with a mix of *Onion*-like satire (it made me laugh!) and real news (clampdown on a student anarchy club, foreign detainees post 9/11). A sweet little anarcho-zine with a good sense of humor. (GZ)
113 N Water St / Lewisburg, PA 17837
star@autonomousarts.com

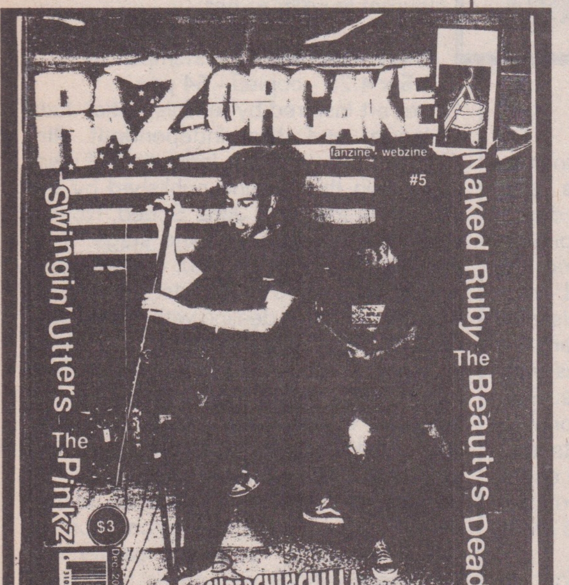
LOST CAUSE #4 / $3
8.5 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
OK folks, what you've got here is your NY and your HC. This is some good shit, and trivia-crazed, too. Interviews with Sick of it All, Agnostic Front, and Fall Silent are thorough, lucid, and informative. Check this out if the words "Victim in Pain" mean anything to you. (RD)
35 Lawton Ct / San Ramon, CA 94583

MODERN INDUSTRY #2 / $4 + 3 stamps
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
This is a hodgepodge of comics from almost 20 different artists. The theme is "Futurista," whether it's hundreds of years into the future, or just next week. Maybe two, at most, of the strips actually did anything for me—most of them were just random and kinda out there. Probably only those completely obsessed with comics zines would dig it, especially considering the cover price. (NN)
TFR Industries / 3719 SE Hawthorne #243 / Portland, OR 97214

MOTORCYCHO #16 / $?
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Man these folx are fucking obsessed with motorcycles and motorcycle culture, makes almost wish I was too. Half the time I had no idea what they were talking about, since I don't ride, but still I found this pretty fascinating. So if you're down for the cause of the iron steed, I recommend this to you my friend. (MT)
PO Box 1564 / Point Roberts, WA 98281-1564

PARADISE NOISE #9 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
Fuck yeah, Filthy Dave's back at it again. I remember this as having been a four or six page deal in the past; perhaps I'm mistaken. Either way, Dave's got impeccable taste in early-to-mid '80s international hardcore, and he genuinely wants to get to know the bands he interviews (Raw Power, Deny Deny, In the Shit, Bonehouse). As is the deal with most foreign hardcore/crust zines, the change in translation is often comical, so check it out if only for that. (RD)
David Cammal / Avenue des Freres Roqueplan / 13370 Mallemort / France

PUNK ZINE #? / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
I puzzled over this fucker for a long time. Is it meant to be a joke? Is it just terrible? Is it ironic? Is it a trick of some sort? I consulted with our friend MikeThorn, and agreed with his conclusion that it must be a joke. Every sophomoric and stupid teenage punk device is used in the construction of this zine, from the applauding of Minor Threat's "Guilty of Being White," to the sexist and moronic girl-hurt-me-so-she-must-be-a-bitch diatribe. The greatest (or worst) is the article suggesting that Starbucks shouldn't be trashed because he's got a job there. If it's a farce, than it's one of the funniest zines ever; if it's serious, then the author's got more problems then I could ever hope to help him through.(CR)
1609 Marshall Ave / St Paul, MN 55104



RADIO STATE #2 / $2 North America / $3 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 44 pgs
Solid hardcore punk zine from the great white north (Can-a-duh). Good but brief interviews with the likes of Dataclast, Diskonto, Hog, Switchblade, United Super Villians, Melt Banana and a couple more. Plus a report from the Drop Dead 10 year anniversary show and a piece on the passing of Jas from Urko. These folx support the international punk world so I say support them. (MT)
PO Box 26014 / 116 Sherbrook St / Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 4K9 / Canada

RAD PARTY: STRONG COFFEES & CHEAP ROMANCES / $3
4 x 6 - printed - 84 pgs - French
OK, I made up the price above, since Stéphane won't let us know how much he wants for it. If you've been curious about *Rad Party* or punk rock in France, or punk rock in Europe, or just punk rock in general, you should probably pick this up. Pick up some conversational French while you're at it. I really don't know how he keeps churning these things out. As usual, this one is a pleasure visually, fits in your pocket, and makes for an informative and fun read, slow-going though it may be in my case. *Strong Coffees & Cheap Romances* is a collection of selections from out-of-print back issues of *Rad Party*, which Stéphane gets lots of requests for, along with drawings from his old days. So you get a mish-mash of stuff, from lovesick traveling tales, to his tour diary with Protex Blue. For those of you who tire of the personal zine, be aware that *Rad Party* consistently assimilates punk rock, both current and crotchety, into the works. (AC)
Stéphane / BP #7 / 78 110 Le Vesinet Cedex / France
smallbudgetproductions@minitel.net

A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS #16 / $4 US, Canada, $5 World
8.5 x 11 - printed - 88 pgs
Not only does this have tons of zine reviews, there is also a hefty amount of articles on serious shit like the overreaction to "school violence" and its distortion in the media, privacy protection, how the FBI is working with the Portland police to crackdown on "eco-terrorists", meaning anyone with black clothes, (hey punk, you need to find out about this shit, if not here, look it up) as well as some stuff about zine distributors. Every article was important, interesting, and I felt like I learned something. The zine reviews are in depth and seemed to cover less music ones and more "other" type zines than we get here. This is excellent. (GF)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN 37133-0156
undergroundpress.org

REASON TO BELIEVE #3 / $3
7.75 x 11 - printed - 78 pgs
A self-described "DIY hardcore punk zine," the British *Reason to Believe* offers a hefty helping of leftist (eg., a detailed account about the protests in Genoa) and punk rock politics (eg. housing co-ops), and the convergence of both (eg. the Bulgaria essay). There are some typos, poor grammar (run-on sentences are a big part of this zine) and bad formatting throughout—and some of it is distracting—but no doubt this will improve in time. There are band interviews (Manifesto Jukebox), music reviews, and European scene reports, but the highlights are definitely the lengthier essays and articles about everything from The Commonweal Collection (an independent library of leftist and peace studies literature in Bradford); an analysis of the political situation in Macedonia from a gendered perspective; and the many shorter pieces from the ladies about women, gender, and sexuality in relation to punk rock, as well as the larger context. It's always interesting how women who don't associate themselves with riot grrrl discuss gender and punk, and reference riot grrrl as if this had been a thing apart—or fail to mention the riot grrrl upheaval at all. Why is this? Does this have anything to do with the general sentiment in these pieces that hardcore simply needs to recruit more ladies to be "role models"? Maybe I'll get my answer in the next issue. (MN)
145-149 Cardigan Rd / Leeds LS6 1LJ / UK
rtbzine@yahoo.com

RECLUSE #4 / $1.25 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
I found this zine to not be terribly interesting. It has some columns about 9/11, some poetry, and reviews. I did enjoy the article about how to screenprint. There was a sad column about taking cats to a cat sanctuary that turns out to be a scam. Not a bad issue, but not a great one either. (DS)
PO Box 09558 / Columbus, OH 43209
info@reclusezine.com

RIOT 77 #3 / $4, £3 Europe
8.25 x 11.5 - printed - 52 pgs
The best part about this Irish punk/oi zine is that the editor isn't afraid to ask the bands some pointed and honest questions. While he likes some of the American streetpunk, he pretty much takes every opportunity to point out how silly they are when they try to pretend to be English/Irish whatever. Before you get your patriotic dander up, he is no less honest with GBH (asking about the metal records) and even Irish icon Jake Burns ("Do you think if your solo projects had been successful Stiff Little Fingers would have got back together?") The thing is, he likes these bands, and is not shitty or antagonistic, just real, and it's a breath of fresh air. I think everyone comes out looking the better for it. Enough with the ego strokes! Also interviews with Skint, Propagandhi, Bluetip, Reducers SF. Record and gig reviews. Keeping the "fan" in fanzine, this is a labor of love. (GF)
31 St Patricks Pl / Clondalkin / Dublin 22 / Ireland
riot77magazine@hotmail.com

Reason To Believe
...core Punk Zine
ISSUE #3
FREE!
Wimmin in DIY
Bulgaria
The CommonWeal
HOUSING CO-OPS
GENOA
Plus Reviews, News, and Views

ROCTOBER #31 / $4
8.5 x 11 - offset - 128 pgs
Always loosely based around a theme, this fall issue highlights Kids and Rodents. Includes comical in depth reviews of: all of those Chipmunk albums, obscure child bands, and 14 pages of newly released material (in 8 point type!). My favorite part of this zine is being able to read Nardwuar the Human Serviette's radio interviews with the stars. This issue Nardwuar vs. Rob Halford. There is also a nice memorial to Joey Ramone in here. Comics, obits, and ads round out the publication. The sheer volume of info, as well as the continual quality of the content, makes this a great read. (SD)
1507 E 53rd St #617 / Chicago, IL 60615

RUDE INTERNATIONAL #6 / $3.50, $5.50 Canada
8.5 x 11 - printed - 66 pgs
Ska lives on, along with punk, oi, and a healthy dose of reggae and rocksteady. What would you expect from the title? The focus this issue is on "The new Irish sound in punk", stuff about Flogging Molly, Dropkick Murphy's, Swinging Utters. News about the closing of Moon Ska Records and other tidbits, lots of reviews and photos. There is a lot of passion here, and I especially liked the attention paid to the roots of ska. Still, the whole infatuation with the UK- skinhead thing, in particular the clothes or "uniform" if you will, has always made me uncomfortable. This mag says it's "By hooligans, for hooligans". My friends who live where there really are hooligans don't seem nearly as enamored. (GF)
PO Box 391302 / Cambridge, MA 02139
rudeoffice@aol.com

SDZ #11 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 72 pgs - French
This issue of SDZ is packed with stuff for the discerning garage kid who can read it *en français*. Interviews with Red Planet, the Sexareenos, the Demons, Eugene Chadbourne, and the Country Teasers should give you a hint as to their direction. It's a single-minded zine resulting from an evident labor of love. Inside you'll find columns, commentary, and reviews of all things relating to the editor's taste: creepy movies, old punk, garage, and some indie records, and relevant zines. Good coverage of both French and US garage scenes. (AC)
(no address)
lourent.levy@fnac.net

SIDESHOWS #2 / stamps
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 54 pgs
Cover art inspired by feminist artist Judy Chicago and the independent film *Girlfight* is a welcome indication of what lies within this fanzine published by the women in the band Jane Speed. Hoping to inspire dialogue "off the stage" (the zine is free at their shows), *Sideshows* is a wonderful blend of feminist politics and personal essays, dealing with breast cancer, touring, vegan recipes, and racial privilege. A recurring element is a feature called "Why aren't there any girls in the line-up?" in which the intrepid Kim puts the question to various promoters and publishes their responses alongside her comments. And in a detailed essay, Jenny argues that the promotion of "early detection" in breast cancer discourses positions women as potentially "guilty" of irresponsible health practices (and thus of cancer), when the limitations

of these techniques—and the research politics of prevention and treatment—are not discussed in the popular literature. There's much more, and all of it as smart as these, including the personal and prose pieces. This is post-riot grrrl not in the sense that riot grrrl is obsolete, but that its terms and insights have necessarily evolved, and require redefinition. (I'm biting off the introduction here.) *Sideshows* is participating in that project, and I can't think of why you shouldn't get this—now. (MN)
c/o Kim Wetzel / 13 Sachem St / Roxbury, MA 02120

SLUG & LETTUCE #69 / $.57 stamp
11.5 x 15 - printed - 20 pgs
Always a pleasure to see arrive in the mail. Despite some folx recent slagging of Chris' writing I always enjoy reading her observations on the world around her. It seems the columnist section has expanded, which I'm down for as most of them are good reads, though the classified section is down to one page (what the hell is up with that? c'mon folx get off the fucking computer!). Tons of reviews flesh out the remainder along with tons of Chris' quality photos. Pick it up or send away for it asap. A staple of the punk world I hope stays around for many years to come! (MT)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

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magazine
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ISSUE #3
IR £1.50
Little Fingers

SNACKBAR CONFIDENTIAL #38 / $1?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
This is the kinda zine I like: short, sweet, and retro. The zine is made up of old ads from newspapers, the *TV Guide*, magazines, and probably other sources. The editor provides some commentary for some of the more amusing pieces. The zine serves as a paper graveyard for products that are long forgotten, like Holiday Inn grape soda and Fruit Helper. Very entertaining. (DS)
Lance Laurie / PO Box 895 / Saratoga Springs, NY 12866
korg5@mac.com

3.05 METRES: A TEN FOOT PRIMER #? / $2 + 2 stamps
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs
This is my first experience with this five-year comic zine veteran, so I was lucky to get a "best of" issue. The comics are pretty funny, if sometimes a bit pretentious. In this issue are comics about seeing Joe Strummer (aren't you glad punk magazines stopped the pathetic act of trying to resurrect his career by running interviews with him, as though he mattered at all anymore?), the crappy world of factory work (that's no way to waste your youth), sabotaged relationships, and how a bunch of people are dumber then he is. Nothing amazing, but it's at least entertaining. (CR)
TFR Industries / 3719 SE Hawthorne #243 / Portland, OR 97214

TURNING THE TIDE vol. 14 #3 / $15 subscription
9 x 12 - printed - 16 pgs
Turning the Tide is the venerable quarterly newsletter for the ARA (Anti-Racist Action) and PART (People Against Racist Terror). I enjoyed reading through this fall issue, wherein writers from both inside and outside of the above organizations dissected Sept. 11 through various filters of race, class, and gender. I thought the opening editorial on the "events," written by Michael Novick, gave a particularly reasonable voice to anti-war/nationalist sentiments. In addition to these discussions, pages are devoted to pieces about indigenous peoples' rights and perspectives on the world conference on racism. An engaging balance of news and opinion is maintained throughout. (AC)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232
part2001@usa.net

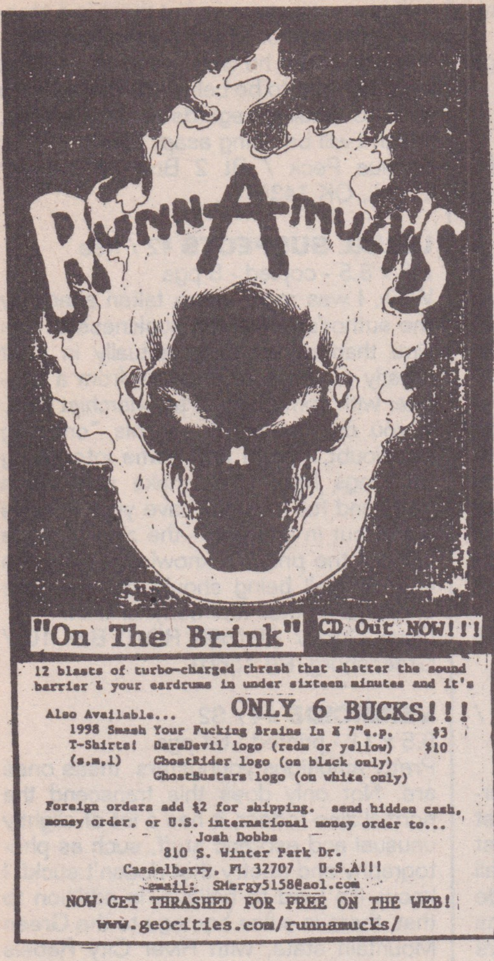
UNLAWFUL ENTRY #2 / trades or postage
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 10 pgs
Short zine done by a teenage punk from Ontario, Canada. Quick rants, reviews, and an interview with the band Grayline. (GZ)
452 Cottingham Cres. / Ancaster, Ontario L9G 3V6 Canada
kahos@unlawfulentry.cjb.net

UNPAVED ROAD #6 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
This is the final issue of this zine, which is a bummer because it was a really great read. The author grew up in Oklahoma, and the majority of the zine includes stories about growing up there. The author talks about his grandparents, who seem to have been real characters. Every story in this zine is a winner, but there is a story about the author's family going to a drive-thru zoo when he was ten years old that must be read to be believed. The author's says to email in regards to back issues, which I will be doing asap. (DS)
Joshua Peck / Rt 2 Box 77 / Pryor Creek, OK 74361

USUAL SUSPECTS #2 / free
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 8 pgs
Wow, I was much more taken aback by the author's perceived suckiness of this zine than by anything actually in it. It mostly consists of musings from a prisoner with something of an anarchist bent. If you can wade through his "crippling self-doubt," you'll find some interesting ramblings here. Just make sure when you send for it to not have your missive stand out in any way—the zine is made without the prison's knowledge, and the editor's well being should *not* be more endangered than it already is. (NN)
Dave Gurz / EB1596 RD10 Box 10 / Greensburg, PA 15601

VERBICIDE #4 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
Pretty ambitious youngsters, these ones are. Not only does this transcend the normal zine fodder, it has a lot of slightly unusual and esoteric stuff, such as photography and poetry that doesn't suck! I know, it's hard to believe. In addition to that, there is a fine homage to the Green Mountain state, with River City Rebels and Drowningman interviews, as well as an Atom and His Package, whom I feel relatively neutral about. Support these guys in their effort to gain rights to some Ray Bradbury material, as well as making you feel like you're doing nothing with your life. (RD)
Scissor Press / Yale Station / PO Box 206512 / New Haven, CT 06520

WORMBLOWER #6 / $2
11 x 8.5 - printed - 36 pgs
Now this here is a damn funny zine that includes lots of disgusting photos and comics. There is an interview with the Coffin Cheaters, Sickie Wifebeater of the Mentors, and Chicken John of GG Allin's the Murder Junkies. There are also some record reviews and a review of Wormstock 4. This zine isn't exactly my cup of tea, nevertheless it is downright funny. (HH)
PO Box 68098 / Minneapolis, MN 554198
wormblower.com



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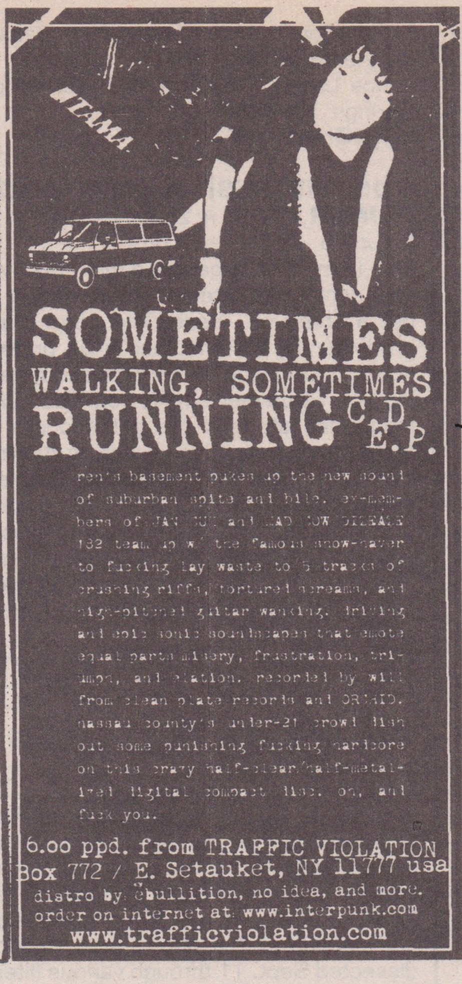

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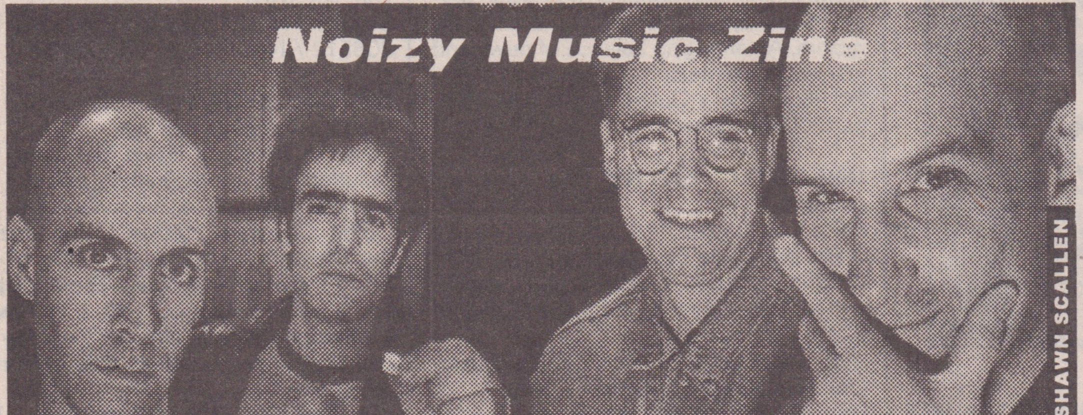

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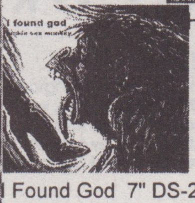

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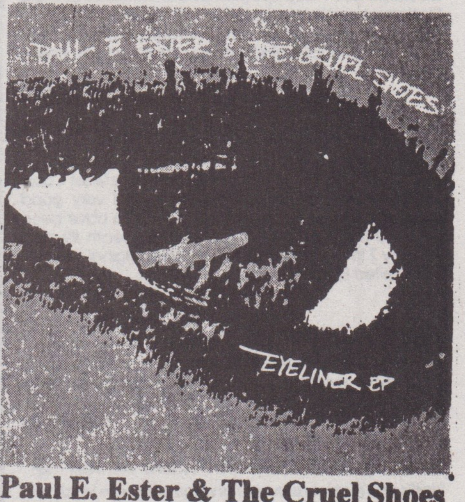
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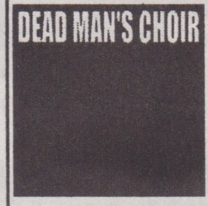

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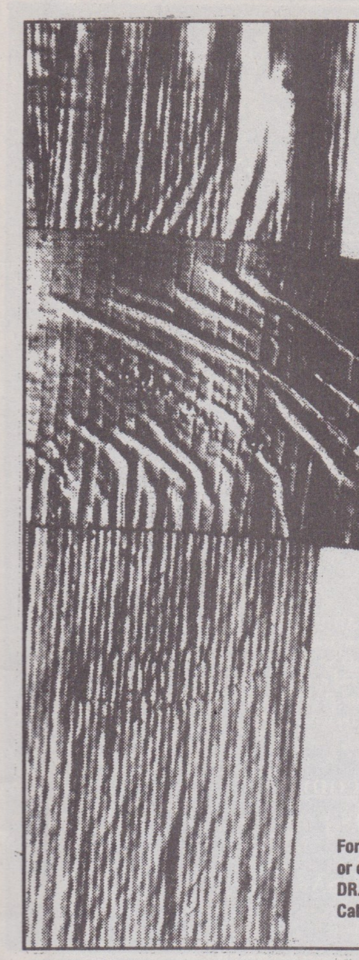

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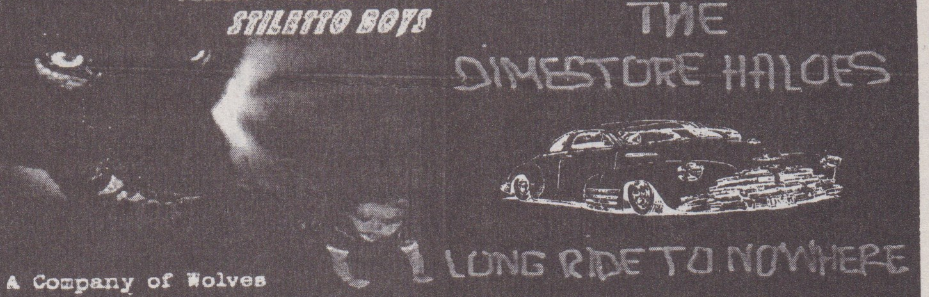

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PUNK ROCK MAGNETS: Sex Pistols, Misfits, Siouxsie, Rocky Horror, Black Flag, Cramps, Generation X, Anti-Pasti, DK, Necros, Buzzcocks, Damned & more. 3.75 each including postage US. Send a stamp list. Andre' 11002 Magnolia Blvd #296 No. Hollywood, CA 91601

DWELLING PORTABLY in tents, vans, wickiups, etc. Emphasis: comfort, simplicity, low cost. Readers tell what works and doesn't. Since 1980. "Very Helpful and Useful", Slug & Lettuce. "The Best Resource", a readers' guide. $1. $5/6. POB 190-mrr, Philomath, OR 9737

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, Specials, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict. SAE (UK), 2 IRCs (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50 a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. Email: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Ruts, Ignite, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. SAE (UK), 2 IRCs (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. Email: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk.

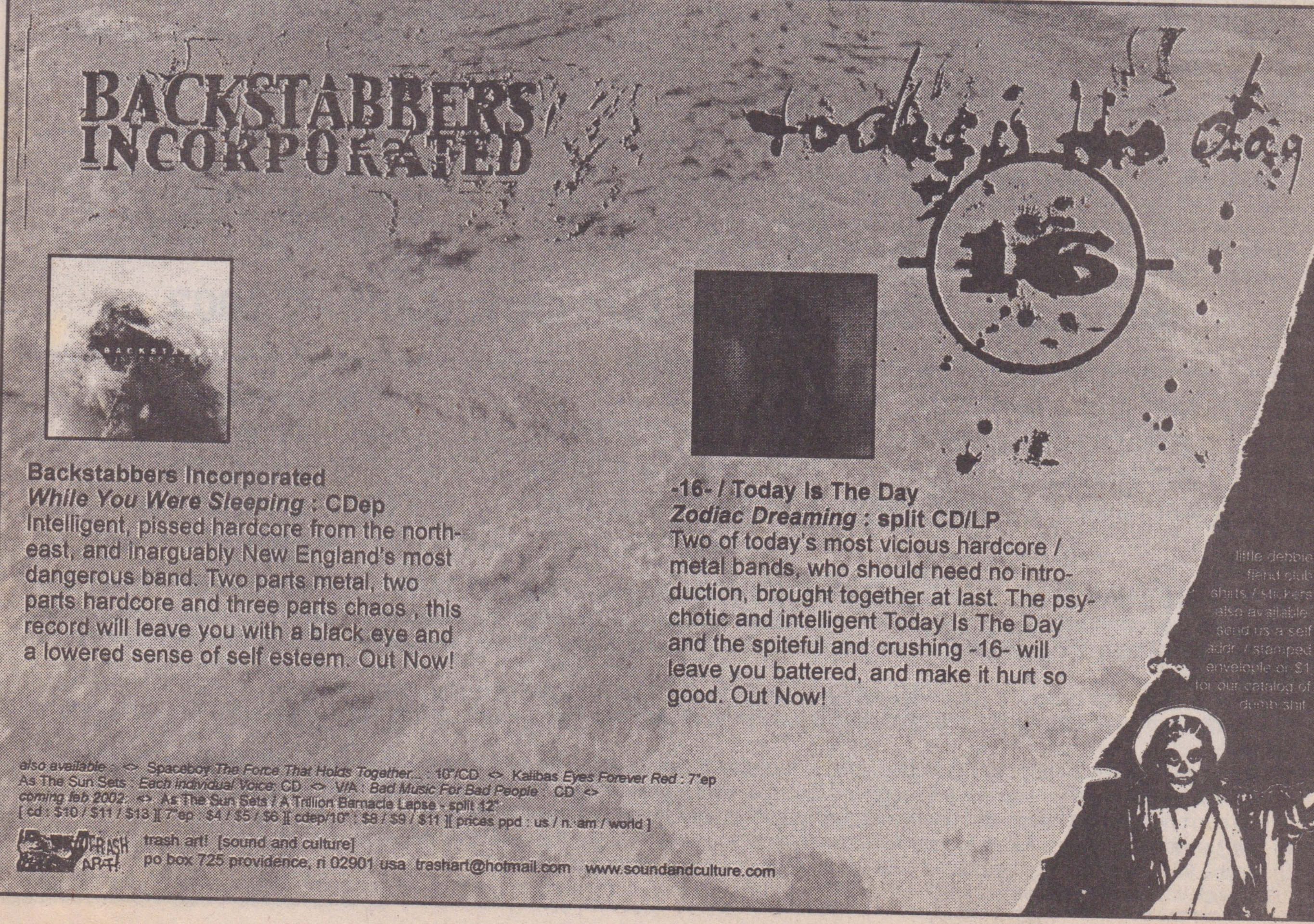
MAD MEN OR GENIUS? You decide. Get the latest free cassette from Skidd Freeman. Simply send your mailing address to: PO Box 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826 or email at: skiddfreeman@webtv.net (one per household please).

CHRISTIAN BROKE NECK BASTUURDS HOBO JOKESTER JUDGE ME-NOT JAM BAND tour fundraisers. Calligraphy, handpainted logo poster $15 or personalized debut tape $15 MO/check. No cash. Payable: DSame, 7090 N. Oracle, 178PMB129, Tucson, AZ 85704. 818-623-6450. 3 month backlog. We personalize: This belongs 2 (your name)! Don't steal it, ya clepto hobo!

PAMELA ANDERSON & TOMMY LEE/Vince Neil & Janine Why pay $20.00 or more for each video when you can get both on the same tape (must be 210 for only $15.00. Cash, Check, M.O. James McElroy, POB 793, Vinemont, AL 35179.

VLAD THE IMPALER Ultra rare Romanian (subtitled in English) film which depicts the true life story of the real (historical) Dracula. $14.00 cash, check or money order. James McElroy, PO Box 793, Vinemont, AL 35179

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. $20 a year membership. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: info@worldforfree.com or via the web: http://www.worldforfree.com



Backstabbers Incorporated
***While You Were Sleeping* : CDep**
Intelligent, pissed hardcore from the north-east, and inarguably New England's most dangerous band. Two parts metal, two parts hardcore and three parts chaos , this record will leave you with a black eye and a lowered sense of self esteem. Out Now!

-16- / Today Is The Day
***Zodiac Dreaming* : split CD/LP**
Two of today's most vicious hardcore / metal bands, who should need no introduction, brought together at last. The psychotic and intelligent Today Is The Day and the spiteful and crushing -16- will leave you battered, and make it hurt so good. Out Now!

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also available : <> Spaceboy *The Force That Holds Together...* : 10"/CD <> Kalibas *Eyes Forever Red* : 7"ep
As The Sun Sets : *Each individual Voice*: CD <> V/A : *Bad Music For Bad People* : CD <>
coming feb 2002: <> As The Sun Sets / A Trillion Barnacle Lapse - split 12"
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IT'S BAAAAACCKK...

BOOK YOUROWNFUCKING LIFE!!!

DO-IT YOURSELF PUNK/HARDCORE RESOURCE MAGAZINE NO. 10, 2002

For nine years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or have just used to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're mailing in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing.

In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings from the web site database in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to May 1, 2001 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #10. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

Note: Last year we maxed out the number of listings we could print. By 2002, we'll have even more listings. As a result, for issue #10, we will not be printing the band listings. However, the band listings will continue to be accessible from the web site and will be updated (or deleted) the same as any other type of listing.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc. Ad deadline is Feb. 10, 2002.

DEADLINE: FEB 1, 2002 - DUE OUT: APRIL 1, 2002

SUBMIT!

Mail Submissions:
Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Web Submissions:
http://www.byofl.org
(preferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA
94146-0760

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!! <----- READ THIS

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it's dated later than May 1, 2001.
4) Be brief! We're not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
5) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it'll only take you a couple of minutes and you won't have to hunt for a stamp.
6) Don't use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the website, we'll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
7) We don't need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
8) Don't send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you're in—just for the ones that are really active!
9) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene's listings done, but....
10) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).